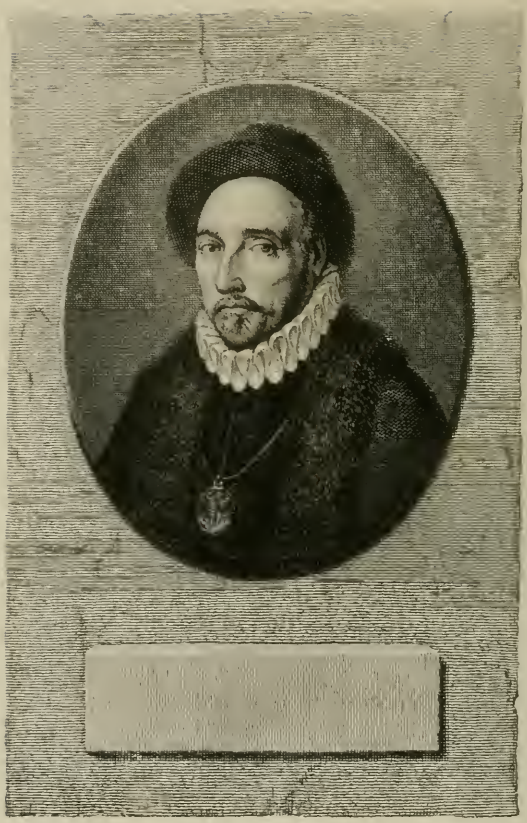

Montaigne.

THOMAS CARLYLE

CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS

IN FIVE VOLUMES

VOLUME V

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SHOOTING NIAGARA: AND AFTER?[1]

[August 1867]

I

THERE probably never was since the Heptarchy ended, or almost since it began, so hugely critical an epoch in the history of England as this we have now entered upon, with universal self-congratulation and flinging-up of caps; nor one in which,—with no Norman Invasion now ahead, to lay hold of it, to bridle and regulate it for us (little thinking it was *for us*), and guide it into higher and wider regions,—the question of utter death or of nobler new life for the poor Country was so uncertain. Three things seem to be agreed upon by gods and men, at least by English men and gods; certain to happen, and are now in visible course of fulfilment.

1° *Democracy* to complete itself; to go the full length of its course, towards the Bottomless or into it, no power now extant to prevent it or even considerably retard it,—till we have seen where it will lead us to, and whether there will *then* be any return possible, or none. Complete "liberty" to all persons; Count of Heads to be the Divine Court of Appeal on every question and interest of mankind; Count of Heads to choose a Parliament according to its own heart at last, and sit with Penny Newspapers zealously watching the same; said Parliament, so chosen and so watched, to do what trifle of legislating and administering may still be needed in such an England, with its hundred-and-fifty

[1] Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine*, for August 1867. With some Additions and Corrections.

millions 'free' more and more to follow each his own nose, by way of guide-post in this intricate world.

2° That, in a limited time, say fifty years hence, the Church, all Churches and so-called religions, the Christian Religion itself, shall have deliquesced,—into "Liberty of Conscience," Progress of Opinion, Progress of Intellect, Philanthropic Movement, and other aqueous residues, of a vapid badly-scented character;—and shall, like water spilt upon the ground, trouble nobody considerably thenceforth, but evaporate at its leisure.

3° That, in lieu thereof, there shall be Free Trade, in all senses, and to all lengths: unlimited Free Trade,—which some take to mean, 'Free racing, ere long with unlimited speed, in the career of *Cheap and Nasty*';—this beautiful career, not in shop-goods only, but in all things temporal, spiritual and eternal, to be flung generously open, wide as the portals of the Universe; so that everybody shall start free, and everywhere, 'under enlightened popular suffrage,' the race shall be to the swift, and the high office shall fall to him who is ablest if not to do it, at least to get elected for doing it.

These are three altogether new and very considerable achievements, lying visibly ahead of us, not far off,—and so extremely considerable, that every thinking English creature is tempted to go into manifold reflections and inquiries upon them. My own have not been wanting, any time these thirty years past, but they have not been of a joyful or triumphant nature; not prone to utter themselves; indeed expecting, till lately, that they might with propriety lie unuttered altogether. But the series of events comes swifter and swifter, at a strange rate; and hastens unexpectedly,—'velocity increasing' (if you will consider, for this too is as when the little stone has been loosened, which sets the whole mountain-side in motion) 'as the *square* of the time':—so that the wisest Prophecy finds it was quite wrong as to date; and, patiently, or even indolently waiting, is astonished to see

itself fulfilled, not in centuries as anticipated, but in decades and years. It was a clear prophecy, for instance, that Germany would either become honourably Prussian or go to gradual annihilation: but who of us expected that we ourselves, instead of our children's children, should live to behold it; that a magnanimous and fortunate Herr von Bismarck, whose dispraise was in all the Newspapers, would, to his own amazement, find the thing now doable; and would do it, do the essential of it, in a few of the current weeks? That England would have to take the Niagara leap of completed Democracy one day, was also a plain prophecy, though uncertain as to time.

II

The prophecy, truly, was plain enough this long while: *Δόγμα γὰρ αὐτῶν τίς μεταβάλλει*; "For who can change the opinion of these people!" as the sage Antoninus notes. It is indeed strange how prepossessions and delusions seize upon whole communities of men; no basis in the notion they have formed, yet everybody adopting it, everybody finding the whole world agree with him in it, and accept it as an axiom of Euclid; and, in the universal repetition and reverberation, taking all contradiction of it as an insult, and a sign of malicious insanity, hardly to be borne with patience. "For who can change the opinion of these people?" as our Divus Imperator says. No wisest of mortals. This people cannot be convinced out of its "axiom of Euclid" by any reasoning whatsoever; on the contrary, all the world assenting, and continually repeating and reverberating, there soon comes that singular phenomenon, which the Germans call *Schwärmerei* ('*enthusiasm*' is our poor Greek equivalent), which means simply '*Swarmery*,' or the 'Gathering of Men in Swarms,' and what prodigies they are in the habit of doing and believing, when thrown into that miraculous condition. Some big Queen Bee is in the centre of the swarm; but any commonplace stupidest *bee*, Cleon the Tanner, Beales, John of

Leyden, John of Bromwicham, any bee whatever, if he can happen, by noise or otherwise, to be chosen for the function, will straightway get fatted and inflated into *bulk*, which of itself means complete capacity; no difficulty about your Queen Bee: and the swarm once formed, finds itself impelled to action, as with one heart and one mind. Singular, in the case of human swarms, with what perfection of unanimity and quasi-religious conviction the stupidest absurdities can be received as axioms of Euclid, nay, as articles of faith, which you are not only to believe, unless malignantly insane, but are (if you have any honour or morality) to push into practice, and without delay see *done*, if your soul would live! Divine commandment *to vote* ("Manhood Suffrage,"—Horsehood, Doghood ditto not yet treated of); universal "glorious Liberty" (to Sons of the Devil in overwhelming majority, as would appear); count of Heads the God-appointed way in this Universe, all other ways Devil-appointed; in one brief word, which includes whatever of palpable incredibility and delirious absurdity, universally believed, can be uttered or imagined on these points, "the equality of men," any man equal to any other; Quashee Nigger to Socrates or Shakspeare; Judas Iscariot to Jesus Christ;—and Bedlam and Gehenna equal to the New Jerusalem, shall we say? If these things are taken up, not only as axioms of Euclid, but as articles of religion burning to be put in practice for the salvation of the world,—I think you will admit that *Swarmery* plays a wonderful part in the heads of poor Mankind; and that very considerable results are likely to follow from it in our day!

But you will in vain attempt, by argument of human intellect, to contradict or turn aside any of these divine axioms, indisputable as those of Euclid, and of sacred or quasi-celestial quality to boot: if you have neglected the one method (which was a silent one) of dealing with them at an early stage, they are thenceforth invincible; and will plunge more and more madly forward towards practical fulfilment.

Once fulfilled, it will then be seen how credible and wise they were. Not even the Queen Bee but will then know what to think of them. Then, and never till then.

By far the notablest case of *Swarmery*, in these times, is that of the late American War, with Settlement of the Nigger Question for result. Essentially the Nigger Question was one of the smallest; and in itself did not much concern mankind in the present time of struggles and hurries. One always rather likes the Nigger; evidently a poor blockhead with good dispositions, with affections, attachments,—with a turn for Nigger Melodies, and the like:—he is the only Savage of all the coloured races that doesn't die out on sight of the White Man; but can actually live beside him, and work and increase and be merry. The Almighty Maker has appointed him to be a Servant. Under penalty of Heaven's curse, neither party to this pre-appointment shall neglect or misdo his duties therein;—and it is certain (though as yet widely unknown), Servantship on the *nomadic* principle, at the rate of so many shillings per day, *cannot* be other than misdone. The whole world rises in shrieks against you, on hearing of such a thing:—yet the whole world, listening to those cool Sheffield disclosures of *rattening*, and the market-rates of murder in that singular 'Sheffield Assassination Company (Limited),' feels its hair rising on end;—to little purpose hitherto; being without even a gallows to make response! The fool of a world listens, year after year, for above a generation back, to "disastrous *strikes*," "merciless *lockouts*," and other details of the nomadic scheme of servitude; nay, is becoming thoroughly disquieted about its own too lofty-minded flunkies, mutinous maid-servants (ending, naturally enough, as "distressed needle-women" who cannot sew; thirty-thousand of these latter now on the pavements of London), and the kindred phenomena on every hand: but it will be long before the fool of a world open its eyes to the taproot of all that,—to the

fond notion, in short, That servantship and mastership, on the nomadic principle, was ever, or will ever be, except for brief periods, possible among human creatures. Poor souls, and when they have discovered it, what a puddling and weltering, and scolding and jargoning, there will be, before the first real step towards remedy is taken!

Servantship, like all solid contracts between men (like wedlock itself, which was *once* nomadic enough, temporary enough!), must become a contract of permanency, not easy to dissolve, but difficult extremely,—a "contract for life," if you can manage it (which you cannot, without many wise laws and regulations, and a great deal of earnest thought and anxious experience), will evidently be the best of all.[1] And this was already the Nigger's essential position. Mischief, irregularities, injustices did probably abound between Nigger and Buckra; but the poisonous taproot of all mischief, and impossibility of fairness, humanity, or well-doing in the contract, never had been there! Of all else the remedy was easy in comparison; vitally important to every just man concerned in it; and, under all obstructions (which in the American case, begirt with frantic "Abolitionists," fire-breathing like the old Chimæra, were immense), was gradually getting itself done. To me individually the Nigger's case was not the most pressing in the world, but among the least so! America, however, had got into *Swarmery* upon it (not America's blame either, but in great part ours, and that of the nonsense *we* sent over to them); and felt that in the Heavens or the Earth there was nothing so godlike, or incomparably pressing

[1] *Ilias* (*Americana*) *in Nuce.*

'PETER *of the North* (*to* PAUL *of the South*): "Paul, you unaccountable scoundrel, I find you hire your servants for life, not by the month or year as I do! You are going straight to Hell, you —!"

'PAUL: "Good words, Peter! The risk is my own; I am willing to take the risk. Hire you your servants by the month or the day, and get straight to Heaven; leave me to my own method."

'PETER: "No, I won't. I will beat your brains out first!" (*And is trying dreadfully ever since, but cannot yet manage it.*)—T. C.

'3d May 1863.'—(*Macmillan's Magazine*, for August 1863.)

to be done. Their energy, their valour, their etc. etc. were worthy of the stock they sprang from:—and now, poor fellows, *done* it they have, with a witness. A continent of the earth has been submerged, for certain years, by deluges as from the Pit of Hell; half a million (some say a whole million, but surely they exaggerate) of excellent White Men, full of gifts and faculty, have torn and slashed one another into horrid death, in a temporary humour, which will leave centuries of remembrance fierce enough: and three million absurd Blacks, men and brothers (of a sort), are completely "emancipated"; launched into the career of improvement,—likely to be 'improved off' the face of the earth' in a generation or two! That is the dismal prediction to me, of the warmest enthusiast to their Cause whom I have known of American men,—who doesn't regret his great efforts either, in the great Cause now won, Cause incomparably the most important on Earth or in Heaven at this time. *Papæ, papæ*; wonderful indeed!

In our own country, too, *Swarmery* has played a great part for many years past; and especially is now playing, in these very days and months. Our accepted axioms about "Liberty," "Constitutional Government," "Reform," and the like objects, are of truly wonderful texture: venerable by antiquity, many of them, and written in all manner of Canonical Books; or else, the newer part of them, celestially clear as perfect unanimity of all tongues, and *Vox Populi vox Dei*, can make them: axioms confessed, or even inspirations and gospel verities, to the general mind of man. To the mind of here and there a man it begins to be suspected that perhaps they are only conditionally true; that taken unconditionally, or under changed conditions, they are not true, but false and even disastrously and fatally so. Ask yourself about "Liberty," for example; what you do really mean by it, what in any just and rational soul is that Divine quality of liberty? That a good man be "free," as we call it, be permitted to

unfold himself in works of goodness and nobleness, is surely a blessing to him, immense and indispensable;—to him and to those about him. But that a bad man be "free,"—permitted to unfold himself in *his* particular way, is contrariwise the fatalest curse you could inflict on him; curse and nothing else, to him and all his neighbours. Him the very Heavens call upon you to persuade, to urge, induce, compel, into something of well-doing; if you absolutely cannot, if he will continue in ill-doing,—then for him (I can assure you, though you will be shocked to hear it), the one "blessing" left is the speediest gallows you can lead him to. Speediest, that at least his ill-doing may cease *quam primum*. Oh, my friends, whither are you buzzing and swarming, in this extremely absurd manner? Expecting a Millennium from "extension of the suffrage," laterally, vertically, or in whatever way?

All the Millenniums I ever heard of heretofore were to be preceded by a "chaining of the Devil for a thousand years," —laying *him* up, tied neck and heels, and put beyond stirring, as the preliminary. You too have been taking preliminary steps, with more and more ardour, for a thirty years back; but they seem to be all in the opposite direction: a cutting asunder of straps and ties, wherever you might find them; pretty indiscriminate of choice in the matter: a general repeal of old regulations, fetters and restrictions (restrictions on the Devil originally, I believe, for most part, but now fallen slack and ineffectual), which had become unpleasant to many of you,—with loud shouting from the multitude, as strap after strap was cut, "Glory, glory, another strap is gone!"—this, I think, has mainly been the sublime legislative industry of Parliament since it became "Reform Parliament"; victoriously successful, and thought sublime and beneficent by some. So that now hardly any limb of the Devil has a thrum or tatter of rope or leather left upon it: —there needs almost superhuman heroism in you to "whip" a garotter; no Fenian taken with the reddest hand is to be

meddled with, under penalties; hardly a murderer, never so detestable and hideous, but you find him "insane," and board him at the public expense,—a very peculiar *British* Prytaneum of these days! And in fact, THE DEVIL (he, verily, if you will consider the sense of words) is likewise become an Emancipated Gentleman; lithe of limb, as in Adam and Eve's time, and scarcely a toe or finger of him *tied* any more. And you, my astonishing friends, *you* are certainly getting into a millennium, such as never was before,—hardly even in the dreams of Bedlam. Better luck to you by the *way*, my poor friends;—a little less of buzzing, humming, *swarming* (*i.e.* tumbling in infinite noise and darkness), that you might try to look a little, each for himself, what kind of "way" it is!

But indeed your "Reform" movement, from of old, has been wonderful to me; everybody meaning by it, not 'Reformation,' practical amendment of his own foul courses, or even of his neighbour's, which is always much welcomer; no thought of that whatever, though that, you would say, is the one thing to be thought of and aimed at;—but meaning simply "Extension of the Suffrage." Bring in more voting; that will clear away the universal rottenness, and quagmire of mendacities, in which poor England is drowning; let England only vote sufficiently, and all is clean and sweet again. A very singular *swarmery* this of the Reform movement, I must say.

III

Inexpressibly delirious seems to me, at present in my solitude, the puddle of Parliament and Public upon what it calls the "Reform Measure"; that is to say, The calling in of new supplies of blockheadism, gullibility, bribeability, amenability to beer and balderdash, by way of amending the woes we have had from our previous supplies of that bad article. The intellect of a man who believes in the possibility of "improvement" by such a method is to me a

finished-off and shut-up intellect, with which I would not argue: mere waste of wind between us to exchange words on that class of topics. It is not Thought, this which my reforming brother utters to me with such emphasis and eloquence; it is mere 'reflex and reverberation,' repetition of what he has always heard others imagining to think, and repeating as orthodox, indisputable, and the gospel of our salvation in this world. Does not all Nature groan everywhere, and lie in bondage, till you give it a Parliament? Is one a man at all unless one have a suffrage to Parliament? These are axioms admitted by all English creatures for the last two hundred years. If you have the misfortune not to believe in them at all, but to believe the contrary for a long time past, the inferences and inspirations drawn from them, and the '*swarmeries*' and enthusiasms of mankind thereon will seem to you not a little marvellous!—

Meanwhile the *good* that lies in this delirious "new Reform Measure,"—as there lies something of good in almost everything,—is perhaps not inconsiderable. It accelerates notably what I have long looked upon as inevitable;—pushes us at once into the Niagara Rapids: irresistibly propelled, with ever-increasing velocity, we shall now arrive; who knows how *soon*! For a generation past, it has been growing more and more evident that there was only this issue; but now the issue itself has become imminent, the distance of it to be guessed by years. Traitorous Politicians, grasping at votes, even votes from the rabble, have brought it on;—one cannot but consider them traitorous; and for one's own poor share, would rather have been shot than been concerned in it. And yet, after all my silent indignation and disgust, I cannot pretend to be clearly sorry that such a consummation is expedited. I say to myself, "Well, perhaps the sooner such a mass of hypocrisies, universal mismanagements and brutal platitudes and infidelities *ends*,—if not in some improvement, then in death and finis,—may it not be the better? The

sum of our sins, increasing steadily day by day, will at least be less, the sooner the settlement is!" Nay, have not I a kind of secret satisfaction, of the malicious or even of the judiciary kind (*schadenfreude*, 'mischief-joy,' the Germans call it, but really it is *justice*-joy withal), that he they call "Dizzy" is to do it; that other jugglers, of an unconscious and deeper type, having sold their poor Mother's body for a mess of Official Pottage, this clever conscious juggler steps in, "Soft you, my honourable friends; I will weigh-out the corpse of your Mother (mother of mine she never was, but only step-mother and milk-cow);—and you sha'n't have the pottage: not yours, you observe, but mine!" This really is a pleasing trait of its sort. Other traits there are abundantly ludicrous, but they are too lugubrious to be even momentarily pleasant. A superlative Hebrew Conjuror, spell-binding all the great Lords, great Parties, great Interests of England, to his hand in this manner, and leading them by the nose, like helpless mesmerised somnambulant cattle, to such issue,—did the world ever see a *flebile ludibrium* of such magnitude before? Lath-sword and Scissors of Destiny; Pickleherring and the Three *Parcæ* alike busy in it. This too, I suppose, we had deserved. The end of our poor Old England (such an England as we had at last made of it) to be not a tearful Tragedy, but an ignominious Farce as well!—

Perhaps the consummation may be now nearer than is thought. It seems to me sometimes as if everybody had privately now given-up serious notion of resisting it. Beales and his ragamuffins pull down the railings of Her Majesty's Park, when her Majesty refuses admittance; Home-Secretary Walpole (representing England's Majesty), listens to a Colonel Dickson talking of "barricades," "improvised pikes," etc.; does *not* order him to be conducted, and if necessary to be kicked, downstairs, with injunction never to return, in case of worse; and when Beales says, "I will see that the Queen's Peace is kept," Queen (by her Walpole) answers, "Will you then; God bless *you*!" and bursts into tears. Those

'tears' are certainly an epoch in England; nothing seen, or dreamt of, like them in the History of poor England till now.

In the same direction we have also our remarkable "Jamaica Committee"; and a Lord Chief Justice 'speaking six hours' (with such "eloquence," such etc. etc. as takes with ravishment the general Editorial ear, Penny and Threepenny), to prove that there is no such thing, nor ever was, as Martial Law;—and that any governor, commanded soldier, or official person, putting down the frightfulest Mob-insurrection, Black or White, shall do it with the rope round *his* neck, by way of encouragement to him. Nobody answers this remarkable Lord Chief Justice, "Lordship, if you were to speak for six hundred years, instead of six hours, you would only prove the more to us that, unwritten if you will, but real and fundamental, anterior to all written laws and first making written laws *possible*, there must have been, and is, and will be, coeval with Human Society, from its first beginnings to its ultimate end, an actual *Martial Law*, of more validity than any other law whatever. Lordship, if there is no written law that three and three shall be six, do you wonder at the Statute-Book for that omission? You may shut those eloquent lips and go home to dinner. May your shadow never be less; greater it perhaps has little chance of being."

Truly one knows not whether less to venerate the Majesty's Ministers, who, instead of rewarding their Governor Eyre, throw him out of window to a small loud group, small as now appears, and nothing but a group or knot of rabid Nigger-Philanthropists, barking furiously in the gutter, and threatening one's Reform Bill with loss of certain friends and votes (which could not save it, either, the dear object),—or that other unvenerable Majesty's Ministry, which, on Beales's generous undertaking for the Peace of an afflicted Queen's Majesty, bursts into tears.

Memorable considerably, and altogether new in our History, are both those ministerial feats; and both point

significantly the same way. The perceptible, but as yet unacknowledged truth is, people are getting dimly sensible that our Social Affairs and Arrangements, all but the money-safe, are pretty universally a Falsehood, an elaborate old-established Hypocrisy, which is even serving its own poor private purpose ill, and is openly mismanaging every public purpose or interest, to a shameful and indefensible extent. For such a Hypocrisy, in any detail of it (except the money-safe), nobody, official or other, is willing to risk his skin; but cautiously looks round whether there is no postern to retire by, and retires accordingly,—leaving any mob-leader, Beales, John of Leyden, Walter the Penniless, or other impotent enough loud individual, with his tail of loud Roughs, to work their own sweet will. Safer to humour the mob than repress them, with the rope about *your* neck. Everybody sees this official slinking-off, has a secret fellow-feeling with it; nobody admires it; but the spoken disapproval is languid, and generally from the teeth outwards. "Has not everybody been very good to you?" say the highest Editors, in these current days, admonishing and soothing-down Beales and his Roughs.

So that, if loud mobs, supported by one or two Eloquences in the House, choose to proclaim, some day, with vociferation, as some day they will, "Enough of kingship, and its grimacings and futilities! Is it not a Hypocrisy and Humbug, as you yourselves well know? We demand to become *Commonwealth of England*; that will perhaps be better, worse it cannot be!"—in such case, how much of available resistance does the reader think would ensue? From official persons, with the rope round their neck, should you expect a great amount? I do not; or that resistance to the death would anywhere, 'within these walls' or without, be the prevailing phenomenon.

For we are a people drowned in Hypocrisy; saturated with it to the bone:—alas, it is even so, in spite of far other intentions at one time, and of a languid, dumb, but ineradi-

cable inward protest against it still:—and we are beginning to be universally conscious of that horrible condition, and by no means disposed to die in behalf of continuing it! It has lasted long, that unblessed process; process of 'lying to steep in the Devil's Pickle,' for above two hundred years (I date the formal beginning of it from the year 1660, and desperate *return* of Sacred Majesty after such an ousting as it had got); process which appears to be now about complete. Who could regret the finis of such a thing; finis on any terms whatever! Possibly it will not be death eternal, possibly only death temporal, death temporary.

My neighbours, by the million against one, all expect that it will almost certainly be New-birth, a Saturnian time, with gold nuggets themselves more plentiful than ever. As for us, we will say, Rejoice in the *awakening* of poor England even on these terms. To lie torpid, sluttishly gurgling and mumbling, spiritually in soak 'in the Devil's Pickle' (choicest elixir the Devil brews,—is not unconscious or half-conscious *Hypocrisy*, and quiet *Make-believe* of yourself and others strictly that?) for above two hundred years: that was the infinitely dismal condition, all others are but finitely so.

IV

Practically the worthiest inquiry, in regard to all this, would be: "What are probably the steps towards consummation all this will now take; what are, in main features, the issues it will arrive at, on unexpectedly (with immense surprise to the most) *shooting* Niagara to the bottom? And above all, what are the possibilities, resources, impediments, conceivable methods and attemptings of its ever getting out again?" Darker subject of Prophecy can be laid before no man; and to be candid with myself, up to this date I have never seriously meditated it, far less grappled with it as a Problem in any sort practical. Let me avoid branch *first* of this inquiry altogether. If 'immortal smash,' and shooting

of the Falls, be the one issue ahead, our and the reformed Parliament's procedures and adventures in arriving there are not worth conjecturing, in comparison!—And yet the inquiry means withal, both branches of it mean, "What are the duties of good citizens in it, now and onwards?" Meditated it must be, and light sought on it, however hard or impossible to find! It is not always the part of the infinitesimally small minority of wise men and good citizens to sit silent; idle they should never sit.

Supposing the *Commonwealth* established, and Democracy rampant, as in America, or in France by fits for 70 odd years past,—it is a favourable fact that our Aristocracy, in their essential height of position, and capability (or possibility) of doing good, are not at once likely to be interfered with; that they will be continued farther on their trial, and only the question somewhat more stringently put to them, "What *are* you good for, then? Show us, show us; or else disappear!" I regard this as potentially a great benefit;—springing from what seems a mad enough phenomenon, the fervid zeal in *behalf* of this "new Reform Bill" and all kindred objects, which is manifested by the better kind of our young Lords and Honourables; a thing very curious to me. Somewhat resembling that bet of the impetuous Irish carpenter, astride of his plank firmly stuck out of window in the sixth story, "Two to one I *can* saw this plank in so many minutes"; and sawing accordingly, fiercely impetuous,—with success! But from the maddest thing, as we said, there usually may come some particle of good withal (if any poor particle of *good* did lie in it, waiting to be disengaged!)—and this is a signal instance of that kind. Our Aristocracy are not hated or disliked by any Class of the People, but on the contrary are looked up to,—with a certain vulgarly human admiration, and spontaneous recognition of their good qualities and good fortune, which is by no means wholly envious or wholly servile,—by all classes, lower and lowest class included. And

indeed, in spite of lamentable exceptions too visible all round, my vote would still be, That from *Plebs* to *Princeps*, there was still no Class among us intrinsically so valuable and recommendable.

What the possibilities of our Aristocracy might still be? this is a question I have often asked myself. Surely their possibilities might still be considerable; though I confess they lie in a most abstruse, and as yet quite uninvestigated condition. But a body of brave men, and of beautiful polite women, furnished *gratis* as they are,—some of them (as my Lord Derby, I am told, in a few years will be) with not far from two-thirds of a million sterling annually,—ought to be good for something, in a society mostly fallen vulgar and chaotic like ours! More than once I have been affected with a deep sorrow and respect for noble souls among them, and their high stoicism, and silent resignation to a kind of life which they individually could not alter, and saw to be so empty and paltry; life of giving and receiving Hospitalities in a gracefully splendid manner. "This, then" (such mute soliloquy I have read on some noble brow), "this, and something of Village-schools, of Consulting with the Parson, care of Peasant Cottages and Economies, is to be all our task in the world? Well, well; let us at least *do* this, in our most perfect way!"

In past years, I have sometimes thought what a thing it would be, could the Queen 'in Council' (in Parliament or wherever it were) pick out some gallant-minded, stout, well-gifted Cadet,—younger Son of a Duke, of an Earl, of a Queen herself; younger Son doomed now to go mainly to the Devil, for absolute want of a career; and say to him, "Young fellow, if there do lie in you potentialities of governing, of gradually guiding, leading and coercing to a noble goal, how sad is it they should be all lost! They are the grandest gifts a mortal can have; and they are, of all, the most necessary to other mortals in this world. See, I have scores on scores of 'Colonies,' all ungoverned, and nine-tenths of

them full of jungles, boa-constrictors, rattlesnakes, Parliamentary Eloquences, and Emancipated Niggers ripening towards nothing but destruction: one of these *you* shall have, you as Vice-King; on rational conditions, and *ad vitam aut culpam* it shall be yours (and perhaps your posterity's if worthy): go you and buckle with it, in the name of Heaven; and let us see what you will build it to!" To something how much better than the Parliamentary Eloquences are doing,—thinks the reader? Good Heavens, these West-India Islands, some of them, appear to be the richest and most favoured spots on the Planet Earth. Jamaica is an angry subject, and I am shy to speak of it. Poor Dominica itself is described to me in a way to kindle a heroic young heart; look at Dominica for an instant.

Hemispherical, they say, or in the shape of an Inverted Washbowl; rim of it, first twenty miles of it all round, starting from the sea, is flat alluvium, the fruitfulest in Nature, fit for any noblest spice or product, but unwholesome except for Niggers held steadily to their work: ground then gradually rises, umbrageously rich throughout, becomes fit for coffee; still rises, now bears oak woods, cereals, Indian corn, English wheat, and in this upper portion is salubrious and delightful for the European,—who might there spread and grow, according to the wisdom given him; say only to a population of 100,000 adult men; well fit to defend their Island against all comers, and beneficently keep steady to their work a million of Niggers on the lower ranges. What a kingdom my poor Friedrich Wilhelm, followed by his Friedrich, would have made of this Inverted Washbowl; clasped round and lovingly kissed and laved by the beautifulest seas in the world, and beshone by the grandest sun and sky!

"Forever impossible," say you; "contrary to all our notions, regulations and ways of proceeding or of thinking?" Well, I daresay. And the state your regulations have it in, at present, is: Population of 100 white men (by no means

of select type); unknown cipher of rattlesnakes, profligate Niggers and Mulattoes; governed by a Piebald Parliament of Eleven (head Demosthenes there a Nigger Tinman),—and so exquisite a care of Being and of Well-being that the old Fortifications have become jungle-quarries (Tinman "at liberty to tax himself"), vigorous roots penetrating the old ashlar, dislocating it everywhere, with tropical effect; old cannon going quietly to honeycomb and oxide of iron, in the vigorous embrace of jungle: military force nil, police force next to nil: an Island capable of being taken by the crew of a man-of-war's boat. And indeed it was nearly lost, the other year, by an accidental collision of two Niggers on the street, and a concourse of other idle Niggers to see,—who would not go away again, but idly re-assembled with increased numbers on the morrow, and with ditto the next day; assemblage pointing *ad infinitum* seemingly,—had not some charitable small French Governor, from his bit of Island within reach, sent over a Lieutenant and twenty soldiers, to extinguish the devouring absurdity, and order it home straightway to its bed. Which instantly saved this valuable Possession of ours, and left our Demosthenic Tinman and his Ten, with their liberty to tax themselves as heretofore. Is not "Self-government" a sublime thing, in Colonial Islands and some others?—But to leave all this.

V

I almost think, when once we have made the Niagara leap, the better kind of our Nobility, perhaps after experimenting, will more and more withdraw themselves from the Parliamentary, Oratorical or Political element; leaving that to such Cleon the Tanner and Company as it rightfully belongs to; and be far more chary of their speech than now. Speech issuing in no deed is hateful and contemptible:—how can a man have any nobleness who knows not that? In God's name, let us find out what of noble and profitable we can *do*;

if it be nothing, let us at least keep silence, and bear gracefully our strange lot!—

The English Nobleman has still left in him, after such sorrowful erosions, something considerable of chivalry and magnanimity: polite he is, in the finest form; politeness, modest, simple, veritable, ineradicable, dwells in him to the bone; I incline to call him the politest kind of nobleman or man (especially his wife the politest and gracefulest kind of woman) you will find in any country. An immense endowment this, if you consider it well! A very great and indispensable help to whatever other faculties of *kingship* a man may have. Indeed it springs from them all (its sources, every kingly faculty lying in you); and is as the beautiful natural skin, and visible sanction, index and outcome of them all. No king can rule without it; none but potential kings can really have it. In the crude, what we call unbred or *Orson* form, all 'men of genius' have it; but see what it avails some of them,—your Samuel Johnson, for instance,—in that crude form, who was so rich in it, too, in the crude way!

Withal it is perhaps a fortunate circumstance, that the population has no wild notions, no political enthusiasms of a "New Era" or the like. This, though in itself a dreary and ignoble item, in respect of the revolutionary Many, may nevertheless be for good, if the Few *shall* be really high and brave, as things roll on.

Certain it is, there is nothing but vulgarity in our People's expectations, resolutions or desires, in this Epoch. It is all a peaceable mouldering or tumbling down from mere rottenness and decay; whether slowly mouldering or rapidly tumbling, there will be nothing found of real or true in the rubbish-heap, but a most true desire of making money easily, and of eating it pleasantly. A poor ideal for "reformers," sure enough. But it is the fruit of long antecedents, too; and from of old, our habits in regard to "reformation," or

repairing what went wrong (as something is always doing), have been strangely didactic! And to such length have we at last brought it, by our wilful, conscious, and now long-continued method of using *varnish*, instead of actual repair by honest *carpentry*, of what we all knew and saw to have gone undeniably wrong in our procedures and affairs! Method deliberately, steadily, and even solemnly continued, with much admiration of it from ourselves and others, as the best and only good one, for above two hundred years.

Ever since that *annus mirabilis* of 1660, when Oliver Cromwell's dead clay was hung on the gibbet, and a much easier "reign of Christ" under the divine gentleman called Charles II. was thought the fit thing, this has been our steady method: varnish, varnish; if a thing have grown so rotten that it yawns palpable, and is so inexpressibly ugly that the eyes of the very populace discern it and detest it,—bring out a new pot of varnish, with the requisite supply of putty; and lay it on handsomely. Don't spare varnish; how well it will all look in a few days, if laid on well! Varnish alone is cheap and is safe; avoid carpentering, chiselling, sawing and hammering on the old quiet House;—dry-rot is in it, who knows how deep; don't disturb the old beams and junctures: varnish, varnish, if you will be blessed by gods and men! This is called the Constitutional System, Conservative System, and other fine names; and this at last has its fruits,—such as we see. Mendacity hanging in the very air we breathe; all men become, unconsciously or half or wholly consciously, *liars* to their own souls and to other men's; grimacing, finessing, periphrasing, in continual hypocrisy of *word*, by way of varnish to continual past, present, future misperformance of *thing*:—clearly sincere about nothing whatever, except in silence, about the appetites of their own huge belly, and the readiest method of assuaging these. From a Population of that sunk kind, ardent only in pursuits that are low and in industries that are sensuous and *beaverish*, there is little peril of *human* enthusiasms, or

revolutionary transports, such as occurred in 1789, for instance. A low-minded *pecus* all that; essentially torpid and *ignavum*, on all that is high or nobly human in revolutions.

It is true there is in such a population, of itself, no *help* at all towards reconstruction of the wreck of your Niagara plunge; of themselves they, with whatever cry of "liberty" in their mouths, are inexorably marked by Destiny as *slaves*; and not even the immortal gods could make them free,—except by making them anew and on a different pattern. No help in them at all, to your model Aristocrat, or to any noble man or thing. But then likewise there is no hindrance, or a minimum of it! Nothing there in *bar* of the noble Few, who we always trust will be born to us, generation after generation; and on whom and whose living of a noble and valiantly cosmic life amid the worst impediments and hugest anarchies, the whole of our hope depends. Yes, on them only! If amid the thickest welter of surrounding gluttony and baseness, and what must be reckoned bottomless anarchy from shore to shore, there be found no man, no small but invincible minority of men, capable of keeping themselves free from all that, and of living a heroically human life, while the millions round them are noisily living a mere beaverish or doglike one, then truly all hope is gone. But we always struggle to believe Not. Aristocracy by title, by fortune and position, who can doubt but there are still precious possibilities among the chosen of that class? And if that fail us, there is still, we hope, the unclassed Aristocracy by nature, not inconsiderable in numbers, and supreme in faculty, in wisdom, human talent, nobleness and courage, 'who derive their patent of nobility direct from Almighty God.' If indeed these also fail us, and are trodden out under the unanimous torrent of brutish hoofs and hobnails, and cannot vindicate themselves into clearness here and there, but at length cease even to try it,—then indeed it is all ended: national death, scandalous 'Copper-Captaincy' as of

France, stern Russian Abolition and Erasure as of Poland; in one form or another, well deserved annihilation, and dismissal from God's universe, that and nothing else lies ahead for our once heroic England too.

How many of our Titular Aristocracy will prove real gold when thrown into the crucible? That is always a highly interesting question to me; and my answer, or guess, has still something considerable of hope lurking in it. But the question as to our Aristocracy by Patent from God the Maker, is infinitely interesting. How many of these, amid the ever-increasing bewilderments, and welter of impediments, will be able to develop themselves into something of Heroic Well-doing by act and by word? How many of them will be drawn, pushed and seduced, their very docility and lovingness assisting, into the universal vulgar whirlpool of Parliamenteering, Newspapering, Novel-writing, Comte-Philosophying, immortal Verse-writing, etc. etc. (if of *vocal* turn, as they mostly will be, for some time yet)? How many, by their too desperate resistance to the unanimous vulgar of a Public round them, will become spasmodic instead of strong; and will be overset, and trodden out, under the hoofs and hobnails above-said? Will there, in short, prove to be a recognisable small nucleus of Invincible Ἄριστοι fighting for the Good Cause, in their various wisest ways, and never ceasing or slackening till they die? This is the question of questions, on which all turns; in the answer to this, could we give it clearly, as no man can, lies the oracle-response, "Life for you," "Death for you!" Looking into this, there are fearful dubitations many. But considering what of Piety, the devoutest and the bravest yet known, there once was in England, and how extensively, in stupid, maundering and degraded forms, it still lingers, one is inclined timidly to hope the best!

The *best*: for if this small Aristocratic nucleus can hold out and work, it is in the sure case to increase and increase;

to become (as Oliver once termed it) "a company of poor men, who will spend all their blood rather." An openly belligerent company, capable at last of taking the biggest slave Nation by the beard, and saying to it, "Enough, ye slaves, and servants of the mud-gods; all this must cease! Our heart abhors all this; our soul is sick under it; God's curse is on us while this lasts. Behold, we will all die rather than that this last. Rather all die, we say;—what is your view of the corresponding alternative on your own part?" I see well it must at length come to battle; actual fighting, bloody wrestling, and a great deal of it: but were it unit against thousand, or against thousand-thousand, on the above terms, I know the issue, and have no fear about it. That also is an issue which has been often tried in Human History; and, 'while God lives'—(I hope the phrase is not yet obsolete, for the fact is eternal, though so many have forgotten it!)—said issue can or will fall only one way.

VI

What we can expect this Aristocracy of Nature to do for us? They are of two kinds: the Speculative, speaking or vocal; and the Practical or industrial, whose function is silent. These are of brother quality; but they go very different roads: 'men of *genius*' they all emphatically are, the 'inspired Gift of God' lodged in each of them. They do infinitely concern the world and us; especially that first or speaking class,—provided God *have* 'touched their lips with his hallowed fire'! Supreme is the importance of these. They are our inspired speakers and seers, the light of the world; who are to deliver the world from its swarmeries, its superstitions (*political* or other);—priceless and indispensable to us that first Class!

Nevertheless it is not of these I mean to speak at present; the topic is far too wide, nor is the call to it so immediately pressing. These Sons of Wisdom, gifted to speak as with

hallowed lips a real God's-message to us,—I don't much expect they will be numerous, for a long while yet, nor even perhaps appear at all in this time of swarmeries, or be disposed to speak their message to such audience as there is. And if they did, I know well it is not from my advice, or any mortal's, that they could learn their feasible way of doing it. For a great while yet, most of them will fly off into "Literature," into what they call Art, Poetry and the like; and will mainly waste themselves in that inane region,—fallen so inane in our mad era. Alas, though born Sons of Wisdom, they are not exempt from all our 'Swarmeries,' but only from the grosser kinds of them. This of "Art," "Poetry" and so forth, is a refined Swarmery; the most refined now going; and comes to us, in venerable form, from a distance of above a thousand years. And is still undoubtingly sanctioned, canonised and marked sacred, by the unanimous vote of cultivated persons to this hour. How stir such questions in the present limits? Or in fact, what chance is there that a guess of mine, in regard to what these born Sons of Wisdom in a yet unborn section of Time will say, or to how they will say it, should avail in the least my own contemporaries, much less them or theirs? Merely on a point or two I will hint what my poor wish is; and know well enough that it is the drawing a bow, not at a venture indeed, but into the almost utterly dark.

First, then, with regard to Art, Poetry and the like, which at present is esteemed the supreme of aims for vocal genius, I hope my literary *Aristos* will pause, and seriously make question before embarking on that; and perhaps will end, in spite of the Swarmeries abroad, by devoting his divine faculty to something far higher, far more vital to us. Poetry? It is not pleasant singing that we want, but wise and earnest speaking:—'Art,' 'High Art,' etc. are very fine and ornamental, but only to persons sitting at their ease: to persons still wrestling with deadly chaos, and still fighting for dubious existence, they are a mockery rather. Our Aristos, well medi-

tating, will perhaps discover that the genuine 'Art' in all times is a higher synonym for God Almighty's Facts,—which come to us direct from Heaven, but in so abstruse a condition, and cannot be read at all till the better intellect interpret them. That is the real function of our Aristos and of his divine gift. Let him think well of this! He will find that all real 'Art' is definable as Fact, or say as the disimprisoned 'Soul of Fact'; that any other kind of Art, Poetry or High Art is quite idle in comparison.

The *Bible* itself has, in all changes of theory about it, this as its highest distinction, that it is the *truest* of all Books;—Book springing, every word of it, from the intensest convictions, from the very heart's core, of those who penned it. And has not that been a "successful" Book? Did all the Paternoster-Rows of the world ever hear of one so "successful"! Homer's *Iliad*, too, that great Bundle of old Greek Ballads, is nothing of a *Fiction*; it is the *truest* a Patriotic Balladsinger, rapt into paroxysm and enthusiasm for the honour of his native Country and native Parish, could manage to sing. To 'sing,' you will observe; always sings,—pipe often rusty, at a loss for metre (flinging-in his γε, μὲν, δὲ); a rough, laborious, wallet-bearing man; but with his heart rightly on fire, when the audience goes with him, and 'hangs on him with greed' (as he says they often do). Homer's *Iliad* I almost reckon next to the *Bible*; so stubbornly sincere is it too, though in a far different element, and a far shallower.

"Fiction,"—my friend, you will be surprised to discover at last what alarming cousinship *it* has to *Lying*: don't go into "Fiction," you *Aristos*, nor concern yourself with "Fine Literature," or Coarse ditto, or the unspeakable glories and rewards of pleasing your generation; which you are not sent hither to *please*, first of all! In general, leave "Literature," the thing called "Literature" at present, to run through its rapid fermentations (how more and more rapid they are in these years!), and to fluff itself off into

Nothing, in its own way,—like a poor bottle of soda-water with the cork sprung;—it won't be long. In our time it has become all the rage; highest nobleman and dignitaries courting a new still higher glory there; innumerable men, women and children rushing towards it, yearly ever more. It sat painfully in Grub Street, in hungry garrets, so long; some few heroic martyrs always serving in it, among such a miscellany of semi-fatuous worthless ditto, courting the bubble reputation in *worse* than the cannon's mouth; in general, a very flimsy, foolish set. But that little company of martyrs has at last lifted Literature furiously or foamingly high in the world. Goes like the Iceland geysers in our time,—like uncorked soda-water;—and will, as I said, soon have done. Only wait: in fifty years, I should guess, all really serious souls will have quitted that mad province, left it to the roaring populaces; and for any *Noble*-man or useful person it will be a credit rather to declare, "I never tried Literature; believe me, I have not written anything;"—and we of "Literature" by trade, we shall sink again, I perceive, to the rank of street-fiddling; no higher rank, though with endless increase of sixpences flung into the hat. Of "Literature" keep well to windward, my serious friend!—

"But is not Shakspeare the highest genius?" Yes, of all the Intellects of Mankind that have taken the speaking shape, I incline to think him the most divinely gifted; clear, all-piercing like the sunlight, lovingly melodious; probably the noblest human Intellect in that kind. And yet of Shakspeare too, it is not the Fiction that I admire, but the Fact; to say truth, what I most of all admire are the traces he shows of a talent that could have turned the *History of England* into a kind of *Iliad*, almost perhaps into a kind of *Bible*. Manifest traces that way; something of *epic* in the cycle of hasty Fragments he has yielded us (slaving for his bread in the Bankside Theatre);—and what a work wouldn't that have been! Marlborough said, He knew no English History but what he had got from Shakspeare;—

and truly that is still essentially the serious and sad fact for most of us; Fact thrice and four times lamentable, though Marlborough meant it lightly. Innumerable grave Books there are; but for none of us any real *History* of England, intelligible, profitable, or even conceivable in almost any section of it!

To write the History of England as a kind of BIBLE (or in parts and snatches, to *sing* it if you could), this were work for the highest Aristos or series of Aristoi in Sacred Literature (really a sacred kind, this); and to be candid, I discover hitherto no incipiences of this; and greatly desire that there were some! Some I do expect (too fondly perhaps, but they seem to me a *sine quâ non*) from the Writing and Teaching Heroes that will yet be born to us. For England too (equally with any Judah whatsoever) has a History that is Divine; an Eternal Providence presiding over every step of it, now in sunshine and soft tones, now in thunder and storm, audible to millions of awe-struck valiant hearts in the ages that are gone; guiding England forward to *its* goal and work, which too has been highly considerable in the world! The "interpretation" of all which, in the present ages, has (what is the root of all our woes) fallen into such a set of hands! Interpretation scandalously ape-like, I must say; impious, blasphemous;—totally incredible withal. Which Interpretation will have to become pious and human again, or else—or else vanish into the Bottomless Pit, and carry us and our England along with it! This, some incipiences of this, I gradually expect from the Heroes that are coming. And in fact *this*, taken in full compass, is the one thing needed from them; and all other things are but branches of this.

For example, I expect, as almost the first thing, new definitions of LIBERTY from them; gradual extinction, slow but steady, of the stupid '*swarmeries*' of mankind on this matter, and at length a complete change of their notions on it. 'Superstition and idolatry,' sins real and grievous,

sins ultimately ruinous, wherever found, — this is now our English, our Modern European form of them; Political, not Theological now! England, Modern Europe, will have to quit them or die. They are sins of a fatal slow-poisonous nature; not permitted in this Universe. The poison of them is not intellectual dimness chiefly, but torpid unveracity of heart: not mistake of road, but want of pious earnestness in seeking your road. Insincerity, unfaithfulness, impiety: —careless tumbling and buzzing about, in blind, noisy, pleasantly companionable 'swarms,' instead of solitary questioning of yourself and of the Silent Oracles, which is a sad, sore and painful duty, though a much incumbent one upon a man. The meaning of LIBERTY, what it veritably signifies in the speech of men and gods, will gradually begin to appear again? Were that once got, the eye of England were *couched*; poor honest England would again *see*,—I will fancy with what horror and amazement, — the thing she had grown to in this interim of *swarmeries*. To show this poor well-meaning England, Whom it were desirable to furnish with a "suffrage," and Whom with a *dog-muzzle* (and plenty of fresh water on the streets), against rabidity in the hot weather:—what a work for our Hero speakers that are coming!—

I hope also they will attack earnestly, and at length extinguish and eradicate, this idle habit of "accounting for the Moral Sense," as they phrase it. A most singular problem:—instead of bending every thought to *have* more and ever more of "Moral Sense," and therewith to irradiate your own poor soul, and all its work, into something of divineness, as the one thing needful to you in this world! A very futile problem that other, my friends; futile, idle, and far worse; leading to what Moral *Ruin* you little dream of! The Moral Sense, thank God, is a thing you never will "account for"; that, if you could think of it, is the perennial Miracle of Man; in all times, visibly connecting poor transitory Man here on this bewildered Earth with his

Maker, who is Eternal in the Heavens. By no Greatest Happiness Principle, Greatest Nobleness Principle, or any Principle whatever, will you make that in the least clearer than it already is;—forbear, I say; or you may *darken* it away from you altogether! 'Two things,' says the memorable Kant, deepest and most logical of Metaphysical Thinkers, 'Two things strike me dumb: the infinite Starry Heaven; and the Sense of Right and Wrong in Man.'[1] *Visible* Infinities, both; *say* nothing of them; don't try to "account for them"; for you can say nothing wise.

On the whole, I hope our Hero will, by heroic word, and heroic thought and *act*, make manifest to mankind that 'Reverence for God and for Man' is not yet extinct, but only fallen into disastrous comatose sleep, and hideously dreaming; that the 'Christian Religion itself is not dead,' that the soul of it is alive forevermore,—and only the dead and rotting *body* of it is now getting burial. The noblest of modern Intellects, by far the noblest we have had since Shakspeare left us, has said of this Religion: 'It is a Height to which the HUMAN SPECIES were fitted and destined to attain; and from which, having once attained it, they can never retrograde.' Permanently, never. Never, *they*;—though individual Nations of them fatally *can*; of which I hope poor England is not one? Though, here as elsewhere, the *burial*-process does offer ghastly enough phenomena; Ritualisms, Puseyisms, Arches-Court Lawsuits, Cardinals of Westminster, etc. etc.;—making night hideous! For a time and times and half a time, as the old Prophets used to say.

One of my hoping friends, yet more sanguine than I fully dare to be, has these zealous or enthusiast words: 'A very

[1] 'Zwei Dinge erfüllen das Gemüth mit immer neuer und zunehmender Bewunderung und Ehrfurcht, je öfter und anhaltender sich das Nachdenken damit beschäftigt: *der bestirnte Himmel über mir*, und *das moralische Gesetz in mir*,' . . . *u.s.w.* Kant's *Sämmtliche Werke* (Rosenkranz and Schubert's edition, Leipzig, 1838), viii. 312.

great "work," surely, is going on in these days,—has been *begun*, and is silently proceeding, and cannot easily *stop*, under all the flying dungheaps of this new "Battle of the Giants" flinging their *Dung*-Pelion on their Dung-Ossa, in these ballot-boxing, Nigger-emancipating, empty, dirt-eclipsed days:—no less a "work" than that of restoring God and whatever was Godlike in the traditions and recorded doings of Mankind; dolefully forgotten, or sham-remembered, as it has been, for long degraded and degrading hundreds of years, latterly! Actually this, if you understand it well. The essential, still awful and ever-blessed Fact of all that was meant by "God and the Godlike" to men's souls is again struggling to become clearly revealed; will extricate itself from what some of us, too irreverently in our impatience, call "Hebrew old-clothes"; and will again bless the Nations; and heal them from their basenesses, and unendurable woes, and wanderings in the company of madness! This Fact lodges, not exclusively or specially in Hebrew Garnitures, Old or New; but in the Heart of Nature and of Man forevermore. And is not less certain, here at this hour, than it ever was at any Sinai whatsoever. Kant's "Two things that strike me *dumb*";—these are perceptible at Königsberg in Prussia, or at Charing-cross in London. And all eyes shall yet see them *better*; and the heroic Few, who are the salt of the earth, shall at length see them *well*. With results for everybody. A great "work" indeed; the greatness of which beggars all others!'

VII

Of the second, or silent Industrial Hero, I may now say something, as more within my limits and the reader's.

This Industrial hero, here and there recognisable and known to me, as developing himself, and as an opulent and dignified kind of man, is already almost an Aristocrat by class. And if his chivalry is still somewhat in the *Orson* form, he is already by intermarriage and otherwise coming into

contact with the Aristocracy by title; and by degrees will acquire the fit *Valentinism*, and other more important advantages there. He cannot do better than unite with this naturally noble kind of Aristocrat by title; the Industrial noble and this one are brothers born; called and impelled to coöperate and go together. Their united result is what we want from both. And the Noble of the Future,—if there be any such, as I well discern there must,—will have grown out of both. A new "Valentine"; and perhaps a considerably improved,—by such *re*contact with his wild Orson kinsman, and with the earnest veracities this latter has learned in the Woods and the Dens of Bears.

The Practical 'man of genius' will probably *not* be altogether absent from the Reformed Parliament:—his *Make-believe*, the vulgar millionaire (truly a "bloated" specimen, this!) is sure to be frequent there; and along with the multitude of *brass* guineas, it will be very salutary to have a *gold* one or two!—In or out of Parliament, our Practical hero will find no end of work ready for him. It is he that has to recivilise, out of its now utter savagery, the world of Industry;—think what a set of items: To change *nomadic* contract into *permanent*; to annihilate the soot and dirt and squalid horror now defacing this England, once so clean and comely while it was poor; matters sanitary (and that not to the *body* only) for his people; matters governmental for them; matters etc. etc.:—no want of work for this Hero, through a great many generations yet!

And indeed Reformed Parliament itself, with or without his presence, will, you would suppose, have to start at once upon the Industrial question and go quite deep into it. That of Trades Union, in quest of its "Four eights,"[1] with assassin pistol in its hand, will at once urge itself on Reformed Parliament: and Reformed Parliament will give us Blue Books

[1] "Eight hours to work, eight hours to play,
Eight hours to sleep, and eight shillings a day!"
Reformed Workman's Pisgah Song.

upon it, if nothing farther. Nay, almost still more urgent, and what I could reckon,—as touching on our Ark of the Covenant, on sacred "Free Trade" itself,—to be the preliminary of all, there is the immense and universal question of *Cheap and Nasty*. Let me explain it a little.

"Cheap and nasty;" there is a pregnancy in that poor vulgar proverb, which I wish we better saw and valued! It is the rude indignant protest of human nature against a mischief which, in all times and places, haunts it or lies near it, and which never in any time or place was so like utterly overwhelming it as here and now. Understand, if you will consider it, that no good man did, or ever should, encourage "cheapness" at the ruinous expense of *unfitness*, which is always infidelity, and is dishonourable to a man. If I want an article, let it be genuine, at whatever price; if the price is too high for me, I will go without it, unequipped with it for the present,—I shall not have equipped myself with a hypocrisy, at any rate! This, if you will reflect, is primarily the rule of all purchasing and all producing men. They are not permitted to encourage, patronise, or in any form countenance the working, wearing or acting of Hypocrisies in this world. On the contrary, they are to hate all such with a perfect hatred; to do their best in extinguishing them as the poison of mankind. This is the temper for purchasers of work: how much more for that of doers and producers of it! Work, every one of you, like the Demiurgus or Eternal World-builder; work, none of you, like the Diabolus or Denier and Destroyer,—under penalties!

And now, if this is the fact, that you are not to purchase, to make or to vend any ware or product of the "cheap and nasty" genus, and cannot in any case do it without sin, and even treason against the Maker of you,—consider what a *quantity* of sin, of treason, petty and high, must be accumulating in poor England every day! It is certain as the National Debt; and what are all National money Debts, in comparison! Do you know the shop, saleshop, workshop,

industrial establishment temporal or spiritual, in broad England, where genuine work is to be had? I confess I hardly do; the more is my sorrow! For a whole Pandora's Box of evils lies in that one fact, my friend; that one is enough for us, and may be taken as the sad summary of all. Universal *shoddy* and Devil's-dust cunningly varnished over; that is what you will find presented you in all places, as ware invitingly cheap, if your experience is like mine. Yes; if Free Trade is the new religion, and if Free Trade do mean Free racing with unlimited velocity in the career of *Cheap and Nasty*,—our Practical hero will be not a little anxious to deal with that question. Infinitely anxious to see how "Free Trade," with such a devil in the belly of it, is to be got *tied* again a little, and forbidden to make a very brute of itself at this rate!

Take one small example only. London bricks are reduced to dry clay again in the course of sixty years, or sooner. *Bricks*, burn them rightly, build them faithfully, with mortar faithfully tempered, they will stand, I believe, barring earthquakes and cannon, for 6,000 years if you like! Etruscan Pottery (*baked clay*, but rightly baked) is some 3,000 years of age, and still fresh as an infant. Nothing I know of is more lasting than a well-made brick;—we have them here, at the head of this Garden (wall once of a Manor Park), which are in their third or fourth century (Henry Eighth's time, I was told), and still perfect in every particular.

Truly the state of London houses and London housebuilding, at this time, who shall express how detestable it is, how frightful! "Not a house this of mine," said one indignant gentleman, who had searched the London Environs all around for any bit of Villa, "Alpha"-cottage or Omega, which were less inhuman, but found none: "Not a built house, but a congeries of plastered bandboxes; shambling askew in all joints and corners of it; creaking, quaking under every step; —filling you with disgust and despair!" For there lies in it not the Physical mischief only, but the Moral too, which is

far more. I have often sadly thought of this. That a fresh human soul should be born in such a place; born in the midst of a concrete mendacity; taught at every moment not to abhor a lie, but to think a lie all proper, the fixed custom and general law of man, and to twine its young affections round that sort of object!

England needs to be *rebuilt* once every seventy years. Build it once *rightly*, the expense will be, say fifty per cent more; but it will stand till the Day of Judgment. Every seventy years we shall save the expense of building all England over again! Say nine-tenths of the expense, say three-fourths of it (allowing for the changes necessary or permissible in the change of things); and in rigorous arithmetic, such is the saving possible to you; lying under your nose there; soliciting you to pick it up,—by the mere act of behaving like sons of Adam, and not like scandalous esurient Phantasms and sons of Bel and the Dragon.

Here is a thrift of money, if you want money! The money-saving would (you can compute in what short length of time) pay your National Debt for you; bridge the ocean for you; wipe away your smoky nuisances, your muddy ditto, your miscellaneous ditto, and make the face of England clean again;—and all this I reckon as mere zero in comparison with the accompanying improvement to your poor souls,—now dead in trespasses and sins, drowned in beer-butts, wine-butts, in gluttonies, slaveries, quackeries, but recalled *then* to blessed life again, and the sight of Heaven and Earth, instead of Payday, and Meux and Co.'s Entire. Oh, my bewildered Brothers, what foul infernal Circe has come over you, and changed you from men once really rather noble of their kind, into beavers, into hogs and asses, and beasts of the field or the slum! I declare I had rather die. . . .

One hears sometimes of religious controversies running very high; about faith, works, grace, prevenient grace, the Arches Court and *Essays and Reviews*;—into none of which do I enter, or concern myself with your entering. One thing

I will remind you of, That the essence and outcome of all religions, creeds and liturgies whatsoever is, To do one's work in a faithful manner. Unhappy caitiff, what to you is the use of orthodoxy, if with every stroke of your hammer you are breaking all the Ten Commandments,—operating upon Devil's-dust, and, with constant invocation of the Devil, endeavouring to reap where you have not sown?—

Truly, I think our Practical Aristos will address himself to this sad question, almost as the primary one of all. It is impossible that an Industry, national or personal, carried on under 'constant invocation of the Devil,' can be a blessed or happy one in any fibre or detail of it! Steadily, in every fibre of it, from heart to skin, that is and remains an Industry accursed; nothing but bewilderment, contention, misery, mutual rage, and continually advancing ruin, *can* dwell there. *Cheap and Nasty* is not found on shop-counters alone; but goes down to the centre,—or indeed springs from it. Overend-Gurney Bankruptcies, Chatham-and-Dover Railway Financierings,—Railway "Promoters" generally, (and no oakum or beating of hemp to give them, instead of that nefarious and pernicious industry);—Sheffield Sawgrinders and Assassination Company; 'Four eights,' and workman's Pisgah Song: all these are diabolic short-cuts towards wages; clutchings at money without just work done; all these are *Cheap and Nasty* in another form. The glory of a workman, still more of a master-workman, That he does his work well, ought to be his most precious possession; like "the honour of a soldier," dearer to him than life. That is the ideal of the matter:—lying, alas, how far away from us at present! But if you yourself *demoralise* your soldier, and teach him continually to invoke the Evil Genius and to *dis*honour himself,—what do you expect your big Army will grow to?—

"The *prestige* of England on the Continent," I am told, is much decayed of late; which is a lamentable thing to various

Editors; to me not. '*Prestige*, *præstigium*, magical illusion,'—I never understood that poor England had in her good days, or cared to have, any "*prestige* on the Continent" or elsewhere; England was wont to follow her own affairs in a diligent heavy-laden frame of mind, and had an almost perfect stoicism as to what the Continent, and its extraneous ill-informed populations might be thinking of her. Nor is it yet of the least real importance what '*prestiges*, magical illusions,' as to England, foolish neighbours may take up; important only one thing, What England *is*. The account of that in Heaven's Chancery, I doubt, is very bad: but as to "*prestige*," I hope the heart of the poor Country would still say "Away with your *prestige*; that won't help me or hinder me! The word was Napoleonic, expressive enough of a Grand-Napoleonic fact: better leave it on its own side of the Channel; not wanted here!"

Nevertheless, unexpectedly, I have myself something to tell you about English *prestige*. "In my young time," said lately to me one of the wisest and faithfulest German Friends I ever had, a correct observer, and much a lover both of his own country and of mine, "In my boyhood" (that is, some fifty years ago, in Würzburg country, and Central Germany), "when you were going to a shop to purchase, wise people would advise you: 'If you can find an English article of the sort wanted, buy that; it will be a few pence dearer; but it will prove itself a well-made, faithful and skilful thing; a comfortable servant and friend to you for a long time; better buy that.' And now," continued he, "directly the reverse is the advice given: 'If you find an English article, don't buy that; that will be a few pence cheaper, but it will prove only a more cunningly devised mendacity than any of the others; avoid that above all.' Both were good advices; the former fifty years ago was a good advice; the latter is now." Would to Heaven this were a *præstigium* or magical illusion only!—

But to return to our Aristocracy by title.

VIII

Orsonism is not what will hinder our Aristocracy from still reigning, still, or much farther than now,—to the very utmost limit of their capabilities and opportunities, in the new times that come. What are these *opportunities*,—granting the capability to be (as I believe) very considerable if seriously exerted? — This is a question of the highest interest just now.

In their own Domains and land territories, it is evident each of them can still, for certain years and decades, be a complete king; and may, if he strenuously try, mould and manage everything, till both his people and his dominion correspond gradually to the ideal he has formed. Refractory subjects he has the means of *banishing*; the relations between all classes, from the biggest farmer to the poorest orphan ploughboy, are under his control; nothing ugly or unjust or improper, but he could by degrees undertake steady war against, and manfully subdue or extirpate. Till all his Domain were, through every field and homestead of it, and were maintained in continuing and being, manlike, decorous, fit; comely to the eye and to the soul of whoever wisely looked on it, or honestly lived in it. This is a beautiful ideal; which might be carried out on all sides to indefinite lengths, not in management of land only, but in thousandfold countenancing, protecting and encouraging of human worth, and *dis*countenancing and sternly repressing the want of ditto, wherever met with among surrounding mankind. Till the whole surroundings of a nobleman were made noble like himself: and all men should recognise that here verily was a bit of kinghood ruling "by the Grace of God," in difficult circumstances, but *not* in vain.

This were a way, if this were commonly adopted, of by degrees reinstating Aristocracy in all the privileges, authorities, reverences and honours it ever had in its palmiest times,

under any Kaiser Barbarossa, Henry Fowler (*Heinrich der Vogler*), Henry Fine-Scholar (*Beau-clerc*), or Wilhelmus Bastardus the Acquirer: this would be divine; blessed is every individual that shall manfully, all his life, solitary or in fellowship, address himself to this! But, alas, this is an ideal, and I have practically little faith in it. Discerning well how *few* would seriously adopt this as a trade in life, I can only say, "Blessed is every one that does!"—Readers can observe that only zealous aspirants to *be* 'noble' and worthy of their title (who are not a numerous class) could adopt this trade; and that of these few, only the fewest, or the actually *noble*, could to much effect do it when adopted. 'Management of one's land on this principle,' yes, in some degree this might be possible: but as to 'fostering merit' or human worth, the question would arise (as it did with a late Noble Lord still in wide enough esteem),[1] "What is merit? The opinion one man entertains of another!" [*Hear, hear!*] By *this* plan of diligence in promoting human worth, you would do little to redress our griefs; this plan would be a quenching of the fire by oil: a dreadful plan! In fact, this is what you may see everywhere going on just now; this is what has reduced us to the pass we are at!—To recognise merit, you must first yourself have it; to recognise false merit, and crown it as true, because a long tail runs after it, is the saddest operation under the sun; and it is one you have only to open your eyes and see every day. Alas, no: Ideals won't carry many people far. To have an Ideal generally done, it must be compelled by the vulgar appetite there is to do it, by indisputable advantage seen in doing it.

And yet, in such an independent position; acknowledged king of one's own territories, well withdrawn from the raging inanities of "politics," leaving the loud rabble and their spokesmen to consummate all that in their own sweet way, and make Anarchy again horrible, and Government or real Kingship the thing desirable,—one fancies there might be

[1] Lord Palmerston, in debate on Civil-Service Examination Proposal.

actual scope for a kingly soul to aim at unfolding itself, at imprinting itself in all manner of beneficent arrangements and improvements of things around it.

Schools, for example, schooling and training of *its* young subjects in the way that they should go, and in the things that they should do: what a boundless outlook that of schools, and of improvement in school methods and school purposes, which in these ages lie hitherto all superannuated and to a frightful degree inapplicable! Our schools go all upon the *vocal* hitherto; no clear aim in them but to teach the young creature how he is to *speak*, to utter himself by tongue and pen;—which, supposing him even to *have something to utter*, as he so very rarely has, is by no means the thing he specially wants in our times. How he is to work, to behave and do; that is the question for him, which he seeks the answer of in schools;—in schools, having now so little chance of it elsewhere. In other times, many or most of his neighbours round him, his superiors over him, if he looked well and could take example, and learn by what he saw, were in use to yield him very much of answer to this vitalest of questions: but now they do not, or do it fatally the reverse way! Talent of speaking grows daily commoner among one's neighbours; amounts already to a weariness and a nuisance, so barren is it of great benefit, and liable to be of great hurt: but the talent of right conduct, of wise and useful behaviour seems to grow rarer every day, and is nowhere taught in the streets and thoroughfares any more. Right schools were never more desirable than now. Nor ever more unattainable, by public clamoring and jargoning, than now. Only the wise Ruler (acknowledged king in his own territories), taking counsel with the wise, and earnestly pushing and endeavouring all his days, might do something in it. It is true, I suppose him to be capable of recognising and searching out 'the *wise*,' who are apt *not* to be found on the high roads at present, or only to be transiently passing there, with closed lips, swift step, and possibly a grimmish aspect of countenance, among the

crowd of loquacious *sham*-wise. To be capable of actually recognising and discerning these; and that is no small postulate (how great a one I know well):—in fact, unless our Noble by rank be a Noble by nature, little or no success is possible to us by him.

But granting this great postulate, what a field in the *Non-vocal* School department, such as was not dreamt of before! *Non-vocal*; presided over by whatever of Pious Wisdom this King could eliminate from all corners of the impious world; and could consecrate with means and appliances for making the new generation, by degrees, less impious. Tragical to think of: Every new generation is born to us direct out of Heaven; white as purest writing-paper, white as snow;—everything we please can be written on it;—and our pleasure and our negligence is, To begin blotching it, scrawling, smutching and smearing it, from the first day it sees the sun; towards such a consummation of ugliness, dirt and blackness of darkness, as is too often visible. Woe on us; there is no woe like this,—if we were not sunk in stupefaction, and had still eyes to discern or souls to feel it!—Goethe has shadowed out a glorious far-glancing specimen of that Non-vocal, or very partially vocal kind of School. I myself remember to have seen an extremely small but highly useful and practicable little corner of one, actually on work at Glasnevin in Ireland about fifteen years ago; and have often thought of it since.

IX

I always fancy there might much be done in the way of military Drill withal. Beyond all other schooling, and as supplement or even as succedaneum for all other, one often wishes the entire Population could be thoroughly drilled; into coöperative movement, into individual behaviour, correct, precise, and at once habitual and orderly as mathematics, in all or in very many points,—and ultimately in the point of actual *Military Service*, should such be required of it!

That of commanding and obeying, were there nothing more, is it not the basis of all human culture; ought not all to have it; and how many ever do? I often say, The one Official Person, royal, sacerdotal, scholastic, governmental, of our times, who is still thoroughly a truth and a reality, and *not* in great part a hypothesis and worn-out humbug, proposing and attempting a duty which he fails to do,—is the Drill-Sergeant who is master of his work, and who will perform it. By Drill-Sergeant understand, not the man in three stripes alone; understand him as meaning all such men, up to the Turenne, to the Friedrich of Prussia;—*he* does his function, he is genuine; and from the highest to the lowest no one else does. Ask your poor King's Majesty, Captain-General of England, Defender of the Faith, and so much else; ask your poor Bishop, sacred Overseer of souls; your poor Lawyer, sacred Dispenser of justice; your poor Doctor, ditto of health: they will all answer, "Alas, no, worthy sir, we are all of us unfortunately fallen not a little, some of us altogether, into the imaginary or quasi-humbug condition, and cannot help ourselves; he alone of the three stripes, or of the gorget and baton, *does* what he pretends to!" That is the melancholy fact; well worth considering at present.—Nay, I often consider farther, If, in any Country, the Drill-Sergeant himself fall into the partly imaginary or humbug condition (as is my frightful apprehension of him here in England, on survey of him in his marvellous Crimean expeditions, marvellous Court-martial revelations, Newspaper controversies, and the like), what is to become of that Country and its thrice-miserable Drill-Sergeant? Reformed Parliament, I hear, has decided on a "thorough Army reform," as one of the first things. So that we shall at length have a perfect Army, field-worthy and correct in all points, thinks Reformed Parliament? Alas, yes;—and if the sky fall, we shall catch larks, too!—

But now, what is to hinder the acknowledged King in all

corners of his territory, to introduce wisely a universal system of Drill, not military only, but human in all kinds; so that no child or man born in *his* territory might miss the benefit of it,—which would be immense to man, woman and child? I would begin with it, in mild, soft forms, so soon almost as my children were able to stand on their legs; and I would never wholly remit it till they had done with the world and me. Poor Wilderspin knew something of this; the great Goethe evidently knew a great deal! This of outwardly combined and plainly consociated Discipline, in simultaneous movement and action, which may be practical, symbolical, artistic, mechanical in all degrees and modes,—is one of the noblest capabilities of man (most sadly undervalued hitherto); and one he takes the greatest pleasure in exercising and unfolding, not to mention at all the invaluable benefit it would afford him if unfolded. From correct marching in line, to rhythmic dancing in cotillon or minuet,—and to infinitely higher degrees (that of symboling in concert your "first reverence," for instance, supposing reverence and symbol of it to be both sincere!)—there is a natural charm in it; the fulfilment of a deep-seated, universal desire, to all rhythmic social creatures! In man's heaven-born Docility, or power of being Educated, it is estimable as perhaps the deepest and richest element; or the next to that of music, of Sensibility to Song, to Harmony and Number, which some have reckoned the deepest of all. A richer mine than any in California for poor human creatures; richer by what a multiple; and hitherto as good as never opened,—worked only for the Fighting purpose. Assuredly I would not neglect the Fighting purpose; no, from sixteen to sixty, not a son of mine but should know the Soldier's function too, and be able to defend his native soil and self, in best perfection, when need came. But I should not begin with this; I should carefully end with this, after careful travel in innumerable fruitful fields by the way leading to this.

It is strange to me, stupid creatures of routine as we

mostly are, how in all education of mankind, this of simultaneous Drilling into combined rhythmic action, for almost all good purposes, has been overlooked and left neglected by the elaborate and many-sounding Pedagogues and Professorial Persons we have had, for the long centuries past! It really should be set on foot a little; and developed gradually into the multiform opulent results it holds for us. As might well be done, by an acknowledged king in his own territory, if he were wise. To all children of men it is such an entertainment, when you set them to it. I believe the vulgarest Cockney crowd, flung out millionfold on a Whit-Monday, with nothing but beer and dull folly to depend on for amusement, would at once kindle into something human, if you set them to do almost any regulated act in common. And would dismiss their beer and dull foolery, in the silent charm of rhythmic human companionship, in the practical feeling, probably new, that all of us are made on one pattern, and are, in an unfathomable way, brothers to one another.

Soldier-Drill, for fighting purposes, as I have said, would be the last or finishing touch of all these sorts of Drilling; and certainly the acknowledged king would reckon it not the least important to him, but even perhaps the most so, in these peculiar times. Anarchic Parliaments and Penny Newspapers might perhaps grow jealous of him; in any case, he would have to be cautious, punctilious, severely correct, and obey to the letter whatever laws and regulations they emitted on the subject. But that done, how could the most anarchic Parliament, or Penny Editor, think of forbidding any fellow-citizen such a manifest improvement on all the human creatures round him? Our wise hero Aristocrat, or acknowledged king in his own territory, would by no means think of employing his superlative private Field-regiment in levy of war against the most anarchic Parliament; but, on the contrary, might and would loyally help said Parliament in warring-down much anarchy worse than its own, and so gain steadily

new favour from it. From it, and from all men and gods! And would have silently the consciousness, too, that with every new Disciplined Man he was widening the arena of *Anti*-Anarchy, of God-appointed *Order* in this world and Nation,—and was looking forward to a day, very distant probably, but certain as Fate.

For I suppose it would in no moment be doubtful to him that, between Anarchy and Anti-ditto, it would have to come to sheer fight at last; and that nothing short of duel to the death could ever void that great quarrel. And he would have his hopes, his assurances, as to how the victory would lie. For everywhere in this Universe, and in every Nation that is not *divorced* from it and in the act of perishing forever, Anti-Anarchy is silently on the increase, at all moments: Anarchy not, but contrariwise; having the whole Universe forever set against it; pushing *it* slowly, at all moments, towards suicide and annihilation. To Anarchy, however million-headed, there is no victory possible. Patience, silence, diligence, ye chosen of the world! Slowly or fast, in the course of time, you will grow to a minority that can actually step forth (sword not yet drawn, but sword ready to be drawn), and say: "Here are we, Sirs; we also are now minded to *vote*,—to all lengths, as you may perceive. A company of poor men (as friend Oliver termed us) who will spend all our blood, if needful!" What are Beales and his 50,000 roughs against such; what are the noisiest anarchic Parliaments, in majority of a million to one, against such? Stubble against fire. Fear not, my friend; the issue is very certain when it comes so far as this!

X

These are a kind of enterprises, hypothetical as yet, but possible evidently more or less, and, in all degrees of them, tending towards noble benefit to oneself and to all one's fellow-creatures; which a man born noble by title and by

nature, with ample territories and revenues, and a life to dispose of as he pleased, might go into, and win honour by, even in the England that now is. To my fancy, they are bright little potential breaks, and *up*turnings, of that disastrous cloud which now overshadows his best capabilities and him;—as every blackest cloud in this world has withal a 'silver lining'; and is, full surely, beshone by the Heavenly lights, if we *can* get to that other side of it! More of such fine possibilities I might add: that of "Sanitary regulation," for example; To see the divinely-appointed laws and conditions of Health, at last, *humanly* appointed as well; year after year, more exactly ascertained, rendered valid, habitually practised, in one's own Dominion; and the old adjective 'Healthy' once more becoming synonymous with 'Holy,'—what a conquest there! But I forbear; feeling well enough how visionary these things look; and how aerial, high and spiritual they *are*; little capable of seriously tempting, even for moments, any but the highest kinds of men. Few Noble Lords, I may believe, will think of taking this course; indeed not many, as Noble Lords now are, could do much good in it. Dilettantism will avail nothing in any of these enterprises; the law of them is, grim labour, earnest and continual; certainty of many contradictions, disappointments; a life, not of ease and pleasure, but of noble and sorrowful toil; the reward of it far off—fit only for heroes!

Much the readiest likelihood for our Aristocrat by title would be that of coalescing nobly with his two Brothers, the Aristocrats by nature, spoken of above. Both greatly need him; especially the Vocal or Teaching one, wandering now desolate enough, heard only as a *Vox Clamantis e Deserto*;—though I suppose, it will be with the Silent or Industrial one, as with the easier of the two, that our Titular first comes into clear coöperation. This Practical hero, Aristocrat by nature, and standing face to face and hand to hand, all his days, in life-battle with Practical Chaos (with dirt, disorder,

nomadism, disobedience, folly and confusion), slowly coercing it into Cosmos, will surely be the natural ally for any titular Aristocrat who is bent on being a real one as the business of his life. No other field of activity is half so promising as the united field which those two might occupy. By nature and position they are visibly a kind of Kings, actual British 'Peers' (or Vice-Kings, in absence and abeyance of any visible King); and might take manifold counsel together, hold manifold 'Parliament' together (*Vox e Deserto* sitting there as 'Bench of Bishops,' possibly!)—and might mature and adjust innumerable things. Were there but Three Aristocrats of each sort in the whole of Britain, what beneficent unreported '*Parliamenta*,'—actual human consultations and earnest deliberations, responsible to no *Buncombe*,' disturbed by no Penny Editor,—on what the whole Nine were earnest to see done! By degrees, there would some beginnings of success and Cosmos be achieved upon this our unspeakable Chaos; by degrees something of light, of prophetic twilight, would be shot across its unfathomable dark of horrors,—prophetic of victory, sure though far away.

Penny-Newspaper Parliaments cannot legislate on anything; they know the real properties and qualities of no *thing*, and don't even try or want to know them,—know only what '*Buncombe*' in its darkness thinks of them. No law upon a *thing* can be made, on such terms; nothing but a mock-law, which Nature silently abrogates, the instant your third reading is done. But men in contact with the fact, and earnestly questioning it, can at length ascertain what *is* the law of it,—what it will behove any Parliament (of the Penny-Newspaper sort or other) to enact upon it. Whole crops and harvests of authentic "Laws," now pressingly needed and not obtainable, upon our new British Industries, Interests and Social Relations, I could fancy to be got into a state of forwardness by small virtual 'Parliaments' of this unreported kind,—into a real state of preparation for enactment by what actual Parliament there was, itself so incompetent

for "legislating" otherwise. These are fond dreams? Well, let us hope not altogether. Most certain it is, an immense Body of Laws upon these new Industrial, Commercial, Railway etc. Phenomena of ours are pressingly wanted; and none of mortals knows where to get them. For example, the Rivers and running Streams of England; primordial elements of this our poor Birthland, face-features of it, created by Heaven itself: Is Industry free to tumble out whatever horror of refuse it may have arrived at into the nearest crystal brook? Regardless of gods and men and little fishes. Is Free Industry free to convert all our rivers into Acherontic sewers; England generally into a roaring sooty smith's forge? Are we all doomed to eat dust, as the Old Serpent was, and to breathe solutions of soot? Can a Railway Company with "Promoters" manage, by *feeing* certain men in bombazeen, to burst through your bedroom in the night-watches, and miraculously set all your crockery jingling? Is an Englishman's house still his castle; and in what sense?—Examples plenty!

The Aristocracy, as a class, has as yet no thought of giving-up the game, or ceasing to be what in the language of flattery is called "Governing Class"; nor should, till it have seen farther. In the better heads among them are doubtless grave misgivings; serious enough reflections rising, —perhaps not sorrowful altogether; for there must be questions withal, "Was it so very blessed a function, then, that of 'Governing' on the terms given?" But beyond doubt the vulgar Noble Lord intends fully to continue the game,—with doubly severe study of the new rules issued on it;—and will still, for a good while yet, go as heretofore into Electioneering, Parliamentary Engineering; and hope against hope to keep weltering atop by some method or other, and to make a fit existence for himself in that miserable old way. An existence filled with labour and anxiety, with disappointments and disgraces and futilities I

can promise him, but with little or nothing else. Let us hope he will be wise to discern, and not continue the experiment too long!

He has lost his place in that element; nothing but services of a sordid and dishonourable nature, betrayal of his own Order, and of the noble interests of England, can gain him even momentary favour there. He cannot bridle the wild horse of a Plebs any longer:—for a generation past, he has not even tried to bridle it; but has run panting and trotting meanly by the side of it, patting its stupid neck; slavishly plunging with it into any "Crimean" or other slough of black platitudes it might reel towards,—anxious he, only not to be kicked away, not just yet; oh, not yet for a little while! Is this an existence for a man of any honour; for a man ambitious of more honour? I should say, not. And he still thinks to hang by the bridle, now when his Plebs is getting into the gallop? Hanging by its bridle, through what steep brambly places (scratching out the very *eyes* of him, as is often enough observable), through what malodorous quagmires and ignominious pools will the wild horse drag him,—till he quit hold! Let him quit, in Heaven's name. Better he should go yachting to Algeria, and shoot lions for an occupied existence:—or stay at home and hunt rats? Why not? Is not, in strict truth, the Ratcatcher our one *real* British Nimrod now!—Game-preserving, Highland deer-stalking, and the like, will soon all have ceased in this overcrowded Country; and I can see no other business for the vulgar Noble Lord, if he will continue vulgar!—

LATTER STAGE OF THE FRENCH-GERMAN WAR, 1870-71

To the Editor of the Times

Chelsea, 11 Nov. 1870.

Sir,—It is probably an amiable trait of human nature, this cheap pity and newspaper lamentation over fallen and afflicted France; but it seems to me a very idle, dangerous, and misguided feeling, as applied to the cession of Alsace and Lorraine by France to her German conquerors; and argues, on the part of England, a most profound ignorance as to the mutual history of France and Germany, and the conduct of France towards that Country, for long centuries back. The question for the Germans, in this crisis, is not one of 'magnanimity,' of 'heroic pity and forgiveness to a fallen foe,' but of solid prudence, and practical consideration what the fallen foe will, in all likelihood, do when once on his feet again. Written on her memory, in a dismally instructive manner, Germany has an experience of 400 years on this point; of which on the English memory, if it ever was recorded there, there is now little or no trace visible.

Does any of us know, for instance, with the least precision, or in fact know at all, the reciprocal procedures, the mutual history as we call it, of Louis xi. and Kaiser Max? Max, in his old age, put down, in chivalrous allegorical or emblematic style, a wonderful record of these things, The *Weisse König* ("White King," as he called himself; "Red King," or perhaps "Black," being Louis's adumbrative title); adding many fine

engravings by the best artist of his time: for the sake of these prints, here and there an English collector may possess a copy of the book; but I doubt if any Englishman has ever read it, or could, for want of other reading on the subject, understand any part of it. Old Louis's quarrel with the Chief of Germany, at that time, was not unlike this last one of a younger Louis: "You accursed Head of Germany, you have been prospering in the world lately, and I not; have at you, then, with fire and sword!" But it ended more successfully for old Louis and his French than I hope the present quarrel will. The end, at that time, was, That opulent, noble Burgundy did not get re-united to her old Teutonic mother, but to France, her grasping step-mother, and remains French to this day.

Max's grandson and successor, Charles v., was hardly luckier than Max in his road-companion and contemporary French King. Francis i., not content with France for a kingdom, began by trying to be elected German Kaiser as well; and never could completely digest his disappointment in that fine enterprise. He smoothed his young face, however; swore eternal friendship with the young Charles who had beaten him; and, a few months after, had egged-on the poor little Duke of Bouillon, the Reich's and Charles's vassal, to refuse homage in that quarter, and was in hot war with Charles. The rest of his earthly existence was a perpetual haggle of broken treaties, and ever-recurring war and injury with Charles v.;—a series, withal, of intrusive interferences with Germany, and every German trouble that arose, to the worsening and widening of them all, not to the closing or healing of any one of them. A terrible journey these Two had together, and a terrible time they made out for Germany between them, and for France too, though not by any means in a like degree. The exact deserts of his Most Christian Majesty Francis i. in covenanting with Sultan Soliman,—that is to say, in letting loose the then quasi-infernal roaring-lion of a Turk (*then* in the height of his sanguinary fury and

fanaticism, not sunk to *caput mortuum* and a torpid nuisance as now) upon Christendom and the German Empire, I do not pretend to estimate. It seems to me, no modern imagination can conceive this atrocity of the Most Christian King; or how it harassed, and haunted with incessant terror, the Christian nations for the two centuries ensuing.

Richelieu's trade, again, was twofold: first, what everybody must acknowledge was a great and legitimate one, that of coercing and drilling into obedience to their own Sovereign the vassals of the Crown of France; and secondly, that of plundering, weakening, thwarting, and in all ways tormenting the German Empire. "He protected Protestantism there?" Yes, and steadily persecuted his own Huguenots, bombarded his own Rochelle; and in Germany kept up a Thirty-Years War, cherishing diligently the last embers of it till Germany were burnt to utter ruin; no nation ever nearer absolute ruin than unhappy Germany then was. An unblessed Richelieu for Germany; nor a blessed for France either, if we look to the ulterior issues, and distinguish the solid from the specious in the fortune of Nations. No French ruler, not even Napoleon I., was a feller or crueler enemy to Germany, nor half so pernicious to it (to its very *soul* as well as to its body): and Germany had done him no injury that I know of, except that of existing beside him.

Of Louis XIV.'s four grand plunderings and incendiarisms of Europe,—for no real reason but his own ambition, and desire to snatch his neighbour's goods,—of all this we of this age have now, if any, an altogether faint and placid remembrance, and our feelings on it differ greatly from those that animated our poor forefathers in the time of William III. and Queen Anne. Of Belleisle and Louis XV.'s fine scheme to cut Germany into four little kingdoms, and have them dance and fence to the piping of Versailles, I do not speak; for to France herself this latter fine scheme brought its own reward: loss of America, loss of India, disgrace and discomfiture in all quarters of the world,—advent, in fine, of The French Revolution;

embarkation on the shoreless chaos on which ill-fated France still drifts and tumbles.

The Revolution and Napoleon I., and their treatment of Germany, are still in the memory of men and newspapers; but that was not by any means, as idle men and newspapers seem to think, the first of Germany's sufferings from France; it was the last of a very long series of such,—*the last but one*, let us rather say; and hope that *this* now going on as "Siege of Paris," as wide-spread empire of bloodshed, anarchy, delirium, and mendacity, the fruit of France's latest "*marche à Berlin*" may be the last! No nation ever had so bad a neighbour as Germany has had in France for the last 400 years; bad in all manner of ways; insolent, rapacious, insatiable, unappeasable, continually aggressive.

And now, furthermore, in all History there is no insolent, unjust neighbour that ever got so complete, instantaneous, and ignominious a smashing-down as France has now got from Germany. Germany, after 400 years of ill-usage, and generally of ill-fortune, from that neighbour, has had at last the great happiness to see its enemy fairly down in this manner:—and Germany, I do clearly believe, would be a foolish nation not to think of raising up some secure boundary-fence between herself and such a neighbour, now that she has the chance.

There is no law of Nature that I know of, no Heaven's Act of Parliament, whereby France, alone of terrestrial beings, shall not restore any portion of her plundered goods when the owners they were wrenched from have an opportunity upon them. To nobody, except to France herself for the moment, can it be credible that there is such a law of Nature. Alsace and Lorraine were not got, either of them, in so divine a manner as to render that a probability. The cunning of Richelieu, the grandiose long-sword of Louis XIV., these are the only titles of France to those German countries. Richelieu screwed them loose (and, by happy accident, there was a

Turenne, as General, got screwed along with them;—Turenne, I think, was mainly German by blood and temper, had not Francis I. egged-on his ancestor, the little Duke of Bouillon, in the way we saw, and gradually *made* him French); Louis le Grand, with his Turenne as supreme of modern Generals, managed the rest of the operation,—except indeed, I should say, the burning of the Palatinate, from Heidelberg Palace steadily downwards, into black ruin; which Turenne would not do sufficiently, and which Louis had to get done by another. There was also a good deal of extortionate law-practice, what we may fairly call violently-sharp attorneyism, put in use. The great Louis's "*Chambres de Réunion*," Metz Chamber, Brissac Chamber, were once of high infamy, and much complained of here in England, and everywhere else beyond the Rhine. The Grand Louis, except by sublime gesture, ironically polite, made no answer. He styled himself, on his very coins (*écu* of 1687, say the Medallists), EXCELSUS SUPER OMNES GENTES DOMINUS; but it is certain, attorneyism of the worst sort was one of his instruments in this conquest of Alsace. Nay, as to Strasburg, it was not even attorneyism, much less a long-sword, that did the feat; it was a house-breaker's *jemmy* on the part of the *Grand Monarque*. Strasburg was got in time of profound peace by bribing of the magistrates to do treason, on his part, and admit his garrison one night.

Nor as to Metz la Pucelle, nor any of these Three Bishoprics, was it force of war that brought them over to France; rather it was force of fraudulent pawnbroking. King Henri II. (year 1552) got these places,—Protestants applying to him in their extreme need,—as we may say, in the way of pledge. Henri entered there with banners spread and drums beating, "solely in defence of German liberty, as God shall witness"; did nothing for Protestantism or German liberty (German liberty managing rapidly to help itself in this instance); and then, like a brazen-faced unjust pawnbroker, refused to give the places back,—"had ancient rights over them," extremely

indubitable to him, and could not give them back. And never yet, by any pressure or persuasion, would. The great Charles v., Protestantism itself now supporting, endeavoured, with his utmost energy and to the very cracking of his heart, to compel him; but could not. The present Hohenzollern King, a modest and pacific man in comparison, could and has. I believe it to be perfectly just, rational and wise that Germany should take these countries home with her from her unexampled campaign; and, by well fortifying her own old *Wasgau* ("Vosges"), Hundsrück (*Dog's-back*), Three Bishoprics, and other military strengths, secure herself in time coming against French visits.

The French complain dreadfully of threatened "loss of honour"; and lamentable bystanders plead earnestly, "Don't dishonour France; leave poor France's honour bright." But will it save the *honour* of France to refuse paying for the glass she has voluntarily broken in her neighbour's windows? The attack upon the windows was her dishonour. Signally disgraceful to any nation was her late assault on Germany; equally signal has been the ignominy of its execution on the part of France. The honour of France can be saved only by the deep repentance of France; and by the serious determination never to do so again,—to do the reverse of so forever henceforth. In that way may the honour of France again gradually brighten to the height of its old splendour,—far beyond the *First* Napoleonic, much more the *Third*, or any recent sort,—and offer again to our voluntary love and grateful estimation all the fine and graceful qualities Nature has implanted in the French.

For the present, I must say, France looks more and more delirious, miserable, blamable, pitiable and even contemptible. She refuses to see the facts that are lying palpable before her face, and the penalties she has brought upon herself. A France scattered into anarchic ruin, without recognisable head; *head*, or chief, indistinguishable from *feet*, or rabble; Ministers flying

up in balloons ballasted with nothing but outrageous public lies, proclamations of victories that were creatures of the fancy; a Government subsisting altogether on mendacity, willing that horrid bloodshed should continue and increase rather than that *they*, beautiful Republican creatures, should cease to have the guidance of it: I know not when or where there was seen a nation so covering itself with *dis*honour. If, among this multitude of sympathetic bystanders, France have any true friend, his advice to France would be, To abandon all that, and never to resume it more. France really ought to know that 'refuges of lies' were long ago discovered to lead down only to the Gates of Death Eternal, and to be forbidden to all creatures!—That the one hope for France is to recognise the facts which have come to her, and that they came withal by invitation of her own: how she,—a mass of gilded, proudly varnished anarchy,—has wilfully insulted and defied to mortal duel a neighbour not anarchic, but still in a quietly-human, sober and governed state; and has prospered accordingly. Prospered as an array of sanguinary mountebanks *versus* a Macedonian phalanx must needs do;—and now lies smitten down into hideous wreck and impotence; testifying to gods and men what extent of rottenness, anarchy and hidden vileness lay in her. That the inexorable fact is, she has left herself without resource or power of resisting the victorious Germans; and that her wisdom will be to take that fact into her astonished mind; to know that, howsoever hateful, said fact is inexorable, and will have to be complied with,—the *sooner* at the cheaper rate. It is a hard lesson to vainglorious France; but France, we hope, has still in it veracity and probity enough to accept fact as an evidently-adamantine entity, which will not brook resistance without penalty, and is unalterable by the very gods.

But indeed the quantity of conscious mendacity that France, official and other, has perpetrated latterly, especially since July last, is something wonderful and fearful. And, alas, perhaps even that is small compared to the self-delusion and '*un*con-

scious mendacity' long prevalent among the French; which is of still feller and more poisonous quality, though unrecognised for poison. To me, at times, the mournfulest symptom in France is the figure its "men of genius," its highest literary speakers, who should be prophets and seers to it, make at present, and indeed for a generation back have been making. It is evidently their belief that new celestial wisdom is radiating out of France upon all the other overshadowed nations; that France is the new Mount Zion of the Universe; and that all this sad, sordid, semi-delirious and, in good part, *infernal* stuff which French Literature has been preaching to us for the last fifty years, is a veritable new Gospel out of Heaven, pregnant with blessedness for all the sons of men. Alas, one does understand that France made her Great Revolution; uttered her tremendous doom's-voice against a world of human shams, proclaiming, as with the great Last Trumpet, that shams should be no more. I often call that a celestial-infernal phenomenon,—the most memorable in our world for a thousand years; on the whole, a transcendent revolt against the Devil and his works (since shams are *all* and sundry of the Devil, and poisonous and unendurable to man). For that we all infinitely love and honour France. And truly all nations are now busy enough copying France in regard to that! From side to side of the civilised world there is, in a manner, nothing noticeable but the whole world in deep and dismally-chaotic Insurrection against Shams, determination to have done with shams, *coûte que coûte*. Indispensable that battle, however ugly. Well done, we may say to all that; for it is the preliminary to everything:—but, alas, all that is not yet victory; it is but half the battle, and the much easier half. The infinitely harder half, which is the equally or the still more indispensable, is that of achieving, instead of the abolished shams which were of the Devil, the practicable realities which should be veritable and of God. That *first* half of the battle, I rejoice to see, is now safe, can now never cease except in victory; but the farther stage of it, I also see, must be under

better presidency than that of France, or *it* will forever prove impossible. The German race, not the Gaelic, are now to be protagonist in that immense world-drama; and from them I expect better issues. Worse we cannot well have. France with a dead-lift effort, now of eighty-one years, has accomplished under this head, for herself or for the world, Nothing, or even less,—in strict arithmetic, *zero* with *minus* quantities. Her prophets prophesy a vain thing; her people rove about in darkness, and have wandered far astray.

Such prophets and such a people;—who, in the way of deception and self-deception, have carried it far! 'Given up to strong delusion,' as the Scripture says; till, at last, the lie seems to them the very truth. And now, in their strangling crisis and extreme need, they appear to have no resource but self-deception still, and quasi-heroic gasconade. They do believe it to be heroic. They believe that they are the "Christ of nations"; an innocent godlike people, suffering for the sins of all nations, with an eye to redeem us all:—let us hope that this of the "Christ of Nations" is the *non plus ultra* of the thing. I wish they would inquire whether there might not be a *Cartouche* of Nations, fully as likely as a Christ of Nations in our time! Cartouche had many gallant qualities; was much admired, and much pitied in his sufferings; and had many fine ladies begging locks of his hair, while the inexorable, indispensable gibbet was preparing. But in the end there was no salvation for Cartouche. Better he should obey the heavy-handed Teutsch police-officer, who has him by the windpipe in such frightful manner; give up part of his stolen goods; altogether cease to be a Cartouche, and try to become again a Chevalier Bayard under improved conditions, and a blessing and beautiful benefit to all his neighbours,—instead of too much the reverse, as now! Clear it is, at any rate, singular as it may seem to France, all Europe does *not* come to the rescue, in gratitude for the heavenly "illumination" it is getting from France: nor could all Europe, if it did, at this moment prevent that awful

Chancellor from having his own way. Metz and the boundary fence, I reckon, will be dreadfully hard to get out of that Chancellor's hands again.

A hundred years ago there was in England the liveliest desire, and at one time an actual effort and hope, to recover Alsace and Lorraine from the French. Lord Carteret, called afterwards Lord Granville (no ancestor, in any sense, of his now Honourable synonym), thought by some to be, with the one exception of Lord Chatham, the wisest Foreign Secretary we ever had, and especially the 'one Secretary that ever spoke German or understood German matters at all,' had set his heart on this very object; and had fair prospects of achieving it,—had not our poor dear Duke of Newcastle suddenly peddled him out of it; and even out of office altogether, into sullen disgust (and too much of *wine* withal, says Walpole), and into total oblivion by his Nation, which, except Chatham, has none such to remember. That Bismarck, and Germany along with him, should now at this propitious juncture make a like demand, is no surprise to me. After such provocation, and after such a victory, the resolution does seem rational, just and even modest. And considering all that has occurred since that memorable cataclysm at Sedan, I could reckon it creditable to the sense and moderation of Count Bismarck that he stands steadily by this; demanding nothing more, resolute to take nothing less, and advancing with a slow calmness towards it by the eligiblest roads. The "Siege of Paris," which looks like the hugest and most hideous farce-tragedy ever played under this sun, Bismarck evidently hopes will never need to come to uttermost bombardment, to million-fold death by hunger, or the kindling of Paris and its carpentries and asphalt streets by shells and red-hot balls into a sea of fire. Diligent, day by day, seem those Prussians, never resting nor too much hasting; well knowing the proverb, 'Slow fire makes sweet malt.' I believe Bismarck will get his Alsace and what he wants of Lorraine; and likewise that it

will do him, and us, and all the world, and even France itself by and by, a great deal of good. Anarchic France gets her first stern lesson there,—a terribly drastic dose of physic to sick France!—and well will it be for her if she can learn her lesson honestly. If she cannot, she will get another, and ever another; learnt the lesson must be.

Considerable misconception as to Herr von Bismarck is still prevalent in England. The English newspapers, nearly all of them, seem to me to be only getting towards a true knowledge of Bismarck, but not yet got to it. The standing likeness, circulating everywhere ten years ago, of demented Bismarck and his ditto King to Strafford and Charles I. *versus* our Long Parliament (*as* like as Macedon to Monmouth, and not liker) has now vanished from the earth, no whisper of it ever to be heard more. That pathetic Niobe of Denmark, reft violently of her children (which were stolen children, and were dreadfully ill-nursed by Niobe Denmark), is also nearly gone; and will go altogether so soon as knowledge of the matter is had. Bismarck, as I read him, is not a person of "Napoleonic" ideas, but of ideas quite superior to Napoleonic; shows no invincible "lust of territory," nor is tormented with "vulgar ambition," etc.; but has aims very far beyond that sphere; and in fact seems to me to be striving with strong faculty, by patient, grand and successful steps, towards an object beneficial to Germans and to all other men. That noble, patient, deep, pious and solid Germany should be at length welded into a Nation, and become Queen of the Continent, instead of vapouring, vainglorious, gesticulating, quarrelsome, restless and over-sensitive France, seems to me the hopefulest public fact that has occurred in my time.—I remain, Sir, yours truly, T. Carlyle.

SUMMARY

SHOOTING NIAGARA: AND AFTER?

Present critical epoch of England's history. Democracy to complete itself,—in a Parliament zealously watched by Penny Newspapers. All Churches and so-called Religions to deliquesce into Liberty, Progress and philanthropic slush. Free Trade for everybody, in all senses and to all lengths. Manifold reflections and dubitations. Unexpected velocity of events. Germany become honourably Prussian. England's Niagara leap (p. 1).—Strange how prepossessions and delusions seize on whole communities of men. The singular phenomenon the Germans call *Schwärmerei*. No difficulty about your Queen Bee. Axioms of folly for articles of faith. Any man equal to any other, and Bedlam and Gehenna to the New Jerusalem. The one refutation (3).—The late American War a notable case of *Swarmery*. The Nigger Question essentially one of the smallest; poor Nigger. Servantship on the nomadic principle cannot but be misdone and disastrous. Sheffield Assassination Company, Limited. Thirty-thousand 'distressed needlewomen' on the pavements of London. A 'contract for life' the Nigger's essential position. Injustices between Nigger and Buckra. American *Swarmery* and a continent of the earth submerged by deluges from the Pit of Hell (5).—*Swarmery* in our own country. Our accepted axioms. 'Liberty,' for example. Chaining the Devil for a thousand years. Strange notion of 'Reform': Not practical amendment, but 'extension of the suffrage.' (7).—The intellect that believes in the possibility of 'improvement' by such a method, a finished-off and shut-up intellect. Something of good even in our 'new Reform measure.' The day of settlement at last brought nearer. He they call 'Dizzy' is to do it. Not a tearful Tragedy, but an ignominious Farce as well. Beales and his ragamuffins. Home-Secretary Walpole in tears. A Lord Chief Justice's six hours of eloquent imbecility. An actual *Martial Law* the unseen basis of all written laws, without which no effective law of any kind would be even possible. Governor Eyre and the Nigger Philanthropists. Our Social Arrangements pretty much an old-established Hypocrisy. The demand 'to become *Commonwealth of England*,' answered by official persons with a rope round their necks. The end perhaps nearer than expected (10). —What the duties of good citizens, now and onwards. Possibilities yet

remaining with our Aristocracy. Hopes and fears. Vice-Kings for the Colonies. Even Dominica enough to kindle a heroic young heart. At present all gone to jungle and sublime 'Self-government' (14).—The better kind of our Nobility still something considerable. Politeness the beautiful natural index and outcome of all that is kingly. Nothing but vulgarity in our People's expectations. Conservative *varnish*. Mendacity hanging in the very air we breathe. Little help or hindrance from the populace. The unclassed Aristocracy by nature, supreme in wisdom and in courage: If these also fail us,—national death. One is inclined timidly to hope the best. A company of poor men, who will spend all their blood rather. It must at length come to battle. While God lives, the issue can or will fall only one way (18).—Our inspired speakers and seers, who are to deliver the world from its swarmeries. What is called Art, Poetry and the like. How stir such questions in the present limits! All real 'Art' the imprisoned 'Soul of Fact.' The Bible the *truest* of all Books. Homer's Iliad, too, the truest a Patriotic Ballad-singer could manage to sing. 'Fiction,' and its alarming cousinship to *lying*. Modern 'Literature,' like a poor bottle of soda-water with the cork sprung. Shakspeare, and his ability to have turned the History of England into an Iliad, almost perhaps into a kind of Bible. England, too (equally with any Judah whatsoever), has a History that is divine. Incredible, and even impious interpretations (23).—New definitions of LIBERTY: What it veritably signifies in the speech of men and gods. Idle habit of 'accounting for the Moral Sense.' The Moral Sense, the perennial Miracle of Man, the *visible link* between Earth and Heaven. Christian Religion, the soul of it alive forevermore; its dead and rotting *body* now getting burial. A very great work going on in these days: 'God and the Godlike' again struggling to become clearly revealed (27).—The Industrial Noble, and his born brother the Aristocrat by title; their united result what we want from both. The world of Industry to be recivilised out of its now utter savagery. The Reformed Parliament, with Trades Unions in search of their 'Four eights.' The immense and universal question of *Cheap and Nasty*. London houses and house-building. England needs to be rebuilt once every seventy years. Foul Circe enchantments. The essence and outcome of all religion, to do one's work in a faithful manner (30).—Constant invocation of the Devil, and diabolic short-cuts towards wages. The '*prestige* of England on the Continent.' Account as it stands in Heaven's Chancery (35).—Opportunities and possibilities of Kingship still open to our titular Aristocracy. Human worth: To recognise merit, a man must first *have* it. Right Schools never more needed than now. Unless our Noble by rank be a Noble by nature, little or no success is possible by him. Non-vocal schools, presided over by 'pious Wisdom' (37).—The Drill-Sergeant, the one official reality. Blessedness of wise drill in every activity of life.

The richest and deepest element in all practical education. Silent charm of rhythmic human companionship. Soldier-drill, the last or finishing touch of all sorts of Drilling. Our wise hero Aristocrat, with his private Field-regiment. The issue very certain when it comes so far as that (40).—Wide enterprise still possible. Few noble Lords, as noble Lords now are, could do much good in it. Much the readiest likelihood for our Aristocrat by title would be, to coalesce nobly with his 'two untitled Brothers.' Were there but three of each sort in the whole of Britain, what a 'Parliament' they might be! (44).—Penny-Newspaper Parliaments. Immense body of Laws pressingly wanted, and none of mortals knows where to get them. Beyond doubt the vulgar noble Lord intends fully to continue his game,—to keep weltering atop, however ignominiously. Let us hope he will be wise in time (46).

LATTER STAGE OF THE FRENCH-GERMAN WAR, 1870-71

English ignorance of the mutual history of France and Germany. Not now a question of mere 'magnanimity' between them, but of practical security. Louis XI. and Kaiser Max. Burgundy becomes French (p. 49). —Francis I. tries to become Kaiser. Broken treaties, and ever-recurring strife with Charles V. Lets loose the fury and fanaticism of the Turks upon Christendom and the German Empire. Richelieu's pernicious meddling in the Thirty-Years War (50).—Louis XIV.'s plunderings and burnings of Europe. Belleisle's and Louis XV.'s fine schemes for Germany. The Revolution and Napoleon I. No nation ever had so bad a neighbour as Germany had in France. Germany now at last in a position to see itself righted. Restoration of goods basely plundered: Strasburg and Metz (51).—The 'honour' of France. Her late disgraceful assault on Germany, and its ignominious execution. Only repentance can make her what she once was. For the present, becoming more and more delirious. Balloons ballasted with lies. The one hope for France, to recognise the facts which have come to her, and that they came by invitation of her own (54).—French 'men of genius' and their semi-delirious extravagances. The 'Insurrection against Shams' indispensable, however ugly. The infinitely 'harder half' of the battle still more indispensable. The German race, not the Gaelic, now to be protagonist in the world-drama. Might there not be a *Cartouche* of Nations fully as likely as a 'Christ of Nations' in our time? (55).—Lord Carteret once hoped to recover Alsace and Lorraine for Germany. Bismarck, and Germany with him, will make sure work of it. The 'Siege of Paris.' Considerable misconception as to Bismarck long prevalent in England. Not a person of 'Napoleonic' ideas. Noble, patient Germany at length welded into a Nation, and become Queen of the Continent (58).

PAPERS COLLECTED

FOR THE FIRST TIME

MONTAIGNE[1]

Michel de Montaigne, a celebrated French writer, was born at the Chateau de Montaigne, near Bergerac, upon the Dordogne, on the 28th of February, 1533. He was the third son of Pierre Eyquem, a man of rank and probity, who appears to have discharged the paternal duties with extraordinary care. Young Michel was awakened every morning by soft music, lest sudden excitation might injure his health; and a German domestic, unacquainted with the French language, taught him to express his first ideas in Latin. At the age of six years, he was sent to the College of Bordeaux, then conducted by the most celebrated preceptors in France, one of whom was our distinguished countryman, George Buchanan. Montaigne's knowledge of Latin, acquired in a manner so uncommon, was here of some avail to him; and though we may be allowed to doubt his assertion, that the masters 'were afraid to accost him,' the instructions of his nurse must have materially contributed to form that minute and extensive acquaintance with classical literature, and that strong tinge of Latinity, for which his writings are so remarkable.

After seven years occupied in such studies, Montaigne, with the view of becoming a lawyer, engaged in the requisite course of preparation; but his love of jurisprudence, and his progress in that science, appear to have been equally small. The Parliament of Bordeaux seldom witnessed his official exertions; and after his elder brother's death, from the stroke of a tennis-ball, he gladly exchanged the advocate's gown for

[1] *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, vol. xiv.

the sword of a country gentleman. A short time after 1560, he married Françoise, daughter of a celebrated pleader, Joseph de la Chassagne; and, possessing the Chateau de Montaigne, which his father bequeathed to him in 1569, enjoying a competent fortune and domestic happiness, he had full leisure to combine rural and intellectual employment, in the most suitable proportion. Study seems, however, to have attracted nearly all his attention; riding afforded a healthful and favourite exercise; he lived remote from the political quarrels which, at that period, distracted his country; and few avocations enticed him from reading, or committing to paper such reflections as that reading excited, in whatever order they occurred. Before the decease of his father, Montaigne had translated the Natural Theology of Raymond de Sebonde; and, in 1571, he superintended the posthumous publication of his friend, the Sieur de la Boëtie's works. He did not appear in the character of an original author, till 1580, when the fruit of his meditations was published under the title of Essays, at Bordeaux. Eight years afterwards, in a new edition prepared under his eye at Paris, the work was augmented by a third book, and many additions to the part already published.

In this singular production, Montaigne completely fulfils the promise of 'painting himself in his natural and simple mood, without study or artifice.' And though Scaliger might perhaps reasonably ask, "What matters it whether Montaigne liked white wine or claret?"—a modern reader will not easily cavil at the patient and good-natured, though exuberant, egotism, which brings back to our view 'the form and pressure' of a time long past. The habits and humours, the mode of acting and thinking which characterised a Gascon gentleman in the sixteenth century, cannot fail to amuse an inquirer of the nineteenth; while the faithful delineation of human feelings in all their strength and weakness, will serve as a mirror to every mind capable of self-examination. But if details, otherwise frivolous, are pardoned,

because of the antique charm which is about them, no excuse or even apology of a satisfactory kind, can be devised for the gross indelicacy which frequently deforms these Essays; and as Montaigne, by an abundant store of bold ideas, and a deep insight into the principles of our common nature, deserves to be ranked high among the great men of his own original age, he also deserves the bad pre-eminence, in love at once of coarseness and obscenity.

The desultory, careless mode, in which the materials of the Essays are arranged, indicates a feature in the author's character to which his style has likewise a resemblance. With him, more than with any other, words may be called the garment of thought; the expression is frequently moulded to fit the idea, never the idea to fit the expression. The negligence, and occasional obscurity of his manner, are more than compensated by the warmth of an imagination, bestowing on his language a nervousness, and often a picturesque beauty, which we should in vain seek elsewhere.

From the perusal of those Essays, it is natural to infer, that the author must have studied men, not only in the closet but the world. Accordingly, we find, that Montaigne had travelled over France, entertained the King in his chateau, and more than once visited the court, where Charles IX. gratified him by spontaneously bestowing the collar of the order of St. Michel. After the first publication of his Essays he did not long continue stationary. In this case, however, the desire of viewing foreign countries was but secondary to that of freeing himself from a nephritic disorder which had afflicted him for several years, and which, having no faith in physicians, he sought to alleviate by the use of mineral waters. With this intention he left home in 1581, and, attended by several of his friends, traversed Lorraine, Switzerland, Bavaria, and Italy. From the baths of Plombières, Baden, and Lucca, he came to Rome, where, among other honours that awaited him, he received the freedom of the city, and soon afterwards received intelligence that his countrymen of Bordeaux had

elected him their mayor.[1] At the King's command, he returned from Italy to undertake this office; and his constituents signified their approbation of his conduct in it by continuing his appointment for another two years.

The remaining portion of Montaigne's life was chiefly spent in revising his Essays. It was disturbed by the tumults of the League, and finally by the ravages of the pestilence, which compelled him for a short period to leave his home. One of his last journeys was to Paris for the publication of his works; and during his return, he remained some days at Blois, to witness the proceedings of the States-General assembled there in 1588. He is said to have predicted to his friend, the famous de Thou, that Henry IV. would embrace the Catholic religion, and restore peace to France.

But the use of mineral waters had not banished Montaigne's hereditary distemper; and his constitution, weakened by it, was unable to sustain the attack of an inflammation of the throat, which seized him in September 1592. On the 17th of that month, the disorder had deprived him of the use of speech; but as his mental faculties remained unimpaired, he desired his wife, in writing, to send for certain of his neighbours, that he might bid them farewell. After the arrival of these persons, mass was said in his chamber. At the elevation of the host, Montaigne, with an effort, raised himself upon his bed, and, clasping his hands together, expired in that pious attitude. He had almost completed his sixtieth year.

The character of Montaigne is amply delineated in his Essays. On contemplating this picture, we are surprised to find the principles of a stoic incongruously mingled with the

[1] About fifty years ago, a manuscript account of this journey was accidentally found in the chateau which Montaigne inhabited. Being ascertained to be his composition, it was published in 1774. But neither the curiosity attached to everything which bears the name of Montaigne, nor the learned notes of M. Querlon, are sufficient to make us relish the insignificant and often disgusting contents of a work that seems never to have been at all intended for meeting general inspection.

practice of an epicure; and the *pillow of doubt*, upon which during the flow of health he professed to repose, exchanged in sickness for the opiates of superstition. But notwithstanding these inconsistencies, it is impossible to avoid admiring the continued benignity and pensive gaiety which distinguished his temper. The amiableness of his private life is attested by the fact, that under the five monarchs who, during his time, successively swayed the sceptre of a kingdom torn with fanatical divisions, his person and property were always respected by both parties; and few, at an advanced age, can say like him, that they are yet untainted with a quarrel or a law-suit.

His essays have been abridged, translated and given to the world in various shapes. The most valued edition is that of London, 1724, in which the original expressions are scrupulously retained, and ably illustrated by the notes of M. Coste.

cf DAW III, 33

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU[1]

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the eldest daughter of Evelyn Pierrepont, Earl, and afterwards Duke, of Kingston, was born at Thoresby, in Nottinghamshire, about the year 1690. Though four years afterwards she lost her mother, the Lady Mary Fielding, daughter of William, Earl of Denbigh, her education was conducted with all the care which so promising a genius seemed to deserve. In addition to the usual accomplishments, she easily gained from the preceptors of her brother, Viscount Newark, a considerable knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages, to which she soon added French and Italian. The famous Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, is said to have guided and encouraged her more advanced studies; a manuscript translation of Epictetus, which she executed during a week in the summer of 1710, yet bears the corrections of that distinguished prelate.

Whilst making acquisitions, at that period so rare among persons of her sex and rank, the young lady continued principally at Thoresby or at Acton, near London. In these narrow circles her liveliness and spirits were already no less remarkable than her learning. Mrs., or as we should now say, Miss Ann Wortley, daughter of the Honourable Sidney Montagu, seems to have been her most intimate associate; and this early friendship gave rise to her acquaintance with a son of the same nobleman, Edward Wortley Montagu, to whom, after two years, she was privately married, on the 12th of August 1712. The valuable, though not brilliant,

[1] *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, vol. xiv.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu

qualifications of this gentleman, were long exercised in Parliament, where his graceful manner and knowledge of business secured him considerable influence. At the period of his marriage, the fathers of both parties being alive, he could not offer his wife such an establishment as to permit her accompanying him to London during his political engagements: for the first three years of their union she lived chiefly at Warncliffe-lodge, near Sheffield. But, after the death of Queen Anne in 1714, when Charles Montagu, who conveyed the intelligence of that event to George I. had been raised from the dignity of baron, to that of earl, Halifax, and farther created first lord of the treasury, that nobleman did not overlook the services of his cousin Mr. Wortley, who soon obtained the appointment of commissioner in the same department. The nature of his office placed him in connection with the court; and the appearance of Lady Mary, who now first visited that scene, attracted universal admiration. Her beauty and genius were praised, her conversation was coveted by the highest ranks of the nobility, and a more honourable tribute was paid to her talents in the esteem which she obtained from Pope and Addison.

The short-lived pleasures of such a scene had scarcely yet found time to lose their novelty, when Lady Mary was called to visit objects of a far more diversified and striking nature. In the summer of 1716, Mr. Wortley resigned his situation at the Treasury-Board, in consequence of an appointment to occupy the place of Sir Robert Sutton, Ambassador at Constantinople, who had been removed to Vienna, and directed to co-operate with his successor, in endeavouring to terminate the war between the Austrians and Turks, which at that time raged with extreme violence. In the month of August Mr. Wortley left England, and his lady did not hesitate to accompany him in a journey which, though tedious, and not without hazard, promised to offer such a field for observation and enjoyment, as great skill in modern languages, and considerable acquaintance with classical antiquities, rendered her

well qualified to profit by. After leaving Holland and Germany, the embassy continued two months at Adrianople. Sultan Achmed III., whom they found here, is said to have shown a more frank disposition, and less solicitude about the Koran than usually happens with a Turkish prince. To this circumstance it is generally ascribed, that Lady Mary was enabled to augment her acquaintance with eastern manners, by an examination of the Harem, never before or since permitted to any European.

The knowledge which she gathered respecting the habits and character of this people was minute, her mode of communicating it lively and entertaining. But Europe, in general, owes to her residence in Turkey a much more solid advantage than any such entertainment. Whilst passing the summer months at Belgrade, not far from the shore of the Bosporus, Lady Mary had occasion to observe a custom practised by the peasants, which was said to guard them from the effects of small-pox, a dreadful, and at that time, cureless malady. She examined the process of engrafting or inoculation, as it was afterwards called, became convinced of its efficacy, and with a courage for which humanity is deeply indebted, she consented to have the operation tried upon her son, at that time about three years old. Edward Wortley Montagu, afterwards so celebrated for his rambling eccentric character, sustained the experiment without hurt, in the month of March 1718. The event encouraged his mother to form the hope of establishing a practice so salutary in her own country. It is well known that, after a lapse of some years, the zealous support which she bestowed on the attempts of Mr. Maitland, her physician, to introduce inoculation, on his return to England, was at length crowned with success. In 1721, government allowed five criminals to avoid the sentence of death by submitting to this process: the successful experiment was sanctioned by the College of Physicians; inoculation obtained the patronage of the Royal Family, and had finally triumphed over all opposition, when,

eighty years afterwards, the more precious discovery of Jenner promised entirely to extirpate the disorder.

Lady Mary was not long detained from the society of her friends in England. Mr. Wortley's conduct was approved of both by the Courts of St. James's and Vienna; but, owing to the exorbitant demands of the latter, his negotiations entirely failed. His letters of recall, countersigned by Addison, are dated 21st October 1717; and on the following 5th of June, he and his family commenced their journey to Britain, where, after visiting Tunis, Genoa, Lyons, and Paris, they arrived on the 30th of October 1718.

At the Court of George I., Lady Mary was received with increased distinction. The celebrity arising from her travels, the fund of new ideas acquired in the course of them, the graphical and spirited mode in which she described what she had seen, gave a new charm to her already fascinating conversation. She obtained particular notice from the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, and by her brilliant acquirements excited the praise or the envy of every competitor for such honours as the admiration of a court can bestow. The excellence of her sprightly conversation had already been stamped by the approbation of Pope; and at her return from Turkey, the poet appears to have manifested the continuance of that friendship which his lively, though rather affected, letters, had so warmly expressed during her absence. He earnestly invited her to take up her residence at Twickenham, and had the pleasure of successfully negotiating a lease of Sir Godfrey Kneller's house for her reception. In this celebrated village Lady Mary could occasionally exchange the gaieties of fashionable life at London for the company of those celebrated characters who frequented the society of Pope, and diversify the flatteries of Dr. Young and her second cousin Henry Fielding, by the conversation of Swift, Gay, and Arbuthnot.

But the friendship of wits is proverbially fragile. In the case of Pope and Lady Mary, its existence, rendered pre-

carious by the conflicting claims of a vanity, which on both sides sought gratification in the dangerous province of satire, was shortened by political hostility. Dissatisfied with the quantity of praise which the world bestowed on Pope for correcting her productions, and which the poet, it was thought, did not steadily enough refuse, Lady Mary had for some time omitted consulting him on such occasions; and this coldness was increased at the accession of George II. by her avowed partiality for Sir Robert Walpole, and her intimacy with Lord Hervey, which could not but offend a professed follower of Bolingbroke. The publication of the *Town Eclogues* completed this alienation. Lady Mary had several years before submitted these poems to Pope's inspection, and, as the satire or scandal they were supposed to contain, rendered them an object of general curiosity, copies were extensively circulated, and to print them became a fit speculation for the noted Edmund Curl. In spite of remonstrances and threats, the work came out under Pope's name; and Lady Mary defrauded of praise, and suspecting collusion, not only renounced all intercourse with him, but displayed the resentment of forfeited friendship in bitter sarcasms, which were too faithfully reported to the object of them. The irritable nature of Pope was little calculated to brook such treatment. His opinion of Lady Mary, under the name of Sappho, expressed in his satires with more rancour than taste or wit, called forth from his victim, and her coadjutor, Lord Hervey, also stigmatised under the name of Sporus, those "verses addressed to the translator of the first Satire of the Second Book of Horace," the private circulation of which produced a letter from Pope to his antagonists, disavowing any such intention as the one imputed to him. Much has been said of the malignity displayed by Pope in this attack, and of the meanness with which he attempted to recede from it. Certainly the accusations brought against Sappho are of a character sufficiently black, and the author's equivocal statements about their application seem to argue considerable

weakness of mind: but if, without investigating how far such accusations might be founded on truth, we condemn the man who, under the mask of a moralist, stoops to gratify his individual hatred, we are compelled at the same time to admit, that his antagonists appear to have wanted the power rather than the will, to be equally barbarous. It is matter of regret, that the friendship of Pope and Lady Mary was converted into enmity: but the means adopted by the one party to satisfy that enmity were hardly less blameable than those adopted by the other. A fierce, though dull, execration of Pope's malice and deformity, is but awkwardly blended with censures of his virulence and coarseness.

The quarrel with this formidable satirist produced disagreeable results for Lady Montagu. It no doubt contributed to spread those black reports about her character and conduct, to which the many victims of her sarcastic pleasantry were at all times willing listeners. She still lived at court with the great and gay, sharing or directing their amusements, admired for the pungency of her wit, and the sprightliness of her occasional verses, but her life seems not to have been happy. To other sources of solicitude, ill health was at last added; and in 1739, with Mr. Wortley's consent, she resolved to fix her abode in Italy. Passing through Venice, where much respect was shown to her, she visited Rome and Naples, and after having spent several months at Chambéry and Avignon, she finally settled at Brescia. From this city, she afterwards removed to Lovere, on the northern shore of the Lake Iseo, for the benefit of its mineral waters; where, having purchased and refitted an elegant house, she divided her attention between reading and managing the concerns of her vineyard. With a small and select society, she seems to have enjoyed more contentment in this retired situation than her former habits would have led us to expect. About the year 1758, however, she exchanged her solitude for the amusements of Venice, in which city she remained till 1761, the period of Mr. Wortley's death. She then yielded

to the solicitations of her daughter, the Countess of Bute, and after an absence of twenty-two years, she returned to England in the month of October. But her health had suffered much, and a gradual decline terminated in death, on the 21st of August 1762.

Overawed by Pope and his associates, Lady Mary had ventured to publish nothing during her lifetime. The *Town Eclogues*, above alluded to, were printed under Pope's name, and though his editors have continued to assign the "Basset Table," with the "Drawing Room," to him, and the "Toilet" to Gay, she seems, in fact, to have been the author of them all. Several of her other poems had appeared in different collections, but it was without her permission. If we may judge, however, from an expression employed in writing to her sister, the Countess of Mar, it would seem that Lady Mary contemplated the posthumous publication of her letters; and, towards the conclusion of her residence in Italy, she had actually transcribed that part of them which relates to Mr. Wortley's embassy. The manuscript, intrusted to Mr. Lowden, a clergyman at Rotterdam, was surreptitiously printed by Beckett in 1763; and the curiosity which it had long excited in the world, was finally gratified by the publication of all her poems and letters in 1803. The edition, undertaken at the request of her grandson, the Earl of Bute, was superintended by Mr. Dallaway, who prefixed to it a life of the author.

Concerning the merits of Lady Montagu's poems, it is not necessary to say much. Suggested chiefly by ephemeral topics, they seem to have been written without great care. They are not polished, but across their frequent harshness and infelicity of expression, we can easily discern considerable vivacity of conception, accompanied with some acuteness in discriminating character and delineating manners. It is to be regretted that they are not always free from indelicacy.

But Lady Mary's principal merit is to be sought for in her letters. Those written during the embassy were loudly

applauded at first, and they have since maintained a conspicuous place in this still scanty department of English literature. The official character of Mr. Wortley procured her admittance to whatever was splendid or attractive in every country which they visited. She seems to have been contented with herself, and therefore willing to be pleased with others; and her cheerful sprightly imagination, the elegance, the ease, and airiness of her style, are deservedly admired. Succeeding and more minute observers have confirmed the accuracy of her graphic descriptions. Her other letters are of a similar stamp. The continual gaiety, the pungent wit, with which she details the passing follies of a court, but too successfully imitating that of Louis xv., render her letters extremely amusing. In those written from her retirement at Lover, we discern the same shrewdness of observation, with a little more carelessness of expression. The pensive, calm regret, which they breathe, and, above all, the tender affection for her daughter, the Countess of Bute, to whom they are generally addressed, perhaps more than compensate for the absence of that flow of spirits and exuberance of incident, which distinguished the correspondence of her youth. In a literary point of view, Lady Mary's writings certainly do not belong to a very elevated class, but they occupy the first rank in their class. Considering the times and the circumstances of the writer, they may safely be called extraordinary. And, though the general diffusion of knowledge within the last century has rendered it common for females to write with elegance and skill upon far higher subjects, Lady Mary deserves to be remembered as the first Englishwoman, who combined the knowledge of classical and modern literature with a penetrating judgment and correct taste.

MONTESQUIEU[1]

Charles de Secondat, Baron of Montesquieu, and likewise of La Brede, was born at the mansion-house of the latter estate, near Bordeaux, on the 18th of January 1689. His father, at one time a soldier, had soon relinquished that profession: and young Montesquieu was early destined to the bar, from which his paternal grandfather and uncle had successively risen to the dignity of *president à mortier*[2] in the parliament of their native province. His education was carefully attended to; and the flattering presages of childhood, being in this case followed by judicious management, were afterwards completely verified. On the 24th of February 1714, he became an advocate in the parliament of Bordeaux; and the office of *president à mortier* in that court was consigned to him by the uncle already mentioned, on the 13th of July 1716. He also inherited the property of that relation, who had lost an only son.

The new president sustained the reputation which his predecessor had acquired. His colleagues showed what opinion they entertained of his address and integrity, by charging him with the remonstrance, which they judged it proper to make, against the imposition of a new tax, during the minority of Louis xv. in 1722. This delicate task he successfully accomplished.

But the attainment of professional honour was not the chief object of Montesquieu's ambition. Following the instinctive bent of genius, he was unwearied in acquiring general

[1] *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, vol. xiv.

[2] Vice-President. *A mortier* relates to the species of cap worn by that officer.

knowledge; and his vigorous mind seems, at an early period, to have conceived the germ of those ideas, which he afterwards so brilliantly developed in his writings. Before the age of twenty, he had studied, with higher views than those of a mere lawyer, the voluminous works which treat of Roman jurisprudence: his regular abstract of their contents was probably the ground-work of the *Esprit des Lois*. But though already cherishing the hope of fame, he felt no impatience to show himself before the world. It was not till the age of thirty-two, that his first production, the *Lettres Persanes*, was given to the public in 1721, without the author's name. If the *Siamois* of Dufreni, or the *Espion Turc*, suggested the plan of this work, its execution is entirely original. "The delineation of oriental manners," says d'Alembert, "real or supposed, of the pride and the dulness of Asiatic love, is but the smallest of the author's objects; it serves only, so to speak, as a pretext for his delicate satire of our customs; and for other important matters which he fathoms, though appearing but to glance at them." The work was generally read and admired: but some censures bestowed upon the conduct of Louis XIV. caused it to be regarded with an evil eye at Court; and one or two sarcasms levelled at the Pope awakened the zeal of such as were rigidly devout, or found it convenient to seem so. The author was industriously represented as a man equally hostile to the interest of religion and the peace of society. Those calumnies reached the ear of Cardinal de Fleury; and when Montesquieu, sustained by the public opinion of his talents, applied for the place which M. Sacy's death had left vacant in the French Academy, that learned body was made to understand, that his majesty would never give his consent to the writer of the *Lettres Persanes*; because, though his majesty had not read the work, persons in whom he placed confidence had shown him its poisonous tendency. Without feeling too much anxiety for literary distinction, Montesquieu perceived the fatal effect that such an accusa-

tion might produce upon his dearest interests. He waited upon Fleury, therefore, and signified, that although for particular reasons he had not acknowledged the *Lettres Persanes*, he was very far from wishing to disown that work, which appeared to contain nothing disgraceful to him, and which ought at least to be read before it was condemned. Struck by these remonstrances, the Cardinal perused the work; the objections were removed; and France avoided the disgrace of forcing this great man to depart, as he had threatened, and seek among foreigners, who invited him, the security and respect which his own country seemed little inclined to grant.[1] The 24th of January 1728, is the date of his admission; and the inaugural discourse pronounced by him on that occasion, appears to have been distinguished by that originality for which all his writings are remarkable.

A short time before this event, Montesquieu had quitted his judicial charge. Full of the important ideas which had long occupied his attention, he determined to renounce every engagement which might obstruct the perfection and publication of them. To qualify himself for the arduous task of investigating and appreciating the different political or civil constitutions of ancient and modern times, he judged it requisite to travel,—that, so far as possible, he might study the manners and character, the physical and moral condition of the European nations, by actual inspection. In pursuance of this object, he set out for Vienna, along with Lord Waldegrave, the English ambassador. From this city, after conversing with the celebrated Prince Eugene, and surveying all

[1] Voltaire represents this matter in another light. "He (Montesquieu) adopted a skilful artifice to regain the minister's favour; in two or three days he prepared a new edition of his book, in which he retrenched or softened whatever might be condemned by a Cardinal and a minister. M. de Montesquieu himself carried the work to Fleury, no great reader, who examined a part of it: this air of confidence, supported by the zeal of some persons in authority, quieted the Cardinal, and Montesquieu gained admission to the Academy." *Ecrivains du Siècle de Louis XIV.* § *Montesquieu.* The authenticity of this statement, however, appears to rest solely on Voltaire's evidence, not altogether unexceptionable in the present case. D'Alembert's account is generally preferred.

that seemed worthy of notice, he passed into Hungary, and afterwards to Italy, where he met with Lord Chesterfield, and travelled in his company to Venice. Here he found our noted countryman John Law, still fostering magnificent projects, though reduced to gain a precarious livelihood by often risking his sole possession, a diamond, at the gaming-table. Whilst examining the singular institutions of this republic, and canvassing the subject with eager frankness in places of public resort, Montesquieu, being informed by a friend that the Government took offence at his procedure, was cautioned to withdraw, if he wished to avoid a scrutiny which might be troublesome and perhaps dangerous. He instantly embarked for Fucina, where he arrived in safety, though not till, in his fear of being overtaken by some gondolas which appeared to aim at reaching the ship, he had consigned his manuscript remarks to the waves.[1] He next visited Rome; and having surveyed Switzerland and the united provinces, he repaired to this country in 1730. Newton and Locke were dead; but the philosophical traveller found men in England qualified to estimate his talents; respected and patronised by Queen Caroline, he enjoyed the intimacy of Pope, Bolingbroke, and many other eminent characters of that period.

From England, Montesquieu returned to La Brede. The striking scenes which he had examined, and the distinguished persons with whom he had associated, could not but furnish matter of deep and extensive reflection to a mind so gifted. Perhaps his well-known observation, that Germany is a country fit to travel in, Italy to sojourn, England to think, and France to live in, exhibits rather more pointedness than truth; but the practical knowledge which he had acquired respecting men and governments, was advantageously applied in his future productions. The first, in order of time, is an

[1] In the *Dictionnaire Biographique*, this affair is said to have been a mere frolic, invented and executed by Lord Chesterfield, to convince Montesquieu of his error in maintaining that French *vivacity* was preferable to English *good sense*. But his Lordship's logic, as well as urbanity, must have left him, before he could make use of such an argument. The statement seems to be incredible.

Essay, *Sur les causes de la Grandeur et de la Décadence des Romains*, completed during the two years of his seclusion at La Brede, and published in 1734.

In attempting to derive the grandeur and downfall of Rome, from the admitted principles of human nature, Montesquieu gave a new turn to such investigations. If some elements of a problem so complex have been omitted, and others rated too high, or too low, the work must be allowed to exhibit views of political society, at all times specious, often equally just and profound: the vivid pictures, the acute and original thoughts, with which it everywhere abounds, are to be traced in many succeeding speculations. It deserves praise also for the manly and liberal tone of feeling that pervades it.

But the chief basis of Montesquieu's fame is the *Esprit des Lois*, published in 1748. His profession had led him to examine the subject of law with great minuteness; and he appears, from an early period, to have aimed at discovering some system which might serve to connect the isolated facts of a science, the extent and confusion of which increased with his knowledge of it. Hitherto, writers on jurisprudence had limited their views to the codes of particular states, or to metaphysical discussions concerning the abstract rectitude of those codes. But the object of Montesquieu was different, and much more comprehensive. Embracing the various, and apparently capricious, systems of law, as they regard commerce, religion, or civil rights, in every country which travellers or historians make known to us, he endeavours to elicit regularity from this chaos, and to derive the intention of each legislator, or at least the utility of his law, from some circumstances in the natural or political situation of those to whom it is addressed. The attempt, if not entirely successful, was arduous and vast: it was likewise altogether new. The reading alone which it presupposes, would have deterred a man of common ardour; especially if, like the author, almost totally deprived of sight, he had been compelled to

employ the eyes of others. But although the *Esprit des Lois* cannot be regarded as a full and correct solution, it is at least a splendid theory; and the labour of twenty years devoted to produce it, the enthusiasm required for sustaining such an effort, were by no means misapplied. The abundance of curious, and generally authentic, information, with which the work is sprinkled, renders it instructive even to a superficial reader; while the vigorous and original ideas to be found in every page of it, by an attentive one, never fail to delight and astonish where they convince, and to improve even where the truth of them seems doubtful. The brilliant hints, correct or otherwise, which the author scatters round him with a liberal hand, have excited or assisted the speculations of others in almost every department of political economy; and Montesquieu is deservedly mentioned as a principal founder of that important science. The merits of his work are farther enhanced by his style, which, though emphatic and perspicuous, rather than polished, abounds in elegant sarcasm, in vivid and happy turns of expression, which remind us of his countryman Montaigne.

Among the defects of the *Esprit des Lois*, may be numbered its want of method, partly apparent, partly real. The transitions are universally abrupt; the brevity sometimes degenerates into obscurity, and the smartness into affectation. Though the author's tone is always decided and positive, his statements and speculations are occasionally uncertain or erroneous: in particular, the effects attributed to climate (some of which may have been borrowed from Bodin's *Methodus Historiæ*), are greatly exaggerated. But whatever blemishes the work may have, it is entitled to the high praise of steadily supporting the cause of justice and humanity, without departing from the moderation and reserve proper in combating established prejudices.

The reputation which its author had already gained, procured for the *Esprit des Lois* a sufficient degree of attention; but the work, on its first appearance, was very unfavourably

received. Such as were unable or unwilling to relish the deep philosophy of its matter, attached themselves to the blemishes of its manner, and affected to despise it. The Chancellor Daguesseau observed, that it should have been denominated *De l'esprit sur les lois*; and the pun obtained a circulation far above its merit. Voltaire also, being one day visited by the Abbé Olivet, whilst perusing the work, exclaimed, *Venez, L'Abbé, venez lire Arlequin Grotius.*[1] The general voice of Europe, indeed, soon put such criticisms to silence; but it was only to excite others of a graver and more dangerous nature. The Editor of the *Gazette Ecclesiastique*, long deeply engaged in the Jansenist quarrels which agitated France for many years, assailed the author of the *Esprit des Lois*, in two pamphlets, with the charge of deism, and the weightier, though contradictory one, of following the doctrines of Spinosa. The Defence which Montesquieu published, admirable for its strain of polite irony, candour, and placid contempt, was entirely triumphant. Indeed, abilities of a much lower order than his, would have sufficed to cover with ridicule the weak and purblind adversary who discovered the source of the *Esprit des Lois* in the *Bull Unigenitus*, and blamed his opponent for neglecting to examine the doctrines of grace and original sin. It is to be wished, that Montesquieu had employed means as legitimate to counteract Dupin's criticism. His admirers would willingly forget, that when a copy of this work, now ready for circulation, fell into his hands, he carried it to the royal mistress, Madame Pompadour, and allowed her to inform Dupin, that as the *Esprit des Lois* enjoyed her special favour, all objections to it must be instantly suppressed.

Some excuse for this part of Montesquieu's conduct may

[1] This anecdote is reported by M. Suard, who had it personally from Olivet. If Voltaire really used the epithet in question, it must not be considered as expressing the deliberate opinion which that extraordinary person had formed of the *Esprit des Lois*; to the author of which, notwithstanding their mutual dislike, he pays a just and elegant tribute, in the discourse read at his admission into the Academy.

perhaps be found in the growing infirmity of his health, which rendered him daily less capable of enduring the vexation of such contests. In fact, the chagrin already produced by them, the effects of study, and the civilities of the great, who courted his society with an eagerness which he felt would be fatal, had gradually undermined a constitution at no time very robust. In the beginning of February 1755, he was seized with an inflammation of the lungs, which soon proved mortal. His last days were soothed by the sympathy of all ranks of men: and, though loaded with the most cruel pains, far from his family, and insulted by the officious visits of Father Routh (an Irish Jesuit, who afterwards forged a letter in his name), the peace and equality of soul which had marked the tenor of his life, did not forsake him at the close of it. He expired on the 10th of February, aged 66 years and a few days.

The private character of Montesquieu appears to have been such as the perusal of his works might lead us to anticipate. Possessing that calm independence which secured him respect, he possessed also that mildness and benignity of character which displayed itself in a cheerful temper, and obtained him universal love. He was distinguished by the readiness which he always manifested to use his influence with the government, in behalf of persecuted men of letters: and strict frugality frequently enabled him, without impairing the property of his family, to mitigate the wants of the indigent.

A multitude of anecdotes attest the extent of his colloquial powers. The number of nations and celebrated men whom he had seen, the vigour of his mind, its boundless fertility in original and lively ideas, rendered his conversation at once instructive and fascinating. It was curt, like his style, without bitterness or satire, yet full of attic salt, to which his Gascon accent perhaps added new charms. The frequent absence of mind, for which he was remarkable, never occurred in a serious or interesting discussion: it was not affected; and he constantly awoke from it by some brilliant sally fitted

to revive the conversation. Though living with the great, and formed to delight the most polished circles, he could yet derive information and pleasure from the simplest objects, and felt at all times happy to exchange the splendid bustle of Paris for books and repose at La Brede. It must have been a striking spectacle to see this teacher of philosophers, seated beneath an oak in his pleasure grounds, and in order to relax his mind from the studies which he never carried to excess, conversing gaily with a crowd of peasants in their own patois, adopting their views, investigating their genius, supremely happy if his influence could terminate their disputes, or solace their troubles. His touching interview with the Marseillese artisan; his delight on learning that this young man devoted every evening to ply as a boatman for the ransom of a father captive in Barbary; his generous and delicate reward of such affectionateness have been made the subject of a drama, entitled, *Le Bienfait Anonyme.*

Montesquieu, in 1715, had married Demoiselle Jeanne de Lartigne, whose father, Pierre de Lartigne, was Lieutenant-Colonel in the regiment of Maulévrier. She bore him two daughters and a son. The latter, Jean Baptiste de Secondat, less noted for his respectable talents than for the abstraction of his manners, wrote several tracts on commerce and natural history. He frequently resided in London, where some of his works were published. He died at Bordeaux in 1796, aged 80 years.

Besides the works above enumerated, Montesquieu is author of the *Temple de Gnide*, which quickly followed his *Lettres Persanes.* The *Pensées Diverses*, collected from his manuscripts, was published in 1758; the *Lettres Familières* in 1767. None of these productions are destitute of genius, but they cannot add much to the reputation of a man otherwise so distinguished. His works have all been translated into English. The best edition in the original language is thought to be that of Paris, 1796, 5 vols. 4to, or that of Bâle, 1799, 8 vols. 8vo.

NECKER[1]

Jacques Baron de Necker, a distinguished financier and statesman, was born at Geneva, in the year 1732. His father, Charles Frederic, was professor of civil law there, and became known to his contemporaries as the author of some treatises relating to jurisprudence. Intending to bring up his son for the mercantile life, he gave him a suitable education, which was hardly completed, when the situation of clerk in a banking house at Paris having offered itself, Jacques was sent away to occupy it, at the age of fifteen. The allurements of a capital could not divert the young man from steadily discharging his humble duties, and sedulously consecrating all his unoccupied time to increase his general knowledge, and remedy the defects of his scanty education. Thellusson, his master, had observed this regular conduct; but it did not strike him that, under an exterior somewhat shy and repulsive, Necker concealed any talents beyond the ordinary, though valuable, qualities of punctuality and discretion. An accident first revealed the existence of higher powers, and laid the foundation of Necker's future greatness. It happened, one day, that the head clerk, who had to transact some important business at the Exchequer, was prevented from attending to it at the appointed hour, and the business in consequence devolved upon Necker; who, guiding himself by the aspect of the case, managed the affair in a way contrary to his master's directions, but so as to secure for him a profit of 500,000 livres, beyond what could have been acquired otherwise. This occurrence naturally attracted

[1] *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, vol. xv.

notice; and being followed on the part of Necker by the same prudent carefulness which had marked his previous conduct, it introduced him to the confidence, to the chief employment, and finally, to the partnership, of his principal.

Necker was now on the high road to wealth. Thellusson having died shortly after, he established a bank of his own, in which a brother and some other merchants had shares: he speculated with the East India Company, with the English funds; was cautious, enterprising, successful; and in the course of fifteen years had amassed a princely fortune. But the possession of a capital beyond that of the most opulent house in France (it amounted to six millions of livres), could not render the career he was prosecuting so successfully, and the kind of distinction which he might acquire from it, interesting enough to engage all his ardour and limit all his views. He aspired to reputation of a more exalted species; and his previous acquisitions in literature and science enabled him to take an honourable mode of obtaining it. Political economy, begun under the auspices of Colbert, systematised and new-modelled by Dr. Quesnay, expounded by Turgot and a multitude of inferior men, was at that time eagerly studied in France; and Necker's profession coöperated with the bent of his genius to inspire him with a taste for the fashionable subject. He had examined it maturely, not without dissenting in many essential points from the sect then prevalent, and since named *Economists*; and in 1769, when the propriety of the East India Company's monopoly was keenly disputed, he published a book on the question, wherein he endeavoured to defend that establishment against the objections of Lacratelle and Morellet. It is a strong proof of the author's ingenuity, that his work was popular, though it maintained so unpopular a side of the argument, and respected among men of letters, though it went counter to the fundamental principle of Dr. Quesnay's system, which they almost universally patronised. The *éloge* of Colbert (read at the *Académie Française* in 1773), and a tract on the Corn Trade which

followed it, tended greatly to establish Necker's reputation as a political economist: and the consideration resulting from his immense fortune, together with the esteem he enjoyed in the literary world, paved the way for his advancement to a station in the Government, where such talents might be immediately applied to practice, and were now more than ever imperiously called for.

It has been said that Necker did not entirely rest his claims to office on the strength of public opinion which backed him, but employed the intervention of the Marquis de Pezay, by means of whom he maintained a concealed correspondence with the young king, and transmitted him memorials insisting on the resources of the state, and painting, in bright colours, the immense improvement which might result from properly using them. Prompted by those glowing representations, or impelled by the national voice, Louis at last consented to admit Necker into his finance department. It was at first attempted to make the new Comptroller-general divide his powers and his duties with the old; but eight months of experiment showed clearly enough that the two could not act in concert; and Taboreau being dismissed, Necker obtained the sole management of his post, on the 10th July 1777. His conduct in it gave general satisfaction. He retrenched and borrowed; and by many judicious arrangements, materially bettered the condition of the treasury. The middle ranks, who felt the practical benefit of this procedure, approved his character, and extolled the disinterestedness (which his enemies called the ostentation) of serving without a salary. Excepting Turgot, whom his doctrines on the corn-trade had alienated, the literary class regarded him with favour, and exulted at the triumph of liberal opinions in this first instance, since the Edict of Nantes was repealed, of a Protestant being advanced to any important situation in the Government. With the court party he was less successful; his measures thwarted their prejudices and their interests: but the rectitude and calm-

ness of his demeanour, and the powerful support he received from without, were sufficient to impress them with respect, and to frustrate their cabals.

Necker was now in the place he desired: his administration of it was applauded; and the five subsequent years, though always full of toil, and seldom free from anxiety, were perhaps among the happiest of his life. He was fortunate in the possession of an amiable and highly-gifted wife,[1] whose attentive management relieved him from domestic cares, while her affection and accomplishments made his home at all times a scene of comfort and peace. He was employed in labouring for the welfare of a great nation. Buffon, Marmontel, Thomas, and all the most celebrated men of the age, embellished his leisure; and he might flatter himself as being the architect of his own fortune, and think, with more than usual plausibility, that his own powers and his own merit had earned him all this exaltation.

So splendid a condition was not, however, destined to be

[1] This lady is in some sort connected with the literary history of England. She was the Susanne Curchod, the object of Gibbon's early passion, the rise as well as the "decline and fall," of which is told with so much stateliness in his autobiographical fragment. Her father, M. de Naas, a Protestant clergyman of the Pays de Vaud, had improved her promising faculties by every species of culture. She was intimately versed in literature, ancient and modern, and united a keen relish and a great capacity for such pursuits, with all the grace and softness which adorn the female character. M. de Naas died prematurely, and left his family in straitened circumstances; which induced Susanne and her mother to settle in Geneva, and undertake the establishment and superintendence of a boarding-school. Necker found her in this capacity, and had the sense to appreciate her worth: a Madame de Verminoux, having a son to instruct in Latin, took the young lady with her to Paris for that purpose: the acquaintance begun at Geneva, was here renewed, and in due time ripened into marriage. Among the refined and intelligent circles of Paris, Madame Necker maintained her early distinction. At one time conversing with philosophers, at another watching over the necessities of the poor, she was eminent throughout all her life for the extent and force of her intellectual powers, no less than for the ardour and benevolence of her heart. To Gibbon, notwithstanding his highly *prudent* desertion of her, and the wide difference in their religious opinions, she displayed not the slightest resentment; but treated him always as a brother, and often corresponded with him in the kindest and frankest manner. She wrote several works of considerable repute, which will be enumerated afterwards.

permanent. Necker, it is true, continued to enjoy the unabated or even increasing confidence of the public; the *Compte Rendu* (1781), in which he developed his plans of finance, was circulated to an unparallelled extent; and among the 200,000 copies of it that were sold, few were perused with other feelings than approbation. But his enemies at court were still active. The expedients he recommended for alleviating the national burdens, or allaying the popular discontent, were viewed with suspicion and repugnance; and a claim which he put forward, soon after the publication of his *Compte Rendu*, to a right of being received into the Council, and which he supported with more spirit than prudence, was eagerly seized on; and being dextrously improved, it led to discussions which forced him to give up his appointment. He resigned on the 28th of May, and withdrew to Copet, a chateau which he had purchased lately on the banks of the lake of Geneva.

It was natural to feel keenly the immense change in his circumstances; and to a mind so active and aspiring, particularly when it had already drunk so deeply of the sweets of power, this change must have been more than usually galling. But Necker had not abandoned the hope of resuming his station; and the warm reception bestowed on his treatise *De l'Administration des Finances*, published during his retirement, was well calculated to strengthen such anticipations. Courtiers might stigmatise him as a demagogue, whom his position in society rendered a natural enemy of the privileged orders, and whose ideas of a representative government, like that of England, were fraught with danger; but the ineptness and prodigality of Calonne, his successor; the increasing agitation of the kingdom; the increasing embarrassments of the ministry, all pointed to a thorough alteration of system, and to Necker as the man for effecting it. Animated by those prospects, he returned to Paris in 1787; and as Calonne had accused him, before the Notables (then assembled to provide against the growing dangers), of mal-

versation in his office, and unfairness in his accounts, Necker instantly prepared a memorial to rebut this charge, of which it was easy to demonstrate the falsehood. He submitted his defence to the king, but refused, at his request, to suppress it; and was in consequence ordered to retire to St. Ouen, a country seat many miles distant from the capital. This banishment, however, was not of long continuance. Calonne's dismissal, which the publication in question contributed to hasten, and Bienne's appointment to succeed him, were found inadequate to the emergency: the financial difficulties, the popular discontent, went on increasing; and Necker was recalled, in the month of August 1788.

Such a reinstatement might well be gratifying to his vanity; but the task he had to perform was appalling. On one hand were a dilapidated treasury, and a ruinous, though insufficient taxation: on the other was an impoverished and tumultuous people, from whose scanty resources he behoved to make good this deficiency, while he felt that in their favour consisted his only security against the intrigues of a Court which viewed himself and his principles at once with fear and aversion. His first step, after devising means to relieve the pressing scarcity of corn, was to insist on the removal of Maurepas, the prime minister; and having now the chief direction of affairs in his own hand, he urged the King to fulfil his former promise of assembling the States-General,—as the only means of calming the popular ferment, and effectually remedying the grievances of the nation. The States-General were convoked accordingly; they met on the 5th of May 1789; but their meeting produced none of the anticipated effects. To Necker, far from realising his favourite project of a limited monarchy, it afforded nothing but a series of disappointments and vexations,—placing him in a situation where it was impossible to reconcile the wishes of his master (or his master's advisers) with the wishes of the people, and thus forcing him to vacillate between coöperation and resistance with regard to both. In his dread of the *noblesse* he had settled, that

the deputies of the *tiers état* should be equal in number to the two remaining orders united; an arrangement which soon brought about the junction of all into one National Assembly, where the democratic influence decidedly prevailed: and the plan of a constitution, by which he still hoped to quiet the rising demands of that party, was so altered and curtailed by the King, that Necker refused to be present when it was read. Vehement contentions ensued, in which the voice of moderation could no more be heard; violent, yet feeble efforts on the part of Government, but served to irritate the deputies: and as Necker refused, notwithstanding their intemperance, to concur in the attempt to overawe them by a military force, and was besides regarded as a lukewarm friend, if not a concealed enemy to the royal interest, he received a secret order, on the afternoon of the 11th July 1789, to leave Versailles privately within twenty-four hours. He complied without hesitation, and instantly set out for Brussels. But his departure produced a result very different from the proposed one. Coupled with the gradual approach of a great army to Paris and Versailles, it inspired the populace with vague terrors, and enabled designing men to exasperate them into frenzy. On the memorable 14th of July, the mob rose and levelled the Bastile to the ground, massacred every obnoxious person, and delivered themselves up to all manner of excesses. To appease them, Louis was glad to despatch a courier in pursuit of Necker, requesting his immediate return. He returned accordingly; and his journey from Basle, where the messenger found him, to the capital, resembled a long triumphal procession.

It was a proud thing for Necker to be received at the gates of Paris by the acclamations of assembled thousands; to have his bust paraded through the streets; and his house emblazoned by the inscription, *Au Ministre adoré*: but this brilliancy was not more lasting than the proverbially unstable nature of popular applause might have led him to expect. With the most earnest desire to act uprightly and honour-

ably, he soon found it impossible to unite an attention to the real interests of state, with the favour of an excited and ignorant mob,—perpetually misled by wicked agitators,—yet drunk with its new-found power, and indulging the most chimerical expectations from the actual posture of affairs. Necker's mature judgment rendered him hostile to the extravagant and precipitate innovations which were sanctioned by the Assembly, and tumultuously hailed by the populace, who now overruled and intimidated all parties. With equal ingenuity, keener ardour, and superior eloquence, Mirabeau confronted him like his evil genius; and, being totally without scruple in the employment of any expedient, honest or the contrary, was but too successful in overturning all reasonable proposals, and conducting the people to that state of anarchy, out of which his own ambition was to be gratified and his own exertions rewarded. When, to meet the immediate necessities of Government, Necker submitted the project of a loan, and offered to contribute a large sum from his private fortune towards it, Mirabeau insidiously seconded this measure, and made it a handle for the production of various accounts, before a select committee,—who being at once devoted to his views, and ignorant of finance, brought out a report equally injurious and irritating to Necker, and thereby completely overset his declining popularity. His previous declaration in favour of the royal *veto*, though strictly conformable to those opinions which he had formed, and often expressed long before, had prepared the misguided people for listening to any accusation against him; and his opposition to the destruction of the noblesse, attributed to anxiety for his own acquired baronship, exasperated this distrust into open detestation. He was branded as an aristocrat; his personal safety was endangered; and he felt that it had now become high time to retire. Leaving his share of the loan (above 80,000*l.* sterling), together with a large portion of his property behind him, he accordingly quitted Paris, and returned to Switzerland, travelling by the same road, on

which, a few months before, his presence had excited such enthusiastic bursts of joy. The feeling was again as enthusiastic, but its character was altered. Necker secured himself with difficulty from the execrations of those who had so lately blessed him. At Arvis-sur-Aube, he was arrested in his journey, and a decree of the National Assembly became necessary for allowing him to proceed. At Vesoul, notwithstanding of this, his carriage was stopped anew : a short time ago, they had unyoked this same carriage, and drawn it in triumph through their streets ; they now loaded with curses the object of their former idolatry, and threatened, or even attempted, to murder his attendants.

Arrived at Copet, far from the turmoils, the hazard, and the splendour of his late situation, Necker had leisure to reflect on the great scenes he had witnessed or shared in, to view the obscurity into which he was fallen, and to collect the scattered elements which yet remained to him of happiness or contentment. It is rare that a degraded minister enjoys much peace of mind, or can extract pleasure from those sources on which human life must generally depend for its comforts. Whoever has participated largely in the spirit-stirring strife of power, who has struggled with its difficulties, and triumphed in subduing them, will find a void in his heart when such excitements are withdrawn, a languor and disquietude, which objects less vast and imposing are altogether incompetent to remove. In Necker's political history every thing was grand and surprising ; the game he had played was deep as well as fluctuating ; and when he lost it, his feelings did not belie the common maxim. "I could have wished," says Gibbon, after a visit at Copet about this period, "to have exhibited him as a warning to any aspiring youth possessed with the demon of Ambition. With all the means of private happiness in his power, he is the most miserable of human beings ; the past, the present, and the future, are equally odious to him. When I suggested some domestic amusements, he answered with a deep tone of despair, 'In

the state in which I am, I can feel nothing but the blast that has overthrown me.'"

Time, however, which extends its quiet influence to every sensation of sorrow or of joy, did not fail to mitigate this despondency. Necker, indeed, still felt that he was banished from the country where his highest hopes had been centred; but the esteem of impartial men over all Europe, the secret approval of conscience, were not denied him: three-fourths of his fortune might be engulphed in the confusions of France; but enough still remained for the gratification of his charitable dispositions, and the support of his family in dignity and independence. By degrees his ambition directed itself to the more peaceful arena of literature and political philosophy; he composed various treatises in support of the doctrines formerly professed by him, and the line of conduct by which he had endeavoured to put them in effect. Among his enemies, too, as faction succeeded faction, the misrepresentations which had tarnished his name began to clear away; the French Government, which had at first proscribed him as an emigrant, erased this mark of reprobation, and charged their army, when it entered Switzerland, to treat him with every kind of respect. His pursuits were soothing, and shared by those whom he loved; and though his domestic comfort was rudely assailed by the death of Madame Necker in 1794, there still remained an illustrious daughter, who viewed him with a reverence and affection truly filial, and whose brilliant powers it was a delightful task to unfold. His care, in this particular, was amply recompensed: Madame de Staël, even before her father's death, had gained a literary reputation above that of any female in Europe; and the writings which subsequently marked her splendid though too short career, will preserve her name to a distant posterity. Her own affectionate and impassioned character, her lonely situation, the unwearied and condescending kindness of her father, made it a pleasure and a duty for Madame de Staël to watch over his declining age with the tenderest solicitude.

She seldom quitted him, and had reluctantly obeyed his injunction to recreate and instruct herself by a visit to Germany, when Necker was seized with his last illness. He died, in her absence, on the 9th of April 1804.

With a fate common to all who have lived in times of political agitation, and thus blended the memory of their actions with that of events, which give force and expression to every fierce quality of human nature, Necker has been painted in the brightest and the blackest of colours, as the varying prejudices of historians have chanced to sway them. By one party he is reproached as the author of the French Revolution, and charged with all its horrors; by another he is eulogised as the virtuous and enlightened statesman, by whose guidance, too little appreciated and lost in factious clamour at the time, all the advantages of a reform might have been secured without any of its evils. His character, we may safely assert, has been greatly exaggerated in both cases. The French Revolution might be accelerated or retarded, it could not be prevented or produced, by any such circumstance as the conduct of Necker. And if his measures gave form and occasion to the troubles which followed; who can *yet* say under what different management the issue would have been milder or more salutary? By the candid of foreign nations, Necker is now considered as a minister possessed of talents entitling him to an elevated place among politicians, and of integrity deserving perhaps to set him at their head. His talents, doubtless, were exercised, where their exercise was too powerless to be of any benefit: but the high moral rectitude of his deportment, preceded, followed, surrounded, as it is, by perfidy and cruelty and baseness, forms a bright spot, on which the mind gladly reposes amid the general gloom.

It was unfortunate for Necker, but the natural consequence of his situation, that his political views, being formed in the closet, had too much of a speculative cast, too little fulness of detail, for comprehending all the multifarious elements

which influenced the result, when tried in practice. He had visited England, and admired our constitution; but he knew only its outlines, and applied them too hastily to France, where so much was at variance with their application. In another point of view, it was also unfortunate that his ambition was at once so high, and so urgent for immediate gratification. Yet it ought to be remembered, that if this love of popularity, too undistinguishing and too eager for perpetual nourishment, betrayed a want of the firmness essential to a great man, it had a close kindred with many of the qualities which constitute an amiable one. It appeared in the shape of vanity at times, but of vanity nearly allied to those benevolent affections which rendered Necker's conduct no less simple and exemplary on the theatre of politics, than it was endearing in his domestic circle. In the latter respect, whatever may be thought of the former, few indeed can lay claim to an equal tribute of praise. By his family he was viewed with a sentiment approaching to idolatry, and his daughter never consoled herself for his loss.

As an author, Necker displays much irregular force of imagination, united with considerable perspicuity and compass of thought; though his speculations are deformed by an undue attachment to certain leading ideas, which, harmonising with his habits of mind, had acquired an excessive preponderance in the course of his long and uncontroverted meditations. He possessed extensive knowledge, and his works bespeak a philosophical spirit; but their great and characteristic excellence proceeds from that glow of fresh and youthful admiration for everything that is amiable or august in the character of man, which, in Necker's heart, survived all the blighting vicissitudes it had passed through, combining, in a singular union, the fervour of the stripling with the experience of the sage.

We subjoin a list of his writings, and those of Madame Necker. *Réponse à Morellet* (on the India Trade, 1769). *Eloge de Colbert*, 1773. *Sur le Commerce des Grains.*

Mémoires sur les Administrations Provinciales, 1781. *Réponse* (to Calone's accusation before the Notables, 1787). *Le Compte Rendu. Nouveaux Eclaircissemens sur le Compte Rendu*, 1788. *De l'Importance des Opinions Religieuses*, 1788. *Observations sur l'Avant-Propos du Livre Rouge*, 1790. *Sur l'Administration de M. Necker, par lui-même*, 1791. *De la Révolution Française*, 1797.—By Madame Necker. *Des Inhumations Précipitées*, 1790. *Mémoire sur l'Etablissement des Hospices*, 1794. *Réflexions sur le Divorce*, 1795. And eight volumes of *Mélanges*, selected from her various unpublished writings.

THE NETHERLANDS[1]

The Netherlands, or Low Countries, so called from their position with regard to several great rivers, and the general aspect of their surface, consist of seventeen provinces, which, together with the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, now form a kingdom on the western coast of Europe. For nearly the last two centuries, the name Netherlands has been somewhat vaguely applied. Occasionally it has been restricted to the ten southern provinces, which it is usual at present to distinguish by the title *Belgic*; the seven northern provinces having at the same time been known by the appellation of *Dutch Republic*, or *United Provinces*. Under the article "Holland" will be found an account of whatever is most remarkable in the present condition of the Dutch provinces: it now remains to give a similar account of those denominated Belgic,—with a slight sketch of the history of both divisions.

Belgium, extending from 49° 30′ to 51° 40′ of north latitude, and from 2° 30′ to 6° 58′ of east longitude, is bounded on the south and west by France; on the north by Holland and the German Ocean; on the east by the Prussian duchy of the Lower Rhine. From Ostend on the north-west, to the extreme point of Luxemburg on the south-east, is about 180 British miles, the greatest length of Belgium; and a line drawn at right angles to this, through South Brabant and Hainaut, would measure 120 miles, which may be regarded as the medium breadth; the superficial extent being estimated at 13,400 square miles, and the inhabitants

[1] *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, vol. xv.

at 5,226,000 souls,—on an average, 240 to the square mile.

The general appearance presented by this tract of country is sufficiently unvaried. Except some diminutive hills in the counties of Namur and Luxemburg, nothing occurs to break the level uniformity of its surface: no lake of any extent, no river of any majesty, no scene of nature to arrest the traveller of taste. Some forests in Flanders, indeed,—that of Soignies in Brabant, and the venerable one of Ardennes, still extending almost from Valenciennes to Treves on the south-east, give an air of picturesqueness to some of those districts: yet Belgium, in comparison with other regions of Europe, has little to diversify its aspect, and less to adorn it. It is not, however, destitute of a certain grace, which, if not strictly beautiful, is still calculated to yield pleasure to the observer. Ascending the church-tower of any of its towns —the only position from which an extensive view can be commanded,—the eye ranges over a vast space of fertile and highly cultivated land, intersected with numerous canals, and studded with towns and villages in every direction, the smoke and the spires of which give a character of diligence and life to the prospect; while the multitudes of antique monastic buildings, generally embosomed among woods, or here and there a feudal castle, with its high peaked roofs, its quaint architecture and obsolete defences, reflect back upon the mind a touching shadow of the romantic ages. Nor is the scene without interest, borrowed from times of a more recent date. For the last three hundred years, Belgium has been the great arena of the political contests of Europe: from the age of William of Orange to that of Buonaparte, the destinies of the world have been fought for and decided here: and no country contains as many spots rendered famous by the memory of sieges and treaties and victories.

A transient visitor longs for the sublime in natural scenery; the useful is more valuable to a resident: and if Belgium ranks low in the estimation of the former, it should

rank proportionably high in the estimation of the latter. No part of the Continent is better adapted for the purposes of life, or yields a more ready and abundant reward to the labours of the husbandman. For six centuries, it has vied with Lombardy, for a shorter period with England, in meriting to be entitled the garden of Europe; a distinction which it owes no less to the fertility and conveniences of its soil, than to the experience and activity of those who till it. A rich sandy loam, with but a few inferior patches of clay,—dressed with neatness, and copiously manured, without the use of fallows, gives a constant return of twelve or ten to one in the best districts, and of seven or six to one even in the worst. The artificial products of its agriculture differ not materially from those of our own country: its corn, fruit, hemp, flax, have long been known; its wool, though not equal to that of England, is of good quality, having been improved by the mixture of a breed imported by the Dutch from India; and its horses and cattle are greatly esteemed for their strength and size. In regard to native vegetables, the same similarity is to be observed; the relative quantity alone being sometimes different from what is found with us, very rarely the kind. The hop-plant once formed an exception: it was introduced by Henry VIII. from Belgium, where it grows spontaneously. In Luxemburg, also, a little wine is produced; though otherwise that province is the most barren of the whole.

This similarity in the vegetable productions of England and Belgium might lead us to expect a corresponding similarity in their climates: and observation confirms this supposition. The climate of Belgium closely resembles that of the south of England: the air, though cold, is healthy; frequent sea-breezes keep it in a state of purity; and as the soil, owing to its sandy nature, is far drier than that of Holland, as it is also far more elevated with regard to the level of the waters,—the mists and tempests, the wet and cloudy winters of the northern provinces are much less common here.

The comparison which Belgium may sustain with England, in regard to its climate, and the productions of its soil, will fail if extended to the interior of its rocks. Belgium has few minerals; and those few not valuable or extensively distributed. Some copper and lead at Namur, some iron in Luxemburg and Hainaut, some calamine and zinc near Limburg, one or two coal-mines in the tract between Maestricht and Charleroi, are all it has to boast of in this respect; and the scantiness of Nature has been slightly compensated by the diligence or skill of the inhabitants. Their mines have never been judiciously managed; their coal-mines, in particular, till the late war, by excluding all regular intercourse with Britain, forced the people to depend on their own resources, were almost entirely neglected: they are now increasing in importance and productiveness, though still far within the limits of their capability.

The levelness of surface, which is unfavourable to the discovery and working of mines, is highly advantageous, in another respect, by the facility it affords for constructing canals. In Belgium, as in Holland, canals perform the services which roads perform elsewhere: they intersect the country in every direction, and form the usual mode of communication from one town to another. Some of them are as old as the tenth century; they abound in all quarters at present; and the existing government, avoiding the niggardly policy of its predecessor, is anxious to keep them in repair. The rivers of Belgium are not unlike canals in their appearance, and equally useful to commerce. None of them are of great length; but the slowness of their descent accumulates their waters, and allows them to be navigated far above their mouth. The Maese, or Meuse, is the most interesting in its scenery. It rises in France, from the elevation that gives birth also to the Aube, the Marne, and the Saone; and after receiving the Sambre at Namur on its left side, and the Atwaller on the right at Liége, it joins the Waal by several outlets in Northern, or Dutch Brabant. Between the towns

just mentioned, its shores exhibit on a smaller scale much of the romantic scenery which adorns those of the Rhine. The Scheldt, as far inferior in beauty to the Maese, as it is superior in utility for trade, rises also in France, near Bohain in the Aisne Department; is augmented by the Lys on its left side at Ghent, by the Dender and Rupel on its right; and discharges itself by two large channels, the eastern Scheldt, which passes by Bergen-op-Zoom, and the western Scheldt, which passes towards Flushing, as well as by a multiplicity of smaller ones, the interlacements of which give rise to the islands of Zealand. The Scheldt is not so long as the Thames, but like that stream it deepens and widens to a great extent by the resistance of the sea.

By means of those rivers, their subsidiary streams, and the canals which connect them with each other and with the Rhine, Belgium has an expeditious and safe communication with all places in the north of France, with the west of Germany, and even with Switzerland. Such advantages for commercial intercourse were soon laid hold of by the inhabitants. The fertility of their soil, their fortunate position in regard to neighbouring nations, combined with those advantages to introduce an extensive and flourishing trade during the early ages. The wealth which this generated and diffused over the towns of Belgium, secured their political freedom at a period when, excepting Italy, nothing like freedom, or even well organised despotism, existed in the world: and this new stimulus reacted powerfully on the cause which had produced it. The first enterprises of the Belgians were directed to the neighbouring coasts of Britain and Denmark. The wool brought back from the former employed thousands of workmen in Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp: and before the middle of the twelfth century, Flemish cloths were widely sold over France and Germany. Already in the preceding century, the ships of Friesland were to be found in the Belt; some of them even ventured to visit the Levant. Without a compass, these enterprising mariners

had the courage and skill to approach the Pole, and coast round the northern capes of Russia. From the towns of the Baltic, Belgium acquired a portion of the Oriental trade, the course of which was at that time by the Black Sea through Russia to those regions. In the thirteenth century, it is true, this trade began to fail; the crusades had opened a new path for the commodities of India by the Mediterranean; the states of Italy seized upon the lucrative employment of transporting them; and the Hanseatic League was formed in Germany. But those changes, while they altered the direction of the Flemish trade, greatly increased its quantity. Belgium soon became the emporium of Europe, the point of communication between the north and the south. Seamen had not yet universally adopted the use of the magnet; and even such as had, were accustomed, according to their former practice, to creep slowly along the coasts, doubling every promontory, and scarcely on any account venturing into the open sea. The time consumed in such voyages may easily be conceived. But the harbours of the Baltic are often frozen during winter, and inaccessible to any ship. Vessels, therefore, which could not easily traverse the wide distance from the Mediterranean to the Belt, in a single season, were glad to find a place of union midway between both. Belgium, with an immense extent of country behind it, and connected with it by canals and navigable streams, open also by safe harbours to the ocean on the west, seemed expressly suited for such a purpose. It was not slow to profit by its circumstances. Staples were erected in all the principal towns. Portuguese, Spaniards, Italians, French, English, Germans, Danes, Swedes, travelled thither with merchandise from all quarters of the globe. The competition of sellers lowered the price; domestic industry was quickened by the existence of a near and abundant market; and the Princes of the country, awakening at length to their true interests, encouraged the merchant by important privileges, and protected his foreign speculations by special treaties with external

powers. United among themselves, the Flemish towns at last ventured to renounce the Hanseatic Confederation, and even to defy that powerful enemy wherever it opposed them. The Hanse merchants, when the harbours of Spain were shut against them, felt constrained reluctantly at length to visit the markets of their rivals, and purchase Spanish goods in the staples of Belgium.

During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Bruges in Flanders was the heart of commercial Europe; the great fair of all nations. In the year 1468, a hundred and fifty merchant ships might be seen at once all entering its harbour of Sluys. Besides the rich magazine of the Hanse Confederation, the warehouses of fifteen mercantile bodies were to be found here; with factories and families of merchants from every country of the civilised world. It was the emporium of all northern products for the south; of all southern and oriental products for the north. The latter proceeded in Hanse bottoms through the Sound, and along the Rhine to Upper Germany, or were carried by land eastward to Brunswick and Lüneburg.

The prosperity of Bruges, Ghent, and the neighbouring towns, was accompanied with unbridled luxury, and with a turbulent spirit of insubordination, which at last brought on their downfall. They quarrelled with their rulers; and the issue was unfortunate. Maximilian of Austria, whom the people of Bruges had even the boldness to lay hold of (1497), and confine with his suite till their grievances were redressed, was obliged for a time to give way; but Frederick III., Maximilian's father, used every effort to revenge this insult. He seized the harbour of Sluys; and thereby during ten years greatly impeded their trade. The Flemish weavers, too, who had now settled in England, began to produce cloths of their own: the Italian merchants began to frequent other fairs; the Hanse Confederation, exasperated by the haughtiness of the city, carried away their factories; and the commerce of Bruges gradually sunk,—but slowly, as it had arisen slowly.

The decline of Bruges produced a change, but no diminution in the general trade of Belgium. Antwerp now stood forth to fill up its place; and each source of wealth, as it ceased to flow in the channels of Bruges, was sedulously diverted into those of its rival. If the Italian merchants, the Hanse Confederation, the cloth-dealers of England turned away from the port of Sluys, it was only to enter that of the Scheldt: and Antwerp, under the government of Charles v., had become the liveliest and most splendid city in Christendom. Its excellent haven invited ships; its privileged fairs allured traders from all quarters. The industry of Belgium had mounted to its summit at the commencement of the sixteenth century. The produce of grain and flax, the rearing of cattle, the curing of fish, enriched the peasant; arts, manufactures, and commerce, the townsman. Ere long the productions of Flemish industry were to be met with in Arabia, Persia, and India; Flemish ships covered the ocean; we find them even on the Black Sea contending with the Genoese: and their mariners were distinguished from all others, by hoisting sail at every season, even the rudest of the year.

When the new route by the Cape was discovered, and the Portuguese trade undermined that of the Levant, Belgium did not feel the blow which laid prostrate the Italian republics. Portugal erected its staples in Brabant; and the spices of Calicut were displayed in the markets of Antwerp. Hither also flowed the West-India produce, with which the proud indolence of Spain rewarded the diligence of the Low Countries. The East-India sales of Antwerp attracted the Fuggers and Welsers from Augsburg, and the richest companies of Florence, Lucca, and Genoa. The Hanseatic Confederation exposed their northern productions here; and our English company of merchant adventurers are said to have employed above 30,000 of its people. The renown of Antwerp extended itself over all the earth. Towards the conclusion of this century, a society of Turkish traders begged permission to settle there, and circulate from that centre the

products of the east over Greece. With the exchange of goods, that of money also increased. Flemish bills were current in all quarters of the globe. Antwerp, it is maintained, transacted more business at that period within a month, than Venice had done within two years, during the most brilliant epoch of its history.

In 1492, the Hanseatic Confederation held its general congress in Antwerp, not in Lubec, as formerly. In 1531, the Exchange was built, the most magnificent in Europe at the time, and afterwards the model of that of London. The city contained 200,000 inhabitants; but the floating multitude, the world which pressed towards it on every side, exceeds all belief. Above 500 ships entered and left its harbour daily; above 200 coaches daily passed through its gates; upwards of 2000 waggons arrived weekly from Germany, France, and Lorraine, not reckoning farm-wains and provision-carts, which commonly exceeded 10,000. The exports and imports seemed infinite in variety and immense in quantity. The spiceries and drugs alone, which Lisbon sent into it, were valued at a million of crowns in the year.

But the splendour of Antwerp was not destined to be lasting. It departed like that of Bruges; and not slowly, as that of Bruges had done; it was extinguished at once in the zenith of its glory, and has never more returned. The stern oppression of tyrannical governors, the sterner persecution of inquisitors, the devastations of a savage and fanatical soldiery, all that is cruellest in the scourge of war, when despotism and bigotry unite to make it cruel, descended upon Antwerp like a thunderbolt, and destroyed it irrevocably. The peaceful merchant fled in terror from a Granvella and an Alva, and all the riches and power of Belgium fled along with him. Since the end of the sixteenth century, a succession of unfavourable circumstances,—the change of masters, the invasion of enemies, the preferable condition, and hence the successful rivalry of Holland or of England, have perpetuated the depression brought on by the blind and execrable

policy of Philip II., and nothing can be stronger than the contrast of what Belgium *is* with what it *was*. For the last 200 years its external trade has been trifling, and up to the present date, it has not sensibly increased. Few of its vessels visit foreign countries, and the scanty remnant of its trade is mostly inland to Germany. The western districts, however, export some flax and hemp; the other districts, corn and various kinds of seed. The manufactures have experienced an enormous, though not a proportional, decline also. Some remains of the woollen trade are still found at Bruges; manufactures of lace and linen at Brussels, Antwerp, Louvain, Ghent, and Mechlin; Antwerp is farther noticed for its silk, Ghent for its cotton, and Liége prepares hardware and leather.

The ancient opulence of Belgium is, however, still discernible in the multitude of its towns and villages. No portion of Europe excites the attention of a stranger so forcibly in this respect. Many of these places are fortified: except on the borders of the Maese, where the ground contains marble and stone, they are uniformly built of brick, with steep roofs, the ends of which are directed to the street; and their general appearance is, on the whole, quiet and agreeable. Brussels, the chief city of Brabant, indeed of Belgium, is alternately, with the Hague, the seat of the Parliament of the New Kingdom. It stands on the Senne, beside a fine canal, which has lately been repaired. The city is beautiful and well built; has a college, an academy, and a public library, which contains 120,000 volumes. The Hotel-de-Ville is a large Gothic edifice, with a tower 364 feet high. The Palace of Lacken is in the neighbourhood. Brussels stands among meadows, which, being frequently inundated by the Senne in winter, render its situation disagreeable, though their growth, so much the more luxuriant in summer, increases its beauty and convenience. The population is estimated at 75,000. They manufacture lace, hats, gloves, cotton, silk and woollen

cloths; their fabric of camlet was long the first in Europe. Antwerp, situated on the Scheldt, though fallen, as we have seen, from its former magnificence, is still the second city of Belgium. Its streets are broad and regular, and many of its public buildings are beautiful The citadel, built by the Duke of Alva, was the scene of some bold enterprises in the wars of Philip II. The Exchange has already been mentioned, and the Cathedral is admired as the finest piece of Gothic architecture existing in Europe. The harbour has lately undergone some improvement; it was greatly damaged by our armies in 1814. Antwerp manufactures most of the laces known by the name of Mechlins; it is noted for its thread; it trades in diamonds, and prepares some cloths and chemical products. The population is 63,000. Ghent or Gand, the capital of Flanders, is placed at the junction of the Scheldt with the Lys and the small rivers Moëre and Lierre, by which means it is divided into no fewer than 26 islands, most of which are bordered with quays. Ghent, like Antwerp, is greatly decayed. From one gate to the other is a distance of a league, but much of the intervening space is laid out in gardens, or even ploughed fields, and the city does not now contain above 57,000 inhabitants. It is remarkable as the birth-place of Charles V., whose punning boast, that he could put all Paris in his *Gand* (glove), has often been recorded. The principal manufactures are cotton-cloth and lace. Liége is the capital of the province which bears its name. It has an academy and a lyceum, but its churches and public building have suffered greatly during the late wars. The population is 50,000. As we have stated above, they work in various metallic fabrics, and prepare leather. Bruges is now reduced from its ancient grandeur to a population of 33,000. It stands on a beautiful plain, and its 260 streets are spacious and elegant, though consisting of old and thinly inhabited houses. Among its principal deficiencies is the want of springs or running streams; the water used in culinary operations has to be transported from

the Lys and Scheldt by the canals. Of its public buildings, the steeple at the end of the great market-place is reckoned one of the finest in Europe; the ascent to it is by 133 steps. Bruges manufactures some woollen cloth, with a little cotton and lace. Of the other towns in Belgium, Mons, the capital of Hainaut, is the only one whose population reaches 30,000. Ostend and Sluys are the sea-ports; their extent is not remarkable. The former has 11,000 inhabitants; the latter, a somewhat greater number.

The *government* of Belgium, its establishments for *religion* and for *education*, are now merged with the corresponding peculiarities of Holland, and belong to the characteristics of that new kingdom, into which both countries have lately been combined. Before proceeding to discuss those topics, therefore, it will be proper to cast our eye over the *history* of the provinces which are now united. The circumstances, under which that union has taken place, will then naturally fall to be described, and must of course comprehend the *government*, with its revenue and forces, the *religion* and the state of *education*, which are now alike for all.

History.—The early history of the Netherlands has nothing in it very interesting or peculiar. Like that of most European states, it commences with an account of their subjugation. The Romans had penetrated into those countries and conquered them all before the beginning of the Christian era. The people had not yielded tamely. The Belgæ inhabiting the left bank of the Rhine, are described by Cæsar as the only Gallic tribe brave enough to withstand the irruptions of the Teutones and Cimbri; the Frisians, occupying the right bank of the same river, made a stubborn opposition in the middle of their swamps; and the Batavians, who dwelt upon the islands of Zealand, were honoured as the boldest of all the neighbouring clans. Their opposition was vain, however; and their gallant attempt to cast off the yoke in Vespasian's time was equally vain. They submitted to the Romans, and participated in the improvements, which that

people usually communicated to the nations it conquered. The canal of Drusus, from the Rhine to the Flevo or Zuyder Zee, still exists, though its character is altered; and the first dykes, which protected Holland from the ocean, are ascribed to the enterprising industry of those governors. The stout spirit of resistance shown by the Batavians had procured them respect in the eyes of their conquerors. The tribute of the province was paid in soldiers: Batavians formed the body-guard of the Emperor as Swiss have done in later times; and the valour which had been displayed on the banks of the Rhine was equally conspicuous in other quarters of the empire. Agricola was accompanied and powerfully aided by them in his progress through our island; and the Dacian hosts recoiled when Batavians in full armour swam across the Danube to attack them.

During four centuries we find Batavians enumerated among the Roman armies; but after the time of Honorius, their name vanishes from history. The irruption of the northern nations swept over their country in its course, and destroyed all the monuments of Roman power and ingenuity. The monarchy of the Franks, which arose on the ruins of Gaul, had, in the sixth and seventh centuries, embraced all the provinces of the Netherlands, and planted the Christian faith in them. After an obstinate struggle, Charles Martel overcame Friesland the last of all; and Charlemagne united the whole of those countries with the wide empire, which he had formed for himself out of Germany, France, and Lombardy. When Charlemagne's possessions were again divided among his successors, the Netherlands became at one time provinces of Germany, at another of France; and we find them at last designated by the names of Friesland and Lower Lorraine.

With the Franks arrived also the constitution of the north; and here, as elsewhere, it gradually degenerated. The stronger vassals separated in process of time from the crown; and the royal officers laid hold of the districts over

which they were sent to preside, and rendered them hereditary in their families. But those revolted vassals could not hope to resist their king, except by the help of their inferior retainers; and the support thus required was repaid by fresh infeudations. The priesthood, in the mean time, also, growing wealthy and powerful, had extorted for itself an independent existence in its abbeys and episcopal sees. And thus in the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, the Netherlands were split down into a number of petty sovereignties, the heads of which held partly of the empire, partly of France. By purchase, marriage, inheritance, or conquest, several of these lordships were frequently united under one master; and in the fifteenth century we find the house of Burgundy in possession of almost the whole. Philip the Good, by prosecuting various claims, just and the contrary, had at last succeeded in uniting eleven of the provinces under his authority; and Charles the Bold, his son, increased them by the conquest of other two. And thus a new state had silently arisen in Europe, to which nothing but the name was wanting to make it the most flourishing kingdom in that quarter of the world. Such extensive possessions made the Duke of Burgundy a suspicious neighbour to the king of France; and inspired the restless spirit of Charles the Bold with the plan of a conquest, destined to include the whole tract of country extending between Alsace and the mouths of the Rhine. The duke's inexhaustible resources justified in some measure this proud chimera: a powerful army threatened to realise it; and Switzerland already trembled for its freedom. But fortune forsook Charles at the battles of Granson, of Morat, of Nancy: he fell by an unknown hand; and his very corpse was all but lost among the carnage of his followers.

The future husband of his sole daughter and heiress, Maria, would now become the richest prince of the time. Maximilian, Duke, afterwards Emperor of Austria, and Louis XI. of France, were rivals for this honour, and excluded

the claims of humbler competitors. The States of the Netherlands dreaded the power and the tyranny of Louis: Maximilian was weaker and more distant; they decided for him. Their political foresight corresponded ill with the event. Philip the Fair, Maximilian's and Maria's son, acquired with his Spanish bride, the extensive monarchy which Ferdinand and Isabella had lately founded; Charles v. the next heir, augmented this inheritance by his grandfather's imperial crown; and the Netherlands, thus become the province of an overwhelming empire, had soon cause to experience and repent the change in their situation. During the succeeding age, this connection with Spain gave rise to the most terrible, as well as the most glorious event of their history.

Prior to the Burgundian dynasty, and under it, the Netherlands, profiting by their natural advantages for commerce, had acquired considerable wealth; their wealth secured to them a free though complicated constitution; and they gradually rose to be the first trading nation in the world. The fulness of prosperity, which we have described as existing at Bruges and Antwerp, was but the concentrated result of an adventurous industry, abundant riches, and a generous spirit of independence, disseminated over all the country. At the accession of Charles v. the Netherlands abounded in resources beyond any other portion of his great dominions. The complex politics of this prince, his far-extended undertakings, gave him ample use for all their contributions; and his irresistible power allowed him to make various inroads on their freedom. The taxes he levied on them were immense, and granted unwillingly. He more than once introduced foreign troops into their towns, foreign officers into their government; the tribunals of the country were subjected to the revision of a supreme court established by the emperor at Brussels, and entirely devoted to his will. A still more glaring instance of his arbitrary procedure was the conduct he pursued with regard to religion. The new light of the Reformation, which in his reign was dazzling or

illuminating every corner of Europe, had early found its way into the Netherlands, and excited instant notice there. Foreign merchants assuming the liberty of speech and action natural to persons in their situation, had already professed the doctrines of Luther. The Swiss and German soldiers of Charles were often Protestants: the nobles of the country were accustomed to study in the academies of Geneva: refugees from France and England were allured by the freedom of the Low Countries to escape from the pressure of domestic persecution; their mechanical skill or commercial capital was welcomed as a benefit; and their opinions were listened to with toleration or approval, by a people in whom an intercourse with remote and dissimilar nations had softened the asperities of bigotry,—in whom the long possession of wealth and social comforts had developed a spirit of inquiry and comparison, while their trading prejudices, their exclusive respect for diligence, and their love of gain, were shocked at the expensive, *unproductive* establishment—the lazy monks and haughty prelates—of a hierarchy, whose gorgeous splendours suggested no idea but that of useless cost to their calculating and unimaginative minds. The art of printing circulated those speculations among the higher classes. Bands of adventurers, animated by the love of truth or the love of change, moved over the country from place to place to circulate them among the lower. To the serious, those *speakers*, as they were named, could preach with all the fervid zeal of missionaries and apostates: for the careless and light of heart, they had songs, and farces, and buffooneries in every possible style of contrivance. Such multifarious causes did not work in vain. The Romish church in the Netherlands, attacked at once by argument and ridicule, by enthusiasm and self-interest, was nodding to its fall before the danger had been met or even noticed. Its guardians at length awoke, and the usual expedients were put in motion. Charles v. had agreed to tolerate the Evangelical creed in Germany, because its professors were

formidable in their united strength; but he seemed anxious to make amends for this compelled forbearance, by a double severity in treating the heretics of the Netherlands. Contrary to the fundamental laws of the state—contrary to the universal wish, no less than to the voice of justice and humanity, he introduced religious tribunals into the country, to superintend the execution of his *edicts*, in which the most stern and relentless vengeance had been denounced against any variation, however slight, from the Romish creed. The guilt of having advanced heretical doctrines, of having even assisted at a secret meeting of the Reformed, was punished with death—by the axe, if the culprit was a man; women were buried alive. A relapsed heretic was committed to the flames, and no recantation availed him. The ministers of Charles were diligent enough in their obedience. Fifty thousand persons perished on the scaffold here, "suffering for conscience sake," during his reign. No privacy, however sacred, was secure; no age, or sex, or rank, was spared; and this once cheerful land was overshadowed with grief, and terror, and silence. Posterity have learned, with a kind of satisfaction, that, in his old age and retirement, Charles himself began to doubt; that the spirit which had never felt for the fate of another, was doomed in its feebleness to experience the blackest terrors for its own fate, and to leave the world it had wasted and deformed, under *a weight of blood* which superstition itself could no longer alleviate.

Charles, however, was less a bigot than a despot: he relaxed his cruelties when he found they would interfere with the prosperity of a country whose revenues he needed so much; and he preferred allowing the continuance of erroneous doctrines at Antwerp, to the hazard of destroying the commerce of the city in extirpating them by an Inquisition similar to that of Spain. The people, too, were inclined to suffer much at his hands. He was their countryman; spoke their language, adopted their manners, and visited them often. The fame of his victories, his talents, and his power,

laid hold of their admiration; and the promotions which he lavished on their chief men, secured him a permanent interest among the inferior. And if all those persuasives could not *lead* to obedience, the extent of his other dominions was sufficient to *force* it. The prompt and hard punishment to which he had condemned the mutinous inhabitants of Ghent, was a lesson of humility and submission to all.

But in the case of Philip II. his son, every thing was different. With a heart as stony as his father's, Philip united an intellect vastly inferior by nature; and the gloomy tutelage of monks had narrowed and obscured it still farther. He was born in Spain; and the harsh sadness of his temper was best fitted to relish the solemn and monotonous style of society prevalent there. In his youth he had been sent to visit the Netherlands, that his presence might conciliate the affections of the people; but his haughty deportment, his unaccommodating character, produced quite an opposite effect. Philip loved not the Netherlands; and the feeling was mutual. At the abdication of his father (1556), the States evinced their distrust of Philip's intentions by the vain attempt which they made to guard against them. The splendour of a spectacle so extraordinary could not lull their vigilance; and an additional oath was imposed on Philip, forbidding every shadow of innovation in the established laws of the country.

The suspicions which arose so early were soon abundantly confirmed. By the treaty of Chateau-Cambresis, Philip was delivered from all foreign enemies; yet he obstinately continued, under the shallowest pretences, to retain a body of Spanish troops, occupying the garrisons and consuming the resources of the country. The edicts of his father were brought forward anew, and the more strict and impressive execution of them was intrusted to Cardinal Granvella, a man whose inflexible disposition and consummate political skill were well fitted for the purposes of Philip; but whose proud contemptuous behaviour disgusted the nobles, while

his rigid severity exasperated the people. Under the advice or superintendence of this man, Philip appointed Margaret of Parma, a natural daughter of Charles v., to be regent of the Netherlands, and returned to Spain, where complaints and representations were not slow to follow him. The foreign troops had remained till long after the promised period; the spiritual tribunals were active; and the cardinal, who had never been popular, was fast acquiring universal execration. The appointment of fourteen new bishoprics, showed Philip's zeal to exterminate heretical doctrine, but was highly disagreeable to every class of the community. It dissatisfied the nobles, because it abridged their political importance by the addition of so many votes entirely at the royal disposal in their deliberative assemblies; the existing clergy, because it divided and extenuated their revenue; the people, because it was meant to cramp their freedom. The national discontent had begun to exhibit itself in actual commotions, before Philip, having vainly tried every subterfuge, could be prevailed on to recal his minister (1564), and give promises to remit the execution of his father's edicts, and redress the many grievances of the state. Nor was the calm, which these occurrences diffused, of long continuance. Philip intended nothing so little as allowing the growth of heresy, and he saw no method but that of persecution for preventing it. In place, therefore, of removing the inquisitorial court, which differed only in name from the Spanish Inquisition, and which all men, Catholics as well as Reformed, agreed in abhorring, he transmitted express orders to his representative, the Duchess of Parma, to quicken the movements of that tribunal, and protect its decrees with all the force of the civil power. The Inquisition needed no such stimulus. It had already done its work effectually enough to frighten 100,000 families from their native country; and now, when no hope appeared of deliverance from it, the people rose in many towns of Flanders (1566), forced the prisons of the Inquisition, and set free all who were con-

fined there on religious accusations; delivering themselves up, at the same time, as might have been expected, to many other measures of a less excusable nature. This uproar would have been appeased, or would soon have sunk away of itself; but, in the meanwhile, most of the nobles, participating in the discontents of the populace, to which peculiar discontents were added in their own case, seconded, though they affected not to countenance, the popular proceedings; and formed themselves into a combination, which has become known to history by the epithet *Gueux* (beggars), applied to the members of it in contempt, by a minion of the court, when they appeared in Brussels to lay their petition and remonstrance before the regent. The name *Gueux* was adopted with an indignant smile, by the confederacy itself; and the symbols of beggary, the wallet and staff in miniature, became the rallying emblems of the dissatisfied, and were to be seen on the persons of men and women over all the country.

Alarmed by these unequivocal symptoms of general revolt, Philip despatched the Duke of Alva from Spain, at the head of 10,000 men, to enforce obedience, and avenge the opposition already shown to his mandates. The Duchess of Parma was glad to retire from the storm, which, in contrasting Alva's character with the circumstances of the state, she saw clearly to be approaching; and Alva was appointed governor in her stead. His entrance upon office was the signal for universal despair. Bigoted in his creed, immovable in his determinations, savage in his temper, he hated the Flemings for the favour shown them in the former reign; and the country soon groaned under the weight of his resentment. With his council of twelve, nominated by himself, and entirely at his discretion, he proceeded strongly in the work of destruction; and the scaffolds soon reeked with the blood of thousands, guilty or innocent, as they happened to incur his displeasure. The people were driven to madness; they wanted but a leader to rise in open rebellion, and brave the very utmost of their

tyrant's fury. A leader was soon presented to them; and one fitted for the crisis beyond any other person of his time.

William, Prince of Orange, was the representative of the noble family of Nassau, which had once given an emperor to Germany, and for many ages had occupied an honourable rank among the chiefs of that country. Early taken under the protection of Charles v., he had lived constantly at court, enjoying the intimate familiarity of that monarch, and participating in all his secrets. William's circumspect demeanour procured him the surname of *silent*; but under this cold exterior, he concealed a busy, far-sighted intellect, and a generous, upright, daring heart. He had extensive possessions in the Netherlands; and had been employed there by Charles in various important duties, in the discharge of which, his talents, his integrity, his manners, had procured him universal confidence and respect. Disappointed in his expectation of the regency under Philip, who hated and feared him, he had continued to act with the same calm steadfastness, equally resisting the arbitrary measures of government, and repressing the rash attempts of the harassed people. On Alva's approach he retired to Germany; and the fate of Count Egmont, who shared the national favour with him, and had perished on the scaffold at Antwerp for no other crime but sharing it, soon showed how prudent this step had been. The tribunal which had condemned his friend, now summoned William to appear likewise; and as he naturally refused to comply, they proceeded to confiscate his property, and brand him as a traitor. William was not of a humour to brook such treatment tamely: and patriotism combined with ambition to strengthen his purpose of finding redress. Having formed an alliance with several princes of Germany, and collected a body of troops, which multitudes of Flemish exiles were rapidly augmenting, he formally renounced his allegiance to the governor, and entered Friesland at the head of an army (1569).

His beginning was unsuccessful. Alva hastened to meet

him; the raw soldier could not stand against the veteran; William retired into Germany once more; and the Spaniard returned in triumph to Brussels. But his triumph was not long undisturbed. He had erected a statue of himself in the citadel of Antwerp; he had represented it as treading under foot two smaller statues emblematic of the States of the Netherlands; and was proceeding quickly to demonstrate the correctness of this allegorical device, by levying the most oppressive taxes, of his own authority, and massacring, with every circumstance of ignominy and savageness, all such as refused to comply with his requisitions,—when his bloody career was interrupted by intelligence that the town of Brille was taken, and the whole island ready to revolt. He hastened thither to quell the tumult, and crush the *Gueux* patriots, or pirates as he called them, who had caused it. But the infamy of his conduct preceded him; William of Orange, under whose instructions the conquerors of Brille had acted, was advancing from the east with a fresh army; and the entire provinces of Zealand and Holland simultaneously threw off the Spanish yoke. Alva made vast efforts; but they were fruitless. He took Naerden and Haarlem, and butchered their inhabitants; but he failed before Alcmaer; a fleet which he put to sea with great exertion was defeated and destroyed by the Zealanders; and on Philip's order he returned to Spain, to boast that in five years, he had delivered 18,000 heretics into the hands of the executioner, and to meet the reward which such a servant of such a prince unfortunately does not always meet—the suspicion and hatred of a master for whom he had sacrificed honour and humanity, and condemned himself to permanent and universal detestation.

Requesens succeeded Alva. He was a milder and a better man; but the time for mildness was gone by. Some years before, a governor like Requesens might have retained the Netherlands under Philip; but the horrors of Alva's regency, the massacre of St. Bartholomew in France, had put to flight

"respective lenity," and "fire-eyed fury" was their conduct now. It is dangerous to drive even the feeblest of creatures to despair; and Philip found he had calculated too far on the phlegmatic patience of his northern subjects. The dull perseverance of their ordinary character was now changed into a grim and adamantine fixedness of purpose to suffer all, to dare all, but never to submit. "Talk not of surrender," replied they to Valdez, the general of Requesens, at the siege of Leyden, when famine was already carrying them in hundreds to the grave: "Our provisions are not exhausted, and if they were, if all else should fail, we would eat our left arms and fight with our right, that we might die fighting against our tyrants." Their firmness, on this occasion, was rewarded. The sluices were opened, the country was laid under water; a strong south-west wind rendered fruitless every attempt to drain it; and the Spaniard made a frightful retreat, leaving the flower of his army buried in the marshes, or hewn to pieces by the Flushing boat men, who hung upon his skirts, with fury and revenge in their hearts—their harsh countenances rendered harsher by scars sustained from the same enemy in former broils, and their caps surmounted each by a crescent, having the inscription, *Turks before Papists.*

This ineffectual siege of Leyden is the most remarkable transaction of Requesens in the Low Countries. It was followed (1575) by some abortive attempts at negotiation, the Emperor Rodolph, and our Queen Elizabeth, acting as mediators. Neither party was in a mood for negotiating; and Philip instructed Requesens to prosecute the war with fresh vigour. The latter endeavoured to comply; he was beaten back at Woerden; but he reduced Ziriczee, had entered Zealand, and was meditating an attack on Holland, when death overtook him suddenly, and the Netherlands were left without a governor.

The death of Requesens, at this juncture, was a keen blow to the Spanish interests. The troops had received no pay for many months; the absence of a general made them

clamorous in their demand; and as no funds existed to satisfy it, they renounced the control of their officers, spread over the country in search of plunder, sacked the city of Antwerp with the most horrible outrages, and seized upon the fortress of Alost, from which they threatened other towns with a similar violence. The southern provinces had hitherto participated rather in the feelings than the actions of their revolted countrymen; and the seat of war had been chiefly in Holland and Zealand. But this fearful visitation roused even the most timorous: in 1576 all the states united themselves by a treaty, named the Pacification of Ghent, having for its object to expel the foreign soldiery, and restore the ancient liberties of the country; and Don John, the new governor, found all the Netherlands, except Luxemburg, shut against his approach. Don John's ambitious views induced him to temporise: he affected to sanction the Pacification of Ghent; was received peacefully into his government; and the country had liberty to breathe for a moment. It was but for a moment. Don John watched his opportunity to seize the castle of Namur: he recalled the Spanish troops, and the fire of war was kindled again. His opponents were little able to resist, and their strength was still farther weakened by intestine division. The Prince of Orange's guarded and patriotic behaviour could not appease the jealousy of the Catholic confederates, or quench the envy of his ancient rival, the Duke of Arschot, who affected to lead them, as William did the Protestant party. While the latter, therefore, made application to Queen Elizabeth for assistance, the other privately invited the Archduke Matthias, brother, and afterwards successor of the emperor Rodolph II. to come and take upon himself the office of governor. The Prince of Orange was too quick-sighted, and too public-spirited to let slip so fair an opportunity of at once acquiring strength by foreign connections, and sowing discord between the German and Spanish members of the Austrian family. He accordingly welcomed Matthias on his unexpected arrival at Antwerp,

and persuaded the States to set him at their head. The Prince himself was appointed his lieutenant; and Arschot's plan was doubly unsuccessful. But neither did William's turn out according to his hope. Matthias received no support from Germany, and soon fell into contempt; while Don John, reinforced by the celebrated Alessandro Farnese, Prince of Parma, with 18,000 veterans, had beaten the army of the States at Gemblours, and was making rapid progress in the subjugation of the provinces. Don John died soon after,—of poison, by Philip, it was suspected, or of chagrin at the failure of his schemes on the English crown, which he had dreamed of obtaining with the hand of Mary Queen of Scots;- but his death brought no relief to the confederacy. Matthias returned without honour to Prague; the Duke of Anjou, who was next called in, could be of little service; and, while Parma was advancing in his conquests, the Duke of Arschot was smoothing the way for him, by fostering divisions and cabals among the provinces to be attacked.

To obviate the evils of dissension, William assembled the Northern or Protestant States, among whom his influence was the most extensive, and who hitherto had stood the brunt of the war alone. He was fortunate enough at last, to combine them into a permanent whole. On the 23d of January 1579, was signed the famous Union of Utrecht, at the city whose name it bears, by deputies from the provinces of Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Friesland, Groningen, Overyssel, and Gelderland. It was the fundamental article of the Dutch Republic, destined after to become so conspicuous an agent in the political transactions of Europe. The main stipulations, for the present, were, that the Seven Provinces should join themselves in interest as one, each individual still retaining its own private customs; that in disputes between two, the rest should interfere only as mediators, and that all should assist each with life and fortune against every foreign enemy. Separately, the provinces were weak; and though

united as firmly as the bundle of arrows, the badge and emblem of their alliance, it might still seem doubtful if this new republic would survive its infancy. Its members had not faltered in the contest, but they doubted of the issue themselves. Their first coin was stamped with the image of a ship struggling amid the waves without oars or sails; and the motto was, *Incertum quo fata ferant.*

It was indeed a perilous enterprise in which they were engaged. A small community of fishers and herdsmen, hitherto unknown among nations, had come down into the lists against a monarch, before whom the most powerful kingdoms of the world had lately trembled for their liberties. With no resources but their own activity, no tactics but their own despair, the Dutch had ventured to defy the commander of the veterans of Charles v. and the possessor of the American mines. The contest at first view might appear hopeless, and preferable to submission, only, as dying nobly on the field of battle is preferable to dying unjustly on the scaffold. A closer inspection, however, showed the prospect in less gloomy colours. The Hollanders were poor; but the enemy's wealth lay widely scattered, and bold adventure might snatch a part of it. The Flemish exiles, driven from the peaceful occupations of the land, had betaken themselves in great numbers to another element; and the rich fleets of Spain were often captured by them. By degrees, too, the trade which was thus obstructed, sought out other channels; and Holland, the asylum of the persecuted from every nation (who were naturally the most inquisitive and enterprising of each nation), soon abounded in persons fitted for all kinds of commerce, and ready to grasp at every branch of it within their reach. As their maritime speculations prospered, greater numbers, and more capital, became engaged in them: they at length acquired a navy, which could venture to the Indies, and strike at the root of their oppressor's prosperity. Philip had impoverished and ruined that part of the Netherlands which still adhered to him; the Indian trade of his

Portuguese subjects was snatched away before it could reward the labour of conquering Portugal, and keeping it conquered; and Spain, at no time distinguished for commerce, had already begun to sink into that state of languor from which it has never since awoke. The gold of Potosi, in spite of all his efforts, found its way to the markets of Amsterdam: his own subjects did not manufacture; and the very equipment of his armies gave vigour and riches to the people they were sent to subdue. His forces seemed numerous, but his plans were still more so. The jealousy entertained against his father continued to subsist, though the power which had given rise to it was fast ceasing. A kind of Catholic knight-errantry made Philip take part in every religious quarrel which agitated Europe during that period: his armies and his treasures were repeatedly called from their most necessary functions, to lend assistance to the partisans of the League in France. Ambition made him seize the crown of Portugal; ambition combined with resentment and fanaticism to make him grasp at that of England. And each new undertaking, each new acquirement, while it weakened his own strength, by extending it over a wider surface, procured for the Hollanders, openly or secretly, a new ally.

With William of Orange at its head, therefore, the new confederacy did not despair. Philip, who knew the Prince's importance, attempted to detach him by promises and gifts: when this was found to be impossible, he set a price upon his head. Superstitious fervour, so justified and rewarded, was likely in time to find some wicked maniac whom it could convert into an assassin. A first attempt failed; a second was successful. Balthazar Gerard murdered the Prince of Orange, at Delft (1584), being impelled, as he stated at first, by the Divinity; but allured also, as he afterwards confessed, by the less elevated hope of Philip's earthly recompense, to do the deed. Philip's memory can suffer little by this imputation: the murderer of his own son could blacken his character no farther in the way of *murder*.

William's death was a heavy stroke to his fellow-citizens; but in proportion as it excited grief for the fate and for the loss of their leader, it rendered more implacable their hatred of his destroyer. Nor was their situation yet so low as Spain believed. The Duke of Anjou, their late governor, had left them, indeed, with feelings of irritation and disgust, which were repaid him with usury: but William's exertions had kept the Prince of Parma busied in the southern provinces, where much work still remained for him. By William's negotiations, seconded by the suspicious measures of Philip, Elizabeth of England, though she rejected the sovereignty of the Netherlands repeatedly offered to her, had been induced to lend them secret assistance in troops and money; and she now openly espoused their quarrel. As security for payment, the States delivered up to her the towns of Brille and Flushing, with the castle of Rammekens; and she sent them an army, with the Earl of Leicester to be their governor. Leicester dissatisfied the people, and was recalled: but the soldiers continued; and being joined under Lord Willoughby, with the forces of the republic, were placed at the disposal of Maurice, the late Prince's son, a young man whom the gratitude of his country had raised to the station of governor, and who soon showed talents that would have deserved it independently of gratitude.

His talents, however, were all required in this emergency; and but for other circumstances, they would hardly have sufficed to meet it. Parma had already secured Ghent, Bruges, and lastly Antwerp, the hardest of his conquests, as well as the most serviceable. In the south, every thing must soon have been entirely at his disposal; and Holland might then have justly trembled before his accumulated force. But Philip's wars with England, his *Invincible* Armada, thinned the ranks of Parma, and dissipated the treasures which should have maintained him. In addition to this, that general was twice despatched to France, to mingle in battles which had no bearing on his own success; and the Dutch, now strongly

supported by Elizabeth, frequently undid in his absence what it had cost him infinite pains to effect before his departure. Between Maurice and Philip, the task of Parma was like Penelope's web; no skill or energy could avail him. Compelled to vibrate between France and Holland, he accomplished nothing permanent in either. During his second invasion of the former country, he had succeeded in thwarting the plans of Henry IV. both at Paris and Rouen. These were the last of his triumphs: he died at Arras next year (1592), and the Spanish cause in Holland died along with him.

Mansfeld, Ernest, Fuentes, his successors, impeded in their efforts by the French war, disobeyed by ill-appointed and mutinous troops, performed nothing of importance. The latter even lost Breda and Gertruydenburg to Prince Maurice. At length, in 1598, Philip closed his restless reign. The burden which had galled him nearly forty years, had long ago vanquished even *his* obstinacy; and Albert of Austria, husband of the Infanta Isabella, had, some time previously, been promised the sovereignty of the Netherlands, with merely a reversion in favour of Spain, should that princess die childless. Philip III. punctually obeyed the intentions of his father; but the States of Holland listened in silence to Albert's claim. At the head of a great army, he prepared to enforce it. Prince Maurice met him at Nieuport (1600); and, with the aid of Sir Francis Vere, and the English auxiliaries led by him, gained a complete and splendid victory. Albert wasted his remaining forces in the trenches of Ostend; the town was gallantly maintained by Vere and his followers; and did not yield even to the talents of Spinola, till after it had stood a siege of three years, and cost him above 70,000 men. Under the same able general, Spain, to whom the reversion of the Netherlands was now become secure, Isabella having no children, made a last effort far beyond its diminished strength. But new efforts yielded no adequate result: Philip was weary of the contest; and,

by the advice of Spinola, he agreed to treat of peace. After innumerable obstructions and delays on the part of the Dutch, who had now begun to reap profit from the war, and principally on the part of Maurice's faction, who hoped to make it serviceable to his ambition, a truce of twelve years was at last concluded, by the mediation of France and England, at the Hague, in 1609, Spain acknowledging the United provinces as a free republic, and granting them every privilege which a free country has a right to demand. The revolt in Bohemia, which was already breaking out, the appearance of Gustavus Adolphus, and his victorious progress in Germany, soon gave full employment elsewhere to all the branches of the Hapsburg family. Combined with the vigorous administration of Richelieu, those events extinguished in Spain all desire of renewing its pretensions to Holland: no farther hostilities occurred, and a definitive treaty was signed in 1647, and ratified at the great peace of Westphalia next year, securing the rights of the United Provinces in the most ample manner, and finally stipulating the continuance of peace and free intercourse between two nations, whose strife had been so lengthened, so obstinate, and so bloody.

After the termination of this contest, which had established the freedom of seven provinces, and riveted the chains of ten, the history of the Netherlands presents nothing equally remarkable. What remains of it may be despatched more briefly. Belgium continued quietly subject to Spain, and lost all its commerce and enterprise: Holland went on rapidly increasing in both. Cornelius Houtmann had led the way to India in 1599; the Portuguese settlements, then subject to Spain, were in no condition to resist; and the Dutch by degrees acquired almost the whole of that lucrative trade. They planted colonies in the spice islands of the East; they gained settlements in America; their naval power continued to augment; they gradually became the factors and carriers of Europe. It is true, their government, at peace from without, was not equally at peace from within;

theological disputes between Arminius and Gomar, to which political feelings soon became conjoined, had agitated the people violently in 1619, and tarnished the name of Prince Maurice by his share in the persecution of Grotius, and the death of the Pensionary Barnvelt. A more strict republican party also afterwards arose under the auspices of the De Witts, who had force and dexterity enough at the death of William II. (1650), to procure the abolition of the Stadtholdership. But those political fermentations slightly affected the industry and success of the great body of the nation. The public prosperity was steadfastly advancing; it had mounted so high in 1652, that the States did not hesitate to throw down the gauntlet to England, though her power was at that time wielded by the firm and steady hand of Cromwell.

Naval superiority was the subject of this contest; commercial and political jealousy embittered it. The Dutch had given refuge and countenance to many of the exiled royalists; their admirals refused to pay to the British the customary acknowledgment of superiority; Van Tromp, on the contrary, placed a broom at his mast-head, to signify that *he* would *sweep* the seas, and reign triumphant in them. But the cannon of Blake soon levelled this rude emblem, and the claim which it typified; De Ruyter and Van Tromp were beaten by him off Portland in 1653, after a furious contest of two days; and next year, Van Tromp was shot through the body, off the coast of Holland, while gallantly animating his men on the *third* morning of a battle, which his energy alone had protracted so long. Monk was the victor on this occasion. The Dutch were glad to make peace, and leave the dominion of the ocean in the hands where it was, and has ever since continued.

A severe trial awaited the Dutch republic shortly afterwards. In 1668, Louis XIV. profiting by the feebleness of Spain, had entered the Low Countries with an army, which bore down all opposition. He soon conquered Belgium; he

made himself master of Franche Compté, and was fast extending his dominions on every side, when the Triple Alliance, concluded at the Hague in 1669, arrested his ambitious career. Irritated by the share which Holland had taken in this transaction, Louis made great preparations for revenge. The profligate ministry of our Charles II. was hired to support his views; and in 1672, he crossed the Rhine at the head of an immense army. Basely deserted by their natural ally, agitated by internal factions, the Dutch had nothing but a few undisciplined troops, and a general scarcely arrived at manhood, wherewith to oppose the progress of 130,000 veterans, led on by Condé, Turenne, and Vauban. The issue could scarce be doubtful. Louis overran the country in a few weeks; and Amsterdam was soon the last asylum of Dutch liberty. The De Witts proposed surrendering, but the States, with their young general, William, Prince of Orange, at their head, determined on a braver expedient.[1] Preferring independence to every other advantage, they opened the sluices of their sea-dykes; and Amsterdam once more became an island of the ocean, from which it had been gained. The king returned into France; his generals retired out of Holland; and before the triumphal arch at the gate of St. Denis, in honour of his *conquest*, was completed, Louis possessed no foot of ground within the conquered territories. Far from yielding, the Dutch in their turn became aggressors; and their young prince, now appointed Stadtholder, ever henceforth continued the unwearied and successful adversary of all the covetous schemes of Louis. By his efforts the present war was ended in 1679; and when he mounted the throne of England, his augmented power still thwarted the increasing projects of France. In 1697, the treaty of Ryswick concluded a new war of eight years,—in the conduct of which

[1] It is mournful to add, that this heroism of the Dutch was tarnished by the murder of Cornelius De Witt, and of his brother John, one of the greatest characters whom Holland or Europe has ever produced. They were massacred by the populace at the Hague in the most brutal and barbarous manner.

he had been indefatigable, in the result of which he was superior; and before his death, he had prepared the materials of that coalition which, under Marlborough and Prince Eugene, brought Louis to the brink of ruin.

The peace of Utrecht saved Louis from absolute destruction, and consigned Belgium to the throne of Austria, that of Spain being now filled by a Bourbon. The Dutch had exerted themselves vigorously in all those quarrels; but from this period their internal prosperity began to languish, their political importance gradually to lessen. The English had acquired their arts and manufactures, and almost entirely supplanted their East India commerce. The American colonies, added to this, gave the English navy an irresistible preponderance. Holland still continued diligent and contented; but the rise of neighbouring nations had eclipsed its power. About the middle of the last century, it was farther threatened with the calamities of foreign invasion. When Maria Theresa's right to the imperial throne was disputed in 1740, the Dutch had taken up her side; the French that of the Elector of Bavaria. During the contest, Louis xv. had penetrated into the Netherlands: and the Maréchal de Saxe had conquered Belgium for him. In 1748, the same general made an attack on Holland. Bergen-op-Zoom had fallen, Maestricht was falling; and the Dutch barrier must have been forced, had not the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, which restored Belgium to Austria, while it secured the deliverance of Holland, put a stop to hostilities.

The Dutch took no part in the seven-years' war. A long period of outward tranquillity was only disturbed by contests between the people and the Stadtholder, whose office had been declared hereditary in the Orange family in the year 1747. The French Revolution, and the victories of Dumourier, took Belgium from Austria in 1792; it was recovered next summer, but the recovery was only for a year, and confirmed the victors in their conquest. Those apostles of change were eagerly welcomed by the Dutch people soon

after. But the latter had quickly reason to repent of this predilection. The French oppressed Holland with every species of tyranny; even Louis Buonaparte, for whom it had been erected into a kingdom, gave it up in despair. Various attempts to relieve it failed, till at last, in 1814, the successes of the allied sovereigns put the Low Countries into their hands. The British cabinet accomplished its often projected scheme; Belgium was united with the seven provinces into the Kingdom of the Netherlands; and the Prince of Orange, who had taken refuge in England, now ascended the throne, where he has since continued undisturbed.

The kingdom thus newly formed extends over a space of about 24,000 British square miles, 13,400 of them being Belgic territory, the rest Dutch; and contains a population of 5,226,000 inhabitants, which (excluding the military), are distributed among the various provinces as follows:—

Holland,	750,000
East Flanders,	602,000
West Flanders,	521,000
Hainaut,	431,000
South Brabant,	366,000
Liége,	355,000
Limburg,	393,000
North Brabant,	252,000
Antwerp,	250,000
Gelderland,	244,000
Luxemburg,	220,000
Friesland,	177,000
Namur,	157,000
Overyssel,	148,000
Groningen,	136,000
Zealand,	112,000
Utrecht,	108,000
Dronthe,	47,000

The resources of the Netherlands, so long in a declining condition, have not yet had time to recover perceptibly. The annual revenue scarcely exceeds seven millions sterling; and the expenditure fully equals it. The navy, which could

once cope with that of England, has now shrunk into 12 ships of the line, with 24 frigates, and costs only 500,000*l.* a year. An additional 2,000,000*l.* of the national income is devoted to support a military establishment of 50,000 regular troops; the services of religion, all paid from the public treasury, require 270,000*l.*; and a government debt of 140,000,000*l.* consumes nearly all the rest. The interest of the latter is moderate, or the country could not bear it: at 2 or $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. its amount does not reach far beyond 3,000,000*l.*

Fifty thousand soldiers may seem a force disproportionate to the means of so small a state. They are rendered necessary, however, by the long and defenceless frontier of the kingdom, and by the number of colonies yet subject to it in various quarters of the world. None of those settlements is at present very flourishing or important: some are in a state of permanent decay. In Asia, there are Java, with the lesser governments of Amboyna, Ternate, Malacca, Macassar, and some factories on the coasts of Coromandel and Persia; in Africa, thirteen small forts on the Guinea coast; in the West Indies, Surinam on the mainland; Curaçoa, St. Eustatius, and St. Martin. Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice, still permitted to trade with their mother country, are now under the dominion of Great Britain.

The political machinery by which those resources are managed, the form of government in the Netherlands, bears a close resemblance to that of Britain. A king possessed of all the executive authority; two houses of parliament possessed of all the legislative; the sovereign's inviolability; the responsibility of his ministers,—sufficiently point out the model according to which the whole has been constructed. At the same time, several weighty distinctions occur; so weighty, indeed, as to render this general similarity more formal than substantial. One leading distinction is the existence of provincial States, whose office it is to superintend the execution of the laws in their several districts, the

expenditure of local magistrates, of religious functionaries; to take charge of the public works,—and, what is more important than all, to elect the members of the lower house of Parliament, a third of whom are thus changed annually; the States themselves being filled up by the people. This lower house of Parliament, so differently nominated, differs equally from our House of Commons in its functions and dignity. The members accept a petty salary, (220*l.*); they can originate no motion; their number is small;[1] their influence comparatively inconsiderable. The upper house is still more strongly contrasted with our House of Lords. The Belgic *Peers* (between 40 and 60 in number) are not hereditary; they are nominated by the king for life; can bring in no bill on their own authority any more than the Commons; and, like them, receive a paltry wage (270*l.*).

The crown being thus invested with the power of regulating the deliberations of its poor and feeble Parliament, and excluding all importunate discussions, the popular branch of the Belgic government has but a slender influence compared with that of the British: the mode of its election, the character and rank of its members, must alike conspire to render its limitation of the sovereign's proceedings feeble at any time; altogether ineffectual if the sovereign were enterprising and ambitious of arbitrary power. The Orange family, however, shows no such sinister desire; a system of equal laws is administered by judges appointed *ad vitam aut culpam*; the taxes are not more heavy than is seen to be indispensably necessary; the press is free; and the people feel no inclination to repine at their condition.

They are remarkable, indeed, for their quietism in regard to politics; and a similar principle now extends also to

[1] It is 110 only; 55 are chosen from the northern province, as many from the southern—in the following proportions: North Brabant 7, Gelderland 6, Holland 22, Zealand 3, Utrecht 3, Friesland 5, Overyssel 4, Groningen 4, Dronthe 1, South Brabant 8, Limburg 4, Liége 6, East Flanders 10, West Flanders 8, Hainaut 8, Namur 2, Antwerp 5, Luxemburg 4.

religion. In the Netherlands, there is, properly speaking, no established religion, the followers of every sect being eligible to all offices in the state, and the preachers of every sect not only tolerated, but paid by the government funds. In the northern provinces, Calvinism is the prevailing doctrine: and the Court is of the same persuasion. The Catholic creed prevails in the southern provinces; in the whole kingdom, its followers outnumber the Protestants in more than the proportion of two to one. But the wealth of either Church is small, the salary of a clergyman seldom amounting to 200*l.*, frequently bordering on 70*l.*: and the Government, extending its protection to all ministers of religion indiscriminately, is enabled to secure the adherence, and profit by the influence of all.

In regard to education, there is a rather liberal provision in the Netherlands. Parish schools have long been established in Holland, and an additional arrangement renders them more effective than elsewhere. There is a classification introduced among the schoolmasters of Holland. Four ranks are settled by law; no one is allowed to begin teaching till he has enrolled himself in one of those ranks; and two special commissions exist in each province for examining the qualifications of an applicant, and issuing his licence to give instruction in the prescribed branches, if his trial prove satisfactory. In Belgium, without any parochial establishment, a competent school-master is yet generally to be found in every village. The higher departments of learning, the *four languages* as they are called, Latin, French, German, English, with the elements of mathematics, rhetoric, and some minor accomplishments, are taught in the *royal schools* in most of the principal towns. There is a military academy at Dort, a naval one at Sluys; and the religious bodies have in many cases seminaries of their own. To complete the system, there are six universities; that of Leyden, that of Utrecht, the smaller though older one of Groningen, that of Louvain, *re*-opened in 1816 by a royal charter, which also

created two new ones, that of Ghent and that of Liége. Some of those establishments were once flourishing and renowned; they are now but poorly attended. The professors have participated imperfectly in the modern progress of science; their lectures are monotonous, and still delivered in Latin.

The Netherlands, with all its apparatus for education, is not an intellectual country. It has no national literature —none current among its people, or at all known to foreigners. The Dutch language is unfavourable to this purpose; and the Flemish, a kindred dialect of the German, and differing from the former chiefly in accent, is not more so. Vondel is almost the only native poet of Holland. He lived towards the end of the seventeenth century, in the humble capacity of a tailor, and wrote tragedies, which, in spite of their rude barbarous extravagance, are said to display gleams of a high dramatic genius. This mental poverty, however, proceeds from no want of faculties in the people. The telescope and the art of printing are Dutch inventions. In former times, Holland, if it had no national literature, was inferior to few countries in any of those departments which depend on the exercise of a just intellect, and patient observation. Erasmus and Grotius in moral science, Huyghens, Boerhaave, Swammerdam, Leuwenhoek, in natural, are universally known. The intellectual fame of the southern provinces, again, rests chiefly on their painters. It is unnecessary to do more than mention the names of Rubens, Van Dyck, Rembrandt. Belgium has produced authors too, though in a smaller number. Lipsius, well known to classical scholars, was a native of Brussels. Froissart and Philip de Commines were both Walloons, though their birth-places are now included in France. At present, the Netherlands are not without many men of cultivated understandings, who are useful and admired at home; but their fame hardly extends to other countries; and the great Lights of Europe must all be sought for elsewhere.

See Watson's *Histories of Philip II. and of Philip III.*;

Schiller's eloquent and philosophical fragment, the *Geschichte des Abfalls der vereinigten Niederlande*; Voltaire's *Siècles de Louis XIV. et de Louis XV.*; Raynall's *Histoire du Stadthouderat.* See also Mitchell's *Travels in Belgium*; Boyce's *Belgian Traveller*; Reichard's *Guide des Voyageurs*, § Pays Bas.

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM[1]

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, the second son of Robert Pitt, Esq. of Boconnock, in the county of Cornwall, was born on the 15th of November 1708. The family was originally of Blandford in Dorsetshire; Christopher Pitt, the translator of Vida and Virgil, and Thomas Pitt, governor of Madras in the reign of Queen Anne, were both of this place. The latter was Chatham's grandfather; and likewise remarkable as having purchased, during his residence in the east, the jewel known by the name of the *Pitt diamond*, which weighed 127 carats, and was afterwards sold by him to the King of France for 135,000*l.* having originally cost 20,400*l.* It may also be worthy of mention, that, by the wife of this gentleman, Chatham was descended from the Regent Murray, natural son of James v. of Scotland.

Of Chatham's youth and early habits little is recorded, except that he studied at Eton as a foundation-scholar, was removed to Trinity College, Oxford, in 1726, and left the University without taking any degree. His proficiency in the attainments usually acquired there may, however, be inferred from the circumstance, that some Latin verses of his were judged fit to appear in the collection printed by that learned body on the death of George i.; and still more, certainly, from the predilection for classical pursuits which he displayed in after life, and the decidedly classical tincture which pervades all his compositions. Demosthenes is said to have been so great a favourite with him, that he repeatedly translated certain of his orations into English.

[1] *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, vol. xvi.

The immediate cause of his removal from Oxford was a hereditary gout, which had already attacked him at Eton in his sixteenth year. He sought to expel the disorder by travelling; he made the tour of France, and visited Italy, but without realising his purpose; his gout still adhered to him, it preyed upon his constitution throughout life, and never left him till it gained the mastery. To an ordinary mind this malady would have proved a severe misfortune: Pitt found means to convert it into almost an advantage. Excluded by it from the gaieties and dissipations of common life, he applied himself the more earnestly to the acquisition of knowledge; he read, and wrote, and studied, endeavouring by every method in his power to cultivate those faculties, which were one day to become the ornament of his age and nation.

In the mean time, however, his immediate prospects were by no means magnificent. He had lost his father in 1727; a scanty fortune and a sickly frame made him anxious for some fixed appointment, and he was glad to accept a commission of cornet in the Blues, which some of his friends had interest enough to procure for him. But his inclinations pointed to a different scene. The leisure which his duties left him was still sedulously consecrated to the improvement of his mind; and he longed to employ in public life those talents he had been so careful to perfect. In 1735, this opportunity was granted him; he was that year returned member for Old Sarum, to serve in the ninth parliament of Great Britain. The appearance he made there was such as to justify all his hopes, and to awaken hopes still more glorious. His eloquence soon became the pride of his friends and the terror of all that opposed him. A fine voice and figure prepossessed the hearers in his favour; and the sentiments and opinions which he uttered bespoke a great and noble mind. There was in him a stern inexpiable contempt for meanness in whatever shape; a fervid enthusiasm for the acuse of freedom, for the honour of his country, for all good

and worthy things; the whole tempered and matured by a strong commanding intellect, the force and justness of which might have seemed scarcely compatible with so much youthful ardour. His acquired advantages gave full scope to those gifts of nature. The style he employed was chaste, regular, and argumentative, yet both splendid and impassioned; and the energetic graces of his delivery gave new power to what he spoke. When warmed with his subject, when pouring forth his own glowing feelings and emphatic convictions, in language as glowing and emphatic, the attitude of conscious strength which he assumed, his lofty looks, his indignant glance, would dismay the stoutest and most subtle of his opponents; and the veterans of parliament have stood abashed in the presence of a youth. Sir Robert Walpole, in his pride of place, with all the dexterity of ministerial management which a life had been spent in acquiring, was awed before this champion of simple virtue. Detected in his sophistries, stigmatised for his corruptions, baffled in his attempts at retaliation or defence, this intriguing statesman came at length to dread, as the signal of defeat, the very sound of his adversary's voice. "Let us before all things," said he, "try to muzzle this terrible cornet of horse."

But the enterprise was ineffectual, the cornet was not to be "muzzled"; and if Sir Robert still believed in his favourite maxim, *that every man has his price*, it must have mortified him to discover that the price of Pitt was not within the compass of his gift. Unable to gain over, he took the imperfect satisfaction of alienating still farther. Pitt was deprived of his commission in the army; and this stroke of official severity, while it confirmed him in his opposition, rendered him still dearer to the public, whose rights he was asserting. It strengthened him also in the favour of Frederick Prince of Wales, the centre at that period of all who aimed at a change of men and measures. Pitt was appointed groom of the bed-chamber to the prince, in the year 1737. He continued in the successive sessions of parliament, to

support the same liberal principles which he had at first adopted; the increase of years increasing his experience in the principles of policy and government, without seeming to abate the ardour of his zeal. He distinguished himself by his animated hostility to the *Spanish Convention*, in 1738;[1] and generally by his aversion to every measure that appeared likely to injure the rights of the subject, or the lasting interests of the country. His speeches contributed not a little to the downfall of Sir Robert Walpole. One of his most brilliant displays is preserved in the reported debate on a motion for an inquiry into the last ten years of that statesman's administration. The motion, though carried in the House of Commons, was defeated of its object by a ministerial manœuvre; but it sealed the ruin of the Walpole party, and yet affords a striking indication of the powers of this young, and ardent, and enlightened politician.

The Pelhams, who succeeded Walpole, wishing to secure the co-operation of Pitt, attempted to get him brought into office; but a formidable obstacle stood in the way. The king was offended at Pitt for joining with the heir apparent to oppose the favourite minister and his Hanoverian politics; he refused to consent to his admission. The Pelhams resigned in consequence; but were shortly after reinstated, and brought Pitt along with them, as vice-treasurer of Ireland, in 1746. This post was soon converted into that of treasurer, and then exchanged for the place of privy-counsellor, and paymaster-general of the forces. His conduct in this latter situation served to display the disinterested integrity of his nature; he disdained to retain any portion of the public money in his hands to profit by its interest, or by speculating with it in the funds, though his predecessors had acted thus without scruple; he even refused the usual perquisites of his office, when they seemed unmerited by the duties of it. Such a

[1] It was in the course of this debate that he pronounced his spirited reply to Horatio Walpole's sneers against his youth and declamatory manner. Translated into the language of Dr. Johnson, this piece is familiar to every reader.

manner of proceeding seemed to exemplify in practice the high principles which he had professed as an orator; it sanctioned and augmented the favour, in which he had long stood over all the empire. With the king it was less successful: George II. still viewed Pitt with a jealous eye, and Pitt was still inflexible in maintaining what he thought the true advantage of Britain against all the frowns of royalty and the intrigues of court. In the beginning of the seven years war, when his majesty returned from the Continent, and presented the subsidiary treaties he had made with Hesse Cassel and Prussia, for the defence of his beloved Hanover, Pitt did not hesitate to speak in parliament against their ratification. He was, in consequence, dismissed from office; and Mr. Legge, who had partaken in his fault, partook also in his punishment. This was in 1755.

Pitt was now again a private man, but surrounded with a blaze of reputation, which few ministers would not have envied. The long and brave struggle he had made in defence of their privileges endeared him to the people; his virtue, proved alike in place and out of it, gave a new and more steady lustre to the splendour which his high talents shed around him. In 1744, the Duchess of Marlborough had left him a legacy of 10,000*l.*, "upon account," as her testament expressed it, "of his merit in the noble defence he has made for the support of the laws of England, and to prevent the ruin of his country." Eleven years had now elapsed since the date of this splendid testimonial; nine of which had been spent in office, amid temptations such as have ruined the fame of many a patriot, yet still his popularity had continued to augment; and his late disfavour at court, by investing him with something of the grace of a martyr, had raised it to a higher pitch than ever. Men called him the *Great Commoner*; he was listened to by the nation as its guardian and father.

Happy in these circumstances of his public situation, Pitt was also happy in his domestic circle. In 1754 he had

married Hester, only daughter of Richard Grenville, Esq. and of the Countess of Temple—a lady whose accomplishments, and graces, and affection, formed a permanent solace to him throughout the remainder of his life. In a short time, also, he had reason to applaud the wisdom of his own anticipations, and to pity the incapacity of the actual ministers. He spoke loudly against the policy of sending English money to defend Hanover by subsidies; he reprobated the idea of introducing Hanoverian soldiers to defend England. The course of events strongly seconded his reasoning: the beginning of the seven years war was marked to Britain by nothing but disasters; the nation murmured, addresses and petitions called vehemently for a change, and the universal voice named Pitt as the man. His majesty was again obliged to treat with this discarded servant: a new ministry was formed in 1756, in which Pitt took the post of secretary of state, his friend Mr. Legge being chancellor of the exchequer. His majesty's repugnance and difficulties are strongly marked by the fact, that having a second time dismissed Pitt, for his inflexible opposition to the Duke of Cumberland as general of the German war, he was again forced by the public opinion to recall him, with the most ample concessions. Pitt resumed his place of secretary on the 29th of June 1757, and formed a cabinet according to his own choice. His personal influence, of course, was the predominating; he was unfettered by conflicting colleagues; even the king's prepossessions began to abate. Pitt, in their preliminary interview, had said to him, "Sire, give me your confidence, and I will deserve it." His majesty had answered, "Deserve it, and you shall have it"; there was at least, henceforth, no visible discordance between them.

It was now that the genius of Pitt shone forth with unclouded splendour in the eyes of all Europe. Unconstrained in his movements, the vigour of his own mind seemed to pervade every department of the public service; its influence was soon felt in the remotest corners of the

globe. He found the nation depressed and degraded; in three years, he raised it to a height of greatness which it had never before attained. Devoting himself wholly to the duties of his office, entirely avoiding the pageantry of levees and public exhibitions, he bent himself with all his might to mature the plans he had formed for the national advantage, and to discover fit instruments for realising them. The extent of his information, the quickness of his understanding, enabled him at once to discover where the enemy was most assailable; his projects, magnificent as the mind that conceived them, were examined and provided for with the most scrupulous accuracy, and put in execution with an energy that ensured success. The people were averse to any interference in the continental war: Pitt objected less to the fact of interference, than to the actual manner of it. Dismissing the Duke of Cumberland from the command of the army, to which the convention at Kloster-sieben had shown too well that he was unequal, he assisted Frederick of Prussia by subsidies, and gave the English troops to be led by Ferdinand of Brunswick. Some outcry was raised against him at first; it was thought he should have shaken off the interest of Hanover entirely; but he underwent these censures, persevered in his measures, and 'conquered America in Germany,' as he predicted. The French being occupied in these continental expeditions, and Frederick assisted by British gold to make head against them, their colonies and distant possessions were left ill guarded, and fell an easy prey to the vigorous attacks of the English. Before 1760 they had lost nearly all their foreign settlements; they were banished from Africa and Asia, and the Canadas had yielded to the heroism of Wolfe: the navy of France had scarcely an existence; her own coasts were continually insulted, and her people kept in constant terror of invasion. The talents and diligence of Pitt, the skill with which he administered the resources of Britain had raised her to be the arbitress of Europe.

But all his triumphs abroad were insufficient to secure him against the vicissitudes of faction at home. In 1760 the king died, and the dependants of his successor George III. began to look with eagerness for a change. It is hinted also, that Pitt was not too agreeable to some of his colleagues. The great and uniform success of all his enterprises had exalted his reputation to a height, which it was painful for a competitor to contemplate; and his habit of seeing every obstacle give way to the commanding effort of his will, had strengthened in him that rigidness of manner, that imposing inflexibility of purpose, which his friends might dignify as the natural expression of a lofty and self-dependent mind, but which his enemies did not fail to brand with the name of arrogance, or domineering ambition. The court sought a cause of quarrel with him; and one was not long in occurring. By the accuracy of his intelligence, he had discovered the existence of that *family-compact* between the French and Spanish branches of the house of Bourbon, the secret influence of which had rendered abortive some recent attempts at making peace. With his characteristic decision, Pitt immediately moved for a declaration of war against Spain, and a vigorous attack on her foreign possessions: he judged it better to surprise the enemy than be surprised by him; and the treachery of Spain seemed to authorise the omission of preliminary complaints and negotiations. The rest of the cabinet thought otherwise; the question was debated keenly, Pitt's opinion was overruled, and hints were given that his concurrence was no longer indispensable. The popularity of a young king, and the national desire for peace, warranted them in such proceedings; but it was against the minister's principle to incur responsibility where he had not the management: he resigned his office in October 1761. The applauses of all good men accompanied him in his retreat; he had the character of the most able and virtuous of statesmen. His private fortune was likewise increased by an annuity of 3000*l.*, conferred on him at his resignation, to last during his life,

and that of his lady. The total inattention he had always manifested to his individual interests, while managing the concerns of the public, rendered this annuity a necessary gift. His lady was farther honoured with the rank of the peerage, conferred on her by the title of Baroness of Chatham.

Again reduced to a private station, Pitt attended chiefly to his duties in parliament; and, without uniting himself to any party in the state, he kept a watchful eye over the public conduct of ministers, delivering his sentiments in the same fearless spirit, which had hitherto distinguished all his public exhibitions. When the peace of Paris, which his own exertions had done so much to bring about, was to be concluded in 1762, he expressed himself warmly against the terms of it,—against the smallness of the benefit likely to result to England from the commanding attitude she had maintained throughout the latter years of the war. On the question of *General Warrants*, arising from the case of Wilkes, in 1764, he delivered an animated speech against the legality of such exertions of official prerogative,—reminding his hearers "that an Englishman's house was his castle, defended not indeed by battlements and bulwarks, but by the impassable though unseen barrier of law: it might be a straw-built shed, into which every wind of heaven might enter; but the king could not, the king dared not." That his popularity remained undiminished was evinced by a fact striking enough in itself, and more so as it regarded him. Sir William Pynsent of Burton-Pynsent, in the county of Somerset, passed over his own family, in order to bequeath an estate of 3000*l.* a-year to this distinguished patriot. Already had the commencement of his political life been dignified by a similar tribute of approbation: it must have been doubly gratifying to find the same testimony still more unequivocally renewed, when the busiest and most dangerous part of it was past.

Pitt was again to be a minister, but never so happy a one as he had been already. In 1766, the necessities of the

government once more called him to a share in it; the formation of a new cabinet was intrusted to him, but the undertaking did not prosper in his hands. His brother-in-law and old associate Lord Temple, his friend the Marquis of Rockingham, could not enter into his views, or act along with him; and the *Great Commoner* had offended many of his favourers by accepting of a peerage. He was made Earl of Chatham, and Baron of Burton-Pynsent, prior to his entrance upon office. Of his ministry Mr. Burke has left us a curious and often-quoted description. The members of it were the most heterogeneous and discordant; the results they produced betrayed the feebleness of their union. Chatham resigned in two years,—disgusted with the untowardness of his coadjutors, and tired of useless exertions to bend their clashing principles to a conformity with his own.

This was the last time he appeared in office: his strength and health were exhausted; years and excessive labour had increased the violence of his constitutional disorder; he wanted retirement and repose. His peerage had shut against him the habitual scene of his parliamentary exertions; he was not a constant attendant in the house of Lords: but when some great question called him forth from his retreat, the fire of his genius still shone with unabated brilliancy. The chief theme of his oratory, from this period, was the quarrel with the American colonies, the interests and claims of which now began to occupy the principal share of the public attention. Chatham resisted the imposition of taxes on them; he warmly seconded the repeal of the *stamp act*. But when war had been undertaken, above all when France had taken part in it, he was resolute for continuing in arms at whatever risk. The memorable scene in which he displayed his anxiety on this head is well known. On the 7th of April 1778, the Duke of Richmond having moved an address to the king, in which the necessity of admitting the independence of America was broadly insinuated, Chatham deprecated such a consummation in the strongest terms. "I

rejoice," said he, "that the grave has not closed upon me, that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and noble monarchy. Pressed down as I am by the load of infirmity, I am little able to assist my country in this most perilous conjuncture; but, my lords, while I have sense and memory, I never will consent to tarnish the lustre of this nation by an ignominious surrender of its rights and fairest possessions. Shall a people, so lately the terror of the world, now fall prostrate before the house of Bourbon? It is impossible! In God's name, if it is absolutely necessary to declare either for peace or war, and if peace cannot be preserved with honour, why is not war commenced without hesitation? I am not, I confess, well informed of the resources of this kingdom, but I trust it has still sufficient to maintain its just rights, though I know them not. Any state, my lords, is better than despair. Let us at least make one effort; and if we must fall, let us fall like men." The duke replied, and Chatham made an eager effort to rise that he might speak farther—but in vain—his voice was never more to be heard in that senate which it had so often dignified and delighted; he staggered, laid his hand upon his bosom, fainted, and was caught in the arms of the lords who sat near him and sprang to his assistance. They carried him into an adjoining room, and the house immediately adjourned. Medical assistance being procured, he was conveyed to his villa at Hayes, in Kent; where he lingered only till the following 11th of May, and then died, in the seventieth year of his age.

The circumstances of his death combined with the general character of his life to render that event peculiarly impressive. News of it being conveyed to London by express, Colonel Barré reported the intelligence to parliament, where it suspended all other business. The sense which the public entertained of their loss was manifested by the honours done to his memory. Party differences seemed to be forgot; all joined in voting that his debts should be paid by the nation,

and that a yearly sum of 4000*l.* should be permanently added from the civil list to the title he had borne. He was buried in Westminster Abbey with all the pomp of a public funeral; and a piece of sculpture was afterwards erected by way of monument, representing the last scene of his parliamentary life, and inscribed as the tribute of the King and Parliament to the Earl of Chatham.

The chief lineaments of Chatham's character may be gathered from the most meagre chronicle of his actions. That he was a man of a splendid and impetuous genius—adapted for the duties of an orator by the vehemence of his feelings, and the rich gifts of his intellect; for the duties of a statesman, by his vastness of conception, his unwearied assiduity in ordering, his inflexible energy in execution—the highest and the humblest qualities that should combine to form a public man—may be learned from contemplating any portion of his public life. A survey of the whole will better show in how extraordinary a degree he possessed these requisites, and how richly he adorned them all by a truly noble style of sentiment, a rigid adherence to the great principles of honour and generosity, and every manly virtue. And as his mind was singularly elevated, so has his fortune been singularly good. Few men that have acted so conspicuous a part, have united so great a plurality of suffrages in their favour. The reason is, that he founded no sect, was the father of no party, but of the party that love their country and labour for it; and having thus been a genuine *catholic* in politics, his merits are admitted by all. Accordingly, the clamours that assailed him in life, the voice of obloquy and opposition, the memory of his failings have long since died quite away; and Chatham is one, in praise of whom the bitterest of partymen forget their bitterness. He stands in the annals of Europe, "an illustrious and venerable name," admired by countrymen and strangers, by all to whom loftiness of moral principle and greatness of talent are objects of regard.

"His private life," says Lord Chesterfield, "was stained by no vice, nor sullied by any meanness. All his sentiments were liberal and elevated. His ruling passion was an unbounded ambition, which, when supported by great abilities, and crowned by great success, makes what the world calls a great man. He was haughty, imperious, impatient of contradiction, and overbearing; qualities which too often accompany, but always clog, great ones. He had manners and address; but one might discover through them too great a consciousness of his own superior talents. He was a most agreeable and lively companion in social life, and had such a versatility of wit, that he could adapt it to all sorts of conversation. He had a most happy turn to poetry, but seldom indulged, and seldom avowed it. His eloquence was of every kind, and he excelled in the argumentative as well as the declamatory way. But his invectives were terrible, and uttered with such energy of diction, and such dignity of action and countenance, that he intimidated those who were most willing and best able to encounter him. Their arms fell out of their hands, and they struck under the ascendant which his genius gained over theirs."

If Chatham's faculties had not been more worthily employed, we might have regretted that he left so few memorials of them in a literary shape. Many of his speeches, under all the deformities of incorrect reporting, are full of beauty; and a volume of "Letters" to his nephew, published some years ago, may be read with a pleasure independent of their author. See *Life of Chatham*, in 3 vols. and the public histories of the time.

WILLIAM PITT, THE YOUNGER[1]

William Pitt, second son of the last mentioned Earl of Chatham, was born on the 28th of May 1759. The early promise of his childhood was not unmarked by his father, and no means were left unemployed to realise it. Influenced partly by the delicate health of the boy, and still more by his own sense of a parent's duty, Lord Chatham had his son educated at home under his own immediate inspection. A tutor was engaged to instruct him in the elements of school learning; and the great statesman himself devoted a portion of his leisure to form the principles and direct the understanding of his child. His manner of conducting this employment was suitable to the feeling which had prompted him to undertake it. He studied to sink the character of father in that of friend: he encouraged William and his other children to converse with him freely upon every topic; each day he made a point of delivering to them some instruction or advice; and every evening he closed this paternal exercise by reading, in their presence, a chapter of the Bible. It is also mentioned, that William being intended for a public speaker, one of his customary tasks was to declaim on some given topic in the presence of his father; a practice to which he doubtless in some degree owed the remarkable fluency and correctness of diction, which afterwards characterised his speeches in parliament.

Under such tuition, the young man made a rapid proficiency: at the early age of fourteen, he was found advanced enough for attending the university, and was entered accord-

[1] *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, vol. xvi.

ingly at Pembroke-hall College, Cambridge, in 1773. His progress here was equally rapid; he enjoyed some peculiar advantages, and profited well by them. To the valuable gifts of nature, a quick apprehension and a retentive memory, he added the no less valuable habit of steadfast and zealous application; and, by his father's request, each of the two college tutors devoted an hour every day to his improvement. One of these tutors was Dr. Pretyman, now Dr. Tomline, bishop of Winchester. His connexion with Mr. Pitt began here; it gradually ripened into a closer attachment, and continued unbroken till death divided it. This circumstance speaks favourably for the feelings of Mr. Pitt; except in acts of mutual kindness, there could be little sympathy between them. The learned prelate is now writing a life of his illustrious pupil, three volumes of which have already been published.

Mr. Pitt was too young to acquire much distinction by his academical exercises, among competitors grown up to manhood. But his residence at Cambridge was marked by qualities much more valuable than such distinctions imply. His diligence and regularity continued unabated; he was gradually enriching his mind with the treasures of learning, and forming his conduct on the principles of virtue and sobriety. Indulging in few relaxations, and no excess, he pursued his studies with such intensity, that his naturally feeble health was frequently in danger; and the chief care of his affectionate parent was not to excite his ardour, but to restrain it. "All you want at present," he writes to him on one occasion, "is quiet; with this, if your ardour ἀζιστεύειν can be kept in till you are stronger, you will make noise enough. How happy the task, my noble amiable boy, to caution you *only against pursuing too much* all those liberal and praiseworthy things, to which less happy natures are to be perpetually spurred and driven! I will not tease you with too long a letter in favour of *inaction* and a competent *stupidity*, your best tutors and companions at present. You

have time to spare; consider there is but the Encyclopædia, and when you have mastered all that, what will remain? You will want, like Alexander, another world to conquer."

This excellent father he lost in 1778; a circumstance which, to a less sound and steady mind, might have proved of fatal consequence. But Mr. Pitt, in his nineteenth year, was equal to the guidance of himself; his plan of life had already been chalked out for him; and he possessed the qualifications necessary for pursuing it with success. Intended for the bar and the senate, he busied himself unweariedly in preparing for the duties of both. After quitting the university, and spending a winter at Rheims in France, having completed his terms at Lincoln's Inn, he was made a counsellor in 1780, whenever he became of age. In the ensuing western circuit, he followed the court, and appeared in several minor causes with great approbation. But brighter prospects opened to him elsewhere; he never made another journey of this kind. The parliament being dissolved in the autumn of the same year, he started as a candidate for the university of Cambridge. Here, indeed, he was unsuccessful; the interest of his competitors appeared so decidedly superior, that he withdrew without coming to a poll; but a few months afterwards, the interest of Sir James Lowther procured him a seat for the borough of Appleby, and he took his place accordingly, in January 1781.

In this scene of his father's early triumphs, Mr. Pitt was destined to secure as brilliant triumphs at an age still earlier. He had not yet completed his twenty-second year; and, in a few weeks, his talents had forced their way into notice, in spite of all the claims of the many distinguished orators who at that time swayed the House of Commons. His first speech was during the debate on Mr. Burke's bill for an economical reform in the civil list. He is said to have been in some degree surprised into speaking; but the appearance he made indicated no such want of preparation. Mr. Byng, the member for Middlesex, knowing the sentiments of Mr.

Pitt to be decidedly in favour of the bill, had requested him to reply to Lord Nugent, at that moment addressing the House in opposition to it. Mr. Pitt gave his friend a dubious answer, which was construed into an assent, and the notice of it was circulated round in whispers. In the interim, however, he had come to the resolution *not* to rise; and it would have agitated a man of less self-possession to notice, that when Lord Nugent sat down, a universal pause ensued, and then a loud call from various quarters of the House for "Mr. Pitt." He stood up in consequence: his last biographer thus describes what followed, "Though really not intending to speak, he was from the beginning collected and unembarrassed; he argued strongly in favour of the bill, and noticed all the objections which had been urged by the Noble Lord who immediately preceded him in the debate, in a manner which greatly astonished all who heard him. Never were higher expectations formed of any person upon his first coming into Parliament, and never were expectations more completely answered. They were indeed much more than answered: such were the fluency and accuracy of language, such the perspicuity of arrangement, and such the closeness of reasoning, and manly and dignified elocution —generally, even in a much less degree, the fruits of long habit and experience—that it could scarcely be believed to be the first speech of a young man not yet two-and-twenty." Mr. Pitt spoke only thrice during this session; but he acquitted himself so well, as, before the end of it, to secure the reputation of a most able orator, from the best judges, of his time. One of Mr. Fox's friends, about this period, observed to him, that Mr. Pitt promised to be one of the first speakers ever heard in the House of Commons; to which Mr. Fox instantly replied, "He is so already." A still warmer tribute of applause was paid him not long after, by Mr. Dunning: "Almost all the sentiments," he said, "which he had collected in his own mind on the subject (the misconduct of our naval affairs), had vanished away like a dream,

on the bursting forth of a torrent of eloquence, from the greatest prodigy that ever was seen in this, or perhaps in any other country—an honourable gentleman possessing the full vigour of youth, united with the experience and wisdom of the maturest age."

The removal of Lord North and his adherents might have opened the way for Mr. Pitt's admission into office. The Rockingham party, anxious to appropriate the benefits of his eloquence, had even offered him the vice-treasurership of Ireland, a place of some consequence formerly held by his father. But Mr. Pitt, with a consciousness of great abilities, which succeeding events amply justified, had made up his mind from the first to accept of no situation which did not give him a place in the cabinet. He therefore refused this offer, though he continued to support the measures of the ministry, whose liberal system of government was naturally accordant with the principles of a son and pupil of the great Chatham. About this time, also, he brought forward the famous question of *Parliamentary Reform.* It appears that about that period he had felt a considerable interest in this important subject; he had encouraged the combinations formed in various parts of the kingdom in favour of it, and had himself sat as a delegate at a meeting convened in Westminster for this express purpose. He supported the same cause with great eloquence in his place in parliament. His motion (May 1782) "for a committee to inquire into the state of the representation in parliament, and to report to the House their observations thereon," was lost by a majority of twenty; he again spoke earnestly in favour of reform in 1783; and, lastly, while a minister, in 1785, he presented a specific plan for effecting this object, which also was rejected. These proceedings were long afterwards contrasted with his subsequent proceedings in the same matter, and much loud accusation was drawn from the comparison.

By the Marquis of Rockingham's death, Lord Shelburne became prime minister; and Mr. Pitt was associated with

him as chancellor of the exchequer, in June 1782. The task which devolved on him was one of great difficulty. Lord Shelburne's elevation had converted several of his friends into bitter enemies: his peace with America and France was at best but a humiliating affair; and the whole charge of managing the House of Commons was intrusted to Mr. Pitt. Scarcely arrived at the age of twenty-three, he had thus to make head against the most formidable opposition. Lord North was still in his place, with ability or extent of connection undiminished; and the hostility of Mr. Fox, who had left the ministry at Rockingham's death, was at once strong and implacable. The quarrel of Lord Shelburne and Mr. Fox is a well-known event; the mode in which the latter sought for justice or revenge, is also well known, and very diversely judged of. We need only at present remark, that the combination of Lord North and Mr. Fox overpowered the new and unstable minister: he was compelled to resign, and Mr. Pitt went out with him, in the beginning of 1783. Prior to this event, we are told, a reconciliation had been attempted. "Neither Mr. Pitt nor Lord Shelburne," says the Bishop of Winchester, "saw any reason why they should not act with Mr. Fox. It was therefore agreed that an offer should be made to him to return to office, for which purpose Mr. Pitt waited upon him by appointment. As soon as Mr. Fox heard the object of Mr. Pitt's visit, he asked whether it was intended that Lord Shelburne should remain first lord of the treasury; to which Mr. Pitt answered in the affirmative. Mr. Fox immediately replied, that it was impossible for him to belong to any administration of which Lord Shelburne was the head. Mr. Pitt observed, that if such was his determination, it would be useless for him to enter into any farther discussion, "as he did not come to betray Lord Shelburne"; and he took his leave. This was, I believe, the last time Mr. Pitt was in a private room with Mr. Fox; and, from this period, may be dated that political hostility which continued through the

remainder of their lives." The same feeling of integrity towards his colleague, induced Mr. Pitt respectfully to decline the offer of succeeding him, which the king condescended to make him in person. He again would not "betray Lord Shelburne"; and, under the Duke of Portland, the united party of Lord North and Mr. Fox came into office in their stead.

This famous Coalition Ministry was offensive at once to the king and to a great portion of the country. Mr. Fox's share in it was entirely approved of by none but his very warmest partisans. Mr. Pitt, though he was of those who thought it "monstrous, in the ardent defender of the people's rights, to unite with the lofty assertor of the prerogative," yet pledged himself not systematically to oppose their measures. They had his support on more than one occasion; but, on the first motion of Mr. Fox's celebrated India bill, he expressed his unqualified dissent from it, and resisted it in all its stages. We need hardly mention the fate of this bill; it was pushed through the House of Commons by overpowering majorities; but the king took the alarm at the great and permanent accession of influence which it seemed to confer on the ministers; Lord Temple made known his Majesty's feelings, and the bill was thrown out in the House of Lords. Mr. Fox and his colleagues were, in consequence, displaced.

The prospects of a prime minister at this juncture were far from inviting: the highest talents in the country, supported by the most powerful parliamentary interest, and embittered by defeat, were like to be arrayed against him; he could have nothing to rely on but the king's favour and his own abilities. Mr. Pitt, however, did not hesitate to accept this office; he was appointed first lord of the treasury, and chancellor of the exchequer, in December 1783. The appalling state of matters soon became apparent. The new minister's India bill was rejected by a majority of 222 to 214; and a similar fate attended all the subsequent motions on which he divided the house. Nevertheless, Mr. Pitt stood

his ground. Strong in the favour of the king, in the consciousness of his own abilities, and firmly believing in the goodness of his cause, he exerted himself with the most extraordinary diligence to vanquish the opposition made to him, and fix himself securely in the confidence of the nation at large. In this contest, the versatility of his talents, the dexterity of his argumentation, the sharpness of his sarcasm, the ingenuity of all his measures, were not less wonderful than the firmness of mind, which prompted him at an age so early, to encounter, single-handed, some of the most formidable obstacles that ever minister had to strive with. By dint of unwearied exertions, he at length succeeded in reducing the majority which supported his opponents, to a single voice; and, finally, in drawing over that voice also to his own side. Having prospered so far, and what was more important, having now, as he thought, convinced the public of the rectitude of his measures, he determined to appeal more immediately to the general sense of the nation, and the parliament was dissolved in March 1784. The new election justified his hopes; there was now a decided majority in his favour; his India bill passed, and he became prime minister in substance as well as form. He had earned his power with difficulty, and he kept it steadfastly. For the next seventeen years he was constantly in office.

His conduct during this long administration was marked by great caution and skill; and, for a considerable period, by the almost universal approbation of the country. The few faults found with it indicated how completely he had mastered the failings most likely to beset him. It was not the ardour of youth, its passion for dazzling schemes, or the indiscriminate zeal for splendid improvements, natural to one who had already declared himself so warmly in their favour, that were blamed; it was rather a circumspectness, bordering on jealousy, a reverence for existing institutions, a coldness or hostility to innovation, which looked like political apostasy in the once powerful advocate for reform; the errors, in

short, of an old and narrow-minded statesman, not of a young and highly-gifted one. If these features of his public character gave little testimony as to the extent of his enthusiasm, or the warmth of his feelings, they indicated favourably respecting his prudence and the clearness of his judgment. Mr. Pitt had still a strong, though no longer a triumphant opposition to encounter in parliament; the public confidence was yet but partially merited; and it seemed good policy to avoid all extraordinary movements which might expose him to misrepresentations, or put his still wavering stability in danger. Accordingly, though continuing to patronise the principles of freedom and liberality, which he had at first announced, he abstained from making any of them what are called cabinet questions; he spoke and voted in their favour, but did little more. He no longer took a lead among their abettors; some of them he came at last resolutely to oppose. The friends of parliamentary reform expected, that now, when the power was in his hands, the schemes he had twice proposed were at length to be realised; but his motion for this purpose, in 1785, having, as we mentioned already, been rejected in the House of Commons, he never more recurred to the subject, except as a decided opponent of those who pushed it forward. His conduct underwent censures on this head; they were augmented by his opposition to the repeal of the test act—a piece of management which many stigmatised as a homage done to bigotry and popular prejudice, unworthy of the son of Chatham. The same party who blamed him for his indifference to the cause of improvement at home, also blamed him for the minute jealousy of his conduct with foreign powers. His disputes with Catharine of Russia about the fortress of Orchakow, and with Spain about the fur-trade of Nootka Sound, were exclaimed against as trifles which he was magnifying into causes of war. With the great body of the nation, however, he was still a decided favourite; they forgot these alleged blemishes in his character, or reckoned them as beauties, while they felt the substantial

good he was effecting in many departments of domestic policy, and participated in the steady prosperity which the country enjoyed under his administration. The improvements he had made in collecting the revenue, his plans for preventing contraband trade, his general skill as a financier, were universally applauded. The probity and zeal with which he served the public had gradually secured him its confidence; and his admirable talents for debate, the unrivalled clearness of his expositions, the sagacity of his management, enabled him to influence, in the requisite degree, the deliberations of parliament, and verified, in the common opinion, the high expectations at first entertained of him. His ministry, if not brilliant, had hitherto been fortunate; a few disappointed reformers might murmur, but the voice of the country was yet with him.

The king also had long cordially approved of his measures; and the conduct of Mr. Pitt, during the famous regency question, is said greatly to have strengthened this sentiment. In 1788, his majesty was seized with the first attack of that awful malady, under which his days were destined to close; the head of the government was declared to be incapable of discharging his functions; and the mode of supplying his place became an object of keen discussion, involving some of the most dubious principles of the constitution, and quickened by hopes and fears which had no reference to the general question. As the Prince of Wales then favoured the Whig party, it was their interest to have him appointed regent with as few limitations as possible; Mr. Pitt's, on the contrary, with as many. The prevailing opinion appeared to sanction the views of the latter. Mr. Fox, in maintaining that the unrestricted regency should devolve on the heir-apparent independently of the two Houses of Parliament, was accused of forsaking those maxims of popular right which it had been the great object of his public life to support. During the discussion Mr. Pitt was countenanced by numerous addresses from various parts of the kingdom, and at length succeeded in passing a bill of

such a kind as he desired. His majesty's recovery happily rendered this superfluous; but the minister's prudence and firmness were rewarded by an increase of confidence from his former adherents, and particularly from the master whose interests he watched over with such care.

Hitherto Mr. Pitt had proceeded without violent opposition, so as to gain the toleration of all ranks, and the warm applauses of many. But the next great event in which he took a share, while it united him more closely to his own party, made an irreparable breach between him and those who adopted the contrary side. In 1789 the French Revolution broke out, convulsing all Europe by its explosion; and it became a momentous question to determine what measures England should follow in a crisis so terrible. For the arbitrary monarchs of the Continent, it was natural to view with horror and aversion this formidable display of democratic principles: Was Great Britain to join in their league against the dishonoured cause of freedom, to check the disseminators of such doctrines by coercion and punishment at home and abroad; or, standing aloof from the contest, to guard her own internal quiet, and study to promote her own interest, by the favourable conjunctures of a struggle, which she might contemplate without mixing in it? The latter was in part the opinion of one class, at the head of which was Mr. Fox; the former was the plan adopted by Mr. Pitt. He embarked with great zeal in the continental war of 1792; and Britain became involved in that quarrel, the disasters of which overspread Europe with misery for five-and-twenty years. The commencement was eminently unsuccessful; the allied armies were defeated in every direction; the voice of discontent grew clamorous at home; commercial distress pressed heavy on the country; reformers came forward with wild and dangerous schemes, which the government met by treatment of unexampled severity. The *habeas corpus* act was suspended, and political prosecutions multiplied without end. The events of the war continued to be unfortunate abroad; and at length

a bloody rebellion broke out at home. Mr. Pitt's conduct in this universal commotion deserved the praise of steadfastness at least; he persevered in his resolution amid every difficulty; he strained every nerve to strike an effective blow at France; he met the danger of national bankruptcy by the suspension of cash payments; he prosecuted reformers; he quelled the rebellion in Ireland, and united that kingdom to our own. For these exertions he was by many venerated as the saviour of the British constitution; by a few he was almost execrated as its destroyer. One party fondly named him "the pilot that weathered the storm"; another reckoned that the "storm" was yet far from being "weathered." Agitated and tired by these incessant conflicts, he must have viewed as a kind of relief his retirement from office, which took place in 1801. Various reasons have been assigned for this step: some say it was by reason of differences with the king in regard to the proper mode of treating the Irish Catholics; others assert that, being hopeless of making any peace with France, at all suitable to the high tone with which he had begun the war, he was willing to leave to others the ungracious task of completing this unprosperous enterprise. He was succeeded by Mr. Addington, afterwards Lord Sidmouth.

That both causes had some influence in his resignation was rendered probable by the line of conduct which Mr. Pitt pursued when out of office. He justified the peace of Amiens in his place in Parliament; but, in various important points, he voted with the opposition. This peace was of short duration; a new war was declared, and the existing ministry being found inadequate for the support of it, Mr. Pitt was again called to the supreme charge in 1804. He formed a cabinet by introducing several of his own friends, and retaining many of those already in place. His own station, as formerly, was that of first lord of the treasury.

Mr. Pitt was now to become a war minister in earnest; he prepared himself for the most vigorous efforts to acquire the same reputation in this new department of public service, as

he had before acquired in that of finance. By his exertions, Russia and Austria entered into a new confederacy against France,—which, it was at last hoped, these two formidable powers would succeed in reducing to subjection. The battle of Austerlitz put an end to such expectations. Mr. Pitt's plans again became abortive; he was again beset with difficulties; and the state of his health rendered this stroke of misfortune peculiarly severe. The news of the French victory found him at Bath, to which he had been forced to retire in the end of 1805. His disorder originated in a tendency to gout, which he inherited from his father, and which his own anxious and over-laboured life, as well as his somewhat exuberant convivial habits, had of course strengthened rather than abated. The Bath waters gave him no permanent relief; and in the beginning of January he returned to his villa at Putney, in a very weak state. Still his physicians saw no cause for immediate alarm; but, before the twentieth of the month, various apprehensions were entertained for him, and a few hours of that day converted these apprehensions into mournful certainty. A short while previous to his decease, Dr. Tomline, then bishop of Lincoln, who watched affectionately over his illness, communicated to him the unfavourable opinion of Sir Walter Farquhar, his medical attendant. Mr. Pitt inquired of Sir Walter, who then stood beside his bed, "How long do you think I have to live?" The physician expressed a faint hope that he would recover; a languid smile on the patient's countenance showed that he understood the reply. When the bishop requested leave to pray with him, he answered, "I fear I have, like too many other men, neglected prayer too much to have any hope that it can be efficacious on a deathbed; but," added he, making an effort to rise as he spoke, "I throw myself entirely on the mercy of God." He then joined in the exercises of devotion with much apparent meekness and humility. Of his death he spoke with calmness; arranged the settlement of his private concerns, and recommended his nieces to the gratitude of the

nation; "I could wish," he said, "a thousand or fifteen hundred a-year to be given them, if the public should think my long services deserving of it." He died about four o'clock on the morning of the 23d of January 1806, in the 47th year of his age. The parliament decreed him the honours of a public funeral, and granted the sum of 40,000*l.* to discharge his debts. A monument was afterwards erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey; and similar testimonies of the public feeling are to be met with in various quarters of the kingdom. His death, so unexpected, and at so gloomy a period, was deeply regretted at home, and created a strong sensation over all Europe.

Of his character it is difficult to speak so as to escape contradiction; he passed his life in contests, and their influence extends beyond his grave. In his private relations it is universally admitted, that, under a cold and rather haughty exterior, he bore a mind of great amiableness and sterling worth. The enthusiasm with which his intimate friends regarded him gives proof of this. "With a manner somewhat reserved and distant," says Mr. Rose, "in what might be termed his public deportment, no man was ever better qualified to gain, or more successful in fixing, the attachment of his friends than Mr. Pitt. They saw all the powerful energies of his character softened into the most perfect complacency and sweetness of disposition, in the circles of private life; the pleasures of which no one more cheerfully enjoyed, or more agreeably promoted, when the paramount duties he conceived himself to owe to the public admitted of his mixing in them. That indignant severity with which he met and subdued what he considered unfounded opposition; that keenness of sarcasm with which he expelled and withered, as it might be said, the powers of most of his assailants in debate, were exchanged, in the society of his intimate friends, for a kindness of heart, a gentleness of demeanour, and a playfulness of good humour, which no one ever witnessed without interest, or participated without delight."

His merits as a public man are yet a matter of vehement discussion, and bid fair long to continue so. That he was a powerful speaker—unrivalled for the choice of his words, the lucid arrangement of his statements, the address and ingenuity of his arguments—appears to be universally granted. That he was a skilful financier—distinguished for the sagacity of his plans and the diligence with which he reduced them to practice—appears also to be granted, though less universally. But with regard to the wisdom of his foreign and domestic policy, there is no unanimity of opinion even among those best qualified to judge him. His friends have exalted his merits to the highest pitch of human excellence; his enemies have represented him as destitute of great ideas, a narrow seeker of temporary expedients, who sacrificed the cause of freedom to a love of place and kingly favour. No doubt there is much exaggeration in this. The change of his political sentiments after his accession to authority is certainly a circumstance unfavourable to his general reputation; but the impartial observer will hesitate before adopting so mournful a solution of it. In this world of vicissitudes, it is not necessarily owing to unsoundness of moral principle that the opinions of our first age cease to be those of our last. Mr. Pitt, in his twenty-fourth year, arrived at the highest station which a subject can hope for, without any violation of sincerity; it was natural that he should look on the business of reform with very different eyes when he viewed it as a minister and as a popular orator—on the side of its benefits and on the side of its inconveniences; that, as he gradually accustomed himself to the exercise of power, and grew in years, and influence, and strength of habits, the ardent innovator should pass by degrees into the wary minister, for whom the machine of government was less a thing to beautify and improve than to keep moving with steadiness and quiet. There seems no need for more sinister imputations in all this; and Mr. Pitt's general conduct proved too well the independence of his mind to admit of such being formed. His treatment of Lord Shel-

burne, the total inattention he uniformly showed to personal profit or aggrandisement, should acquit him of such charges. When the jarrings of Whig and Tory have given place to other causes of discord, as they succeeded others, a distant posterity will join the names of Pitt, and his rival Fox, to the names of the Chathams, the Oxenstierns, the Colberts, and other great statesmen of Europe; it will be for the same posterity to decide what rank they shall occupy in that august series—to trace with clearness the influence due to their actions, and assign to each the proper share of gratitude or blame.—*See Gifford's Life of Pitt*, *Tomline's Life*, etc. etc. etc.

CRUTHERS AND JONSON; OR, THE OUTSKIRTS OF LIFE[1]

A TRUE STORY

What feeling of our nature is so universally approved, as that of Friendship? Unlike all others, it appears to be capable of no excess, and to unite every suffrage in its favour: the more vehement, the more enthusiastic it is, we applaud it the more; and men of all climes and habitudes, the saint, the savage, and the sage, unite in our applauses. It is, in fact, the great balsam of existence, "the brook that runneth by the way," out of which the wearied sons of Adam may all drink comfort and refreshment to nerve them in the toils of life's parched and dusty journey. It communicates a dignity and calm beauty to the humblest lot; and without it the loftiest is but a shining desert.

I myself like friendship as well as any man likes it, and I feel a pleasure in reflecting that the story I am now to write will afford one well authenticated instance of that noble sentiment. Not that by this remark I mean to excite unfounded expectation, nor that I have aught very marvellous to say either about passions of the mind or exploits displaying them. I have, in truth, no moving tragedy to set forth; no deed of heroism or high adventure; nothing of your Pythias and Damon, your Theseus and Pirithous. My heroes were not kings of Athens or Children of the Cloud; but honest Lairds of Annandale. They never braved the rage of Dionysius dooming them to die, never went down to Hades

[1] *Fraser's Magazine*, January 1831.

that they might flirt with Proserpine, or slaughter the mastiff Cerberus: yet they were true men "in their own humble way"; men tried in good and evil hap, and not found wanting; their history seems curious enough, if I can tell it rightly, to deserve some three minutes of attention from an idle man; especially in times so stupid and prosaic as these; times of monotony and safety, and matter of fact, where affections are measured by the tale of guineas, where people's fortunes are exalted, and their purposes achieved by the force, not of the arm or of the heart; but of the spinning-jenny and the steam-engine. I proceed with my narrative.

In the early part of the last century, the parish school-house of Hoddam, a low squat building by the Edinburgh highway side, could number among its daily visitants two boys of the names of Cruthers and Jonson, who at first agreed in nothing, except in the firm determination shown by each to admit of no superior. Such a principle, maintained by one individual, might possibly have led to very pleasing results, in so far as that one was concerned: maintained by two, it led to nothing but broils and bickerings, hard words and harder blows. Without end or number were their squabbles. In every feat of scholarship or mischief, whether it were to expound the venerable Dilworth's system of arithmetic within doors, or to work some devilry without; to lead the rival gangs of "English men and Scots," to clank the old kirk-bell, or venture on the highest and brittlest boughs of the ash-trees and yews that grew around, still these two were violent competitors, and by their striving far outstript the rest. Frequently, of course, they came to sparring, in which they would exhibit all the energy and animation of Entellus and Dares, or even of Molyneux and Crib. The boy Cruthers was decidedly the better boxer; he was stronger than Jonson, could beat him whenever he chose; and in time came to choose it very often. Jonson had more of the Socratic than of the Stoic philosopher in his turn of mind: he could

not say "thou mayest beat the case of Jonson—himself thou canst not reach"; on the contrary, he felt too clearly that himself was reached, and as all his attempts to remedy the evil but made it worse, the exasperation of his little heart was extreme. On one occasion, when the fortune of battle had again declared against him, and Cruthers was thrashing his outward man with more than usual vigour, poor Jonson started from his grasp all covered with bruises, and clenching his fist in the face of his enemy, he swore, with the tears streaming from his eyes, and in a voice half-choked by sobs, that before the sun went down Cruthers should rue this. So threatening he went away.

It was morning when this occurred, and the comments on it did not cease till the arrival of the redoubted Mr. Scroggs, the gaunt and sallow-visaged Dominie, in whose presence all jarring passions died into a timid calm. I know not what feelings Cruthers had while the hours rolled on, or whether he had any; but apparently they were forgotten, when, at midday, Jonson's absence had not been inquired into, and the hot cabin vomited forth its exulting population to frolic their gamesome hour beneath the clear summer sky. Of the boys, some arranged themselves for pitch-and-toss, some preferred marbles, others shinty; the girls produced their skipping-ropes, or set to pile their bits of crockery into a "dresser"; in short the whole "green" was swarming with a noisy throng of little men and little women, all bustling because each corner of the earth was yet full of motives to allure them; all happy because they had not yet been smitten with the curse of passions or the malady of thought. The grim carrier, as he drove his groaning wain past them, and trailed his own weary limbs over the burnt highway along with it, wondered why the deuce they did not go to sleep when they could get it done. The laird himself, as he whirled by in a cloud of dust, with his steeds, his beef-eaters, and his paraphernalia, looked out from his yellow chariot upon them, then within upon his own sick and sated soul, and would have

cursed the merry brats, had he not consoled himself by recollecting that, in a few years, want, and hardship, and folly, would make them all as wretched as plenty, and pleasure, and folly had made him. In fact, it was a scene which Mr. Wordsworth would have gone some miles to see; would have whined over for a considerable time; and most likely would have written a sonnet or two upon.

But nothing earthly is destined to continue: the flight of a given number of minutes would have put an end to all this revelry at any rate; an unexpected incident put an end to it more effectually and sooner. The game was at the hottest; chuck-farthing waxed more interesting every moment, rope-skipping was become a rage, shinties were flying in fragments, shins were being broken, all was tumult, happiness, and hurly-burly, when all at once the vanquished Jonson appeared upon the Green, with a fierce though sedate look upon his countenance, and what was worse—a large horse-pistol in his hand! All paused at sight of him; the younger boys and all the girls uttered a short shrill shriek, and Cruthers grew as pale as milk. What might have been the issue is uncertain, for the sudden silence and the short shriek had in them something strange enough to alarm the vigilance of Mr. Scroggs—busy at the time within doors, expounding to the Ecclefechan exciseman some more abstruse departments of the mystery of gauging. Throwing down his text-book, that invaluable compend, the *Young Man's Best Companion*, he forthwith sallied from his noon-tide privacy, and solemnly inquired what *was* the matter. The matter was investigated, the pistol given up, and after infinite higgling the truth flashed out as clear as day. The Dominie's jaw sank a considerable fraction of an ell; his colour went and came; he said, with a hollow tone, "The Lord be near us!" and sat down upon a stone by the wall-side, clasping his temples with both his hands, and then stooping till he grasped the whole firmly between his knees, to try if he could possibly determine what was to be done in this strange business. He

spoke not for the space of three minutes and a half; the whole meeting was silent except for whispers; the rivals did not even whisper.

By degrees, however, when the first whirl of terror and confusion had a little subsided, the dim outlines of the correct decision began to dawn upon the bewildered soul of Mr. Scroggs. He saw that one of the boys must leave him: the only question now was which. He knew that Cruthers's father was a staunch yeoman, Laird of Breconhill, which he ploughed indeed with his own hands—but in a way that made him well to pass in money matters, that enabled him on Sundays to ride forth upon a stout sleek nag, to pay his way on all occasions, and to fear no man. He knew at the same time that Jonson's father was likewise a Laird, and one that disdained to plough; but also that though his rank was higher, his purse was longer in the neck; that, in short, Knockhill was but a spendthrift; that he loved to hunt and gamble; and that his annual consumpt of whisky was very great. Mr. Scroggs was a gentleman that knew the world; he had learned to calculate the power of men and their various influences upon himself and the public; he felt the full force of that beautiful proposition in arithmetic, that one and one make two; he at length made up his mind. "You, Jonson," said he, rising gradually, "you have broken the peace of the school; you have been a quarrelsome fellow, and when Cruthers got the better of you, in place of yielding or complaining to me, you have gone home privily and procured fire-arms, with intent, as I conceive, to murder, or at least mortally affright, a fellow Christian, an honest man's child; which, by the law of Moses, as you find in the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, and also by various Acts of Parliament, is a very heinous crime: you likewise owe me two quarters of school-wages, which I do not expect you will ever pay; you cannot be here any longer. Go your ways, sirrah, and may all that 's ill among us go with you!"

Apparently this most frank statement, excited no very

definite idea in Jonson's mind; at least he stood motionless on hearing it, his eyes fixed and tearless, his teeth clenched, his nostrils dilated, all his frame displaying symptoms of some inward agony by which his little mind was torn, but indicating no settled purpose of acting either this way or that. Most persons would have pitied him; but Mr. Scroggs was free from that infirmity: he had felt no pity during many years for any but himself. Cruthers was younger and more generous: touched to the quick at his adversary's forlorn situation, he stepped forward and bravely signified that himself was equally to blame, promising, moreover, that if the past could be forgiven, he would so live with Jonson as to give no cause for censure in the future. "Let us both stay," he said, "and we will never quarrel more." Tears burst from Jonson's eyes at this unexpected proposal; the Dominie himself, surprised and pleased, inquired if he was willing to stand by it; for answer he stretched out his hand and grasped that of Cruthers in silence. "Well! blessed are the peacemakers," observed Mr. Scroggs, "blessed indeed,—see that it be so—see that, etc. etc. Boys," continued he, "this is a braw business certainly; these two callants (gallants) have done very manfully—hem!—you shall have this afternoon in holiday to—." A universal squeal returned him loud and shrill acclaim; the sun-burnt urchins capered, pranced, and shouted; in their souls they blessed the two rivals, danced round them for a few minutes, then darted off by a hundred different paths; while the Dominie, with his raw-boned pupil, Mr. Candlewick, the gauger, returned to their studies, with fresh alacrity.

Not so Cruthers and Jonson. They were left together, glad as any other pair, but with a more serious gladness. They were not in haste to go home, having much to tell each other. Two grown-up persons would have felt very awkward in their place; would have hemm'd and haw'd, and said a great many insipidities, attempting, perhaps honestly, to break the ice of ceremony, but in vain—sincerely desirous to

be reconciled, yet obliged to part chagrined and baffled, and praying mutually that they might never meet again. The boys managed better. In a moment they got over head and ears in each other's confidence; proposed an afternoon's nesting together; strolled over the green fields and copses, recapitulating all the while their former feuds and conflicts, each taking the whole blame upon himself—communicating, too, their little hopes and projects, admiring each other heartily, and feeling the pleasure of talking increase every moment. Wearied, at length, by wandering in many a shady dingle, many a sunny holm, they sat down upon a bright green hillock, in the midst of what is now called the Duke's Meadow, and agreed that it would soon be time to part.

It was a lovely evening, as I have been told, and the place itself is not without some charms. Around them lay an undulating tract of green country, sprinkled with trees and white cottages, hanging on the sunny sides of the declivities. Cattle lowing afar off in the closes; ploughmen driving home their wearied teams; and columns of blue peat-smoke, rising from every chimney within sight, gave notice that the goodwives were cooking their husbands' frugal supper. In front, the Annan rolled to the eastward, with a full and clear current, a shrill, quiet, rushing tone, through woods of beech and sycamore, all glancing and twinkling in the evening sheen. On the left rose Woodcockair, to which the rook was making wing, and Repentance Hill, with its old Border watch-tower, now inhabited by ghosts and pigeons; while to the right, and far away, the great red disc of the sun, among its curtains of flaming cloud, was hanging over the shoulder of Criffel, and casting a yellow, golden light athwart the whole frith of Solway; on the other side of which, St. Bees' Head, with all the merry ports and granges of Cumberland, swelled gradually up into the hills, where Skiddaw, and Helvellyn, and a thousand nameless peaks, towered away into the azure vault, and shone as if they had been something far better than they were.

These boys were no poets. Indeed, except the author of Lagg's elegy and Macnay, whose ode, beginning with

> "A joiner lad has ta'en a trip
> Across the Atlantic in a ship,"

—(not a cart, or washing-tub, the usual method of conveyance)—has been much admired by the literary world, Annandale has had few poets of note, and no philosopher but "Henderson *On the Breeding of Swine*"; yet the beauty of such a scene, the calm, rich, reposing loveliness of nature, will penetrate into the dullest heart. These poor fellows felt its influence, though they knew it not; disposing them to peace and friendliness, and generous purposes, beyond the low rudeness of their customary way of life. They took each other's hands—the right in the right, the left in the left, crosswise, though they had no leaning to Popery—and there promised solemnly that they would ever be friends, would back each other out in every quarrel, assist each other in purse and person while they lived; and, to close all, they added a stipulation, that when one died, the other, if within seas at the time, should see his comrade quietly laid in earth, and their friendship, never broken in this world, consigned devoutly to the prospects of a better. It is not recorded, that any thunder was heard in the sky to ratify this vow—any flight of eagles to the right hand or to the left—or any flight of any thing—except, indeed, the flapping, staggering, hovering half-flight of an old and care-worn goose, busily engaged in hatching nine addle eggs by the side of a neighbouring brook, and just then issuing forth with much croaking, and hissing, and blustering—less, I fear, to solemnise their engagement, than to seek her evening ration, of which, at that particular date, she felt a strong and very urgent need. It were pity that no such prodigy occurred; for the promise was made in singular circumstances, and, what is stranger still, was faithfully observed. Cruthers and Jonson "never quarrelled more."

I lament exceedingly that my ambition of minuteness and fidelity has led me to spin out this history of half a solar day into a length so disproportionate. I lament still more, that the yawning of my readers warns me how needful it is to be more concise in future. I would willingly illustrate by examples, and otherwise dilate upon, the friendship of these two youths, having no brothers by relationship, but now more than brothers to each other. A multitude of battles fought side by side—of wild passages by flood and field—of pranks, and gallantry, and roysterings within doors and without, which the faithful records of tradition still keep note of, are rising on my fancy; but I must waive them all. Suffice it to conceive, that, through the usual course of joy and sorrow, of rustic business, rustic pleasure—now in sunshine, now in storm—the two striplings had expanded into men; had each succeeded to his father's inheritance; had each assumed the features of the character and fortune he was like to bear through life.

Cruthers looked upon himself as a fortunate person. He had found a thriving farm, a well-replenished purse, awaiting him; he possessed an active, hardy spirit, and "four strong bones"; and, having no rank to maintain, no man's humour but his own to gratify, he felt a certain sufficiency and well-providedness about him, out of which it was natural that a sort of careless independence and frank self-help should spring and find their nourishment. He was, in fact, a ruddy-faced, strong-limbed, large, good-natured, yet indomitable fellow. There was nothing of the lion in his aspect; yet if you had looked upon his broad Scotch countenance, bespeaking so much force, and shrewdness, and unwearied perseverance, the substantial snugness of his attire, the attitude of slow, unpretending fearlessness with which he bore himself—there was none you would have hesitated more to injure, none whose enmity and friendship would have seemed more strongly contrasted. He had lately married a buxom, nut-brown maid of the neighbourhood; had given up all his frolics, and

was now become a staid and solid yeoman. He speculated little upon what are called general subjects. He knew nothing of the "political relations of Europe," or the "balance of the British constitution"; but he understood the prices of grain and farm produce at all the markets of the county, and could predict the issue of Broughhill and St. Faith's cattle fairs with a spirit which resembled that of prophecy. He considered little what might be the foundation of morals, or the evidence for the immortality of the soul; but he paid his teinds duly, and went to church every Sunday. He loved his wife and dependants with a strong and honest, though a rude affection; and would have lent his friend a score or two of guineas as willingly as any man.

With Jonson again all this was different. Heir to a dilapidated fortune and a higher title, his first effort was to retrieve the one that he might support the other. Baffled in this laudable attempt, baffled after long and zealous perseverance, he experienced a chagrin, which but for the honest cordiality of his nature, would have made him a misanthropist. It grieved him to look upon the bright glades and meadows of Knockhill, to think that he had received them from a long line of ancestors, and most probably must transmit them to the auctioneer. He had aimed at many high adventurous objects; had meant to be a soldier, a man of the sea, or at least a rich and happy squire. He now saw himself condemned to be a nameless thing—perhaps a bankrupt and a beggar. These thoughts galled him sorely, they had vexed him to the very heart: yet what was to be done? Zeno would have counselled him to *suffer and abstain*; Jonson determined to do neither. Unprepared to meet and vanquish the spectre Care, he studied to avoid it: he hunted, rode, and visited; let debts and mortgages accumulate as they would; he talked, and trifled, and frolicked, studying to still uneasy thoughts by every method in his power. Yet unsuccessfully. He had a keen and sensitive, though volatile and gamesome mind within him; an active longing temper,

and an aimless life. It is hard to exist in quietness without a purpose; hard to cast away anticipation when you have nothing to hope; harder still when you have every thing to fear. Jonson could not keep himself at peace in idleness, and he had nought to do. It seemed probable that he would take to whisky, and the seduction of serving-maids at last, and men who looked upon him grieved at this. He was in truth a tall, stately, gallant-looking person as you could have seen; his dark thick locks, his smooth and mild yet proud and spirit-speaking face; his quick blue eyes, through which the soul "peeped wildly," speaking to the careless but of gaiety and wit, and young cheerfulness; but to others, speaking of a deep and silent pool of sorrow, over which mirth was playing only as a fitful sunbeam to gild, not to warm; all this inspired you at first sight with an interest in him, which his courteous, though quaint and jestful manners, his affectionate and generous temper, converted into permanent goodwill. He was accordingly a universal favourite; yet he lived unhappily as unprofitably; restless yet inactive; ever gay without; yet ever dreary, often dark within. His disposition and his fortune seemed quite at variance: men of prudence and worldly wisdom would shake their heads whenever you pronounced his name.

Such was the state of matters at the beginning of the memorable year 1745. It appears strange, that the conduct of Maria Theresa and the elector of Bavaria should have influenced the conduct of the Laird of Knockhill: yet so it was, for all things are hooked together in this world. Mathematicians say you cannot let your penknife drop without moving the entire solar system; and I have heard it proved by logicians, who distinguished strongly between what was imperceptible and what was null, that you could not tie your neckcloth well or ill, without in time communicating some impressions of it to all the generations of the world. So much for *causes and effects*; concerning which see the metaphysicians of Edinburgh, who have illuminated this matter,

in my humble opinion, with a philosophic precision for which the world cannot be too grateful. Jonson knew or cared nothing about metaphysics: but the echo of the Highland bagpipe screwing forth its wild tune, "Welcome Royal Charlie," was to him what the first red streak of the morning is to a man, who being unfortunately overtaken with liquor overnight, has wandered long, long through bogs and quagmires, and scraggy moors; and thought the day was not intending to break at all. Jonson was but half a Jacobite; but he was wholly sick of idleness. Beyond a kind of natural partiality for the descendant of his *own* kings—increased too and purified in his eyes by hereditary feelings, and the preference of a bold heroic character, like Charles Edward to the "lumpish thick-headed German Laird" whom they had made a sovereign of at London—he cared little about Guelf or Stewart: but he thought there would be cutting and slashing in abundance, before the thing was settled; he longed to put in his sickle in this stormy harvest, and to gather riches and renown, or fierce adventure and a speedy fate along with the rest. So he stored his purse with all the guineas he had in the world; put a few articles of dress in his saddle bags, a pair of pistols in the bow; begirt himself with an old Ferrara of his grandfather's, mounted his best horse, and arrived in Edinburgh the same day with Prince Charles.

No doubt the "modern Athens" showed a curious face on that occasion. Would that I might describe the look things had! the odd mixture of alarm, astonishment, inquisitiveness, and caution; the flight of Duncan Forbes and the public functionaries, with all their signets, mares, wigs, and rolls, tag-rag and bobtail; the burghers shutting up their shops and hastily secreting their goods and chattels; the rabble crowding every street, intent on witnessing the show, as they could lose nothing by it; the wild, rusty, withered red shanks of the mountains mingled with them, wonderstruck at the sight of slated houses, and men with clothes on, yet ever mindful of their need of *prog*—seeking snuff, and brim-

stone, and herrings, in tones which you would have supposed mere human organs incapable of uttering, but with looks which told their meaning well enough; horses, carts, and coaches rushing on; men, women, and children, gaping, gazing, wondering, hurrying; bugles, cannons, bagpipes, drums; tumult, uproar, and confusion worse confounded! But I must forbear dilating on these matters: it is enough for me that Jonson was received with pleasure as a volunteer; presented with the Prince's hand to kiss, and enrolled among his troop of horse, in which certainly there was no more hopeful cavalier to be discovered from one end to the other.

Jonson never liked to speak much about Prestonpans: he felt a natural reserve on that point. Once or twice, however, he was known to compare notes on the affair with the Ecclefechan barber, a long-necked, purse-mouthed, tall, thin lath of a man, who had been there also as a private soldier on the other side. The barber candidly admitted, that he knew little of the matter: he was aroused from his grassy bed, early in a cold raw morning by a furious shriek of the Highlanders, and a desire from his own sergeant (accompanied by a kick on the side), that he would "stand to his arms"; which he, though little zealous in the cause, yet making shift to gather his long spider limbs together, did at length accomplish; he fired twice, though without taking aim, indeed the second time without loading: being a good deal struck by the grandeur of the scene, and the whirling and screaming of the Celts on that side; but looking round to see what was going on in the rear, he clearly discerned across the open space his beloved general, galloping as fast as four feet could carry him, in the direction not of the rebels but of Dunbar, and right against the wind as it seemed, for his tie wig with all its tails, and bobs, and tassels, was to be seen floating out behind him with a most free expansion of all its parts. Whereupon the barber, mindful of the precept he had learned at school, *militum est suo duci parere*, followed after his commanding officer, to get orders, I suppose, throw-

ing down his gun that he might go the faster. They talked of hanging or shooting him for this afterwards; but fate was kinder to him than he thought: he returned unhurt to his own country, where he brayed out church-music every Sunday, and shaved or flayed some hundred sandy beards every Saturday for many years.

Jonson on the other hand declared, that it was rather frightful, but *very* grand to see the fire of the red coats rolling and flashing through the grey dawn: the first volley killed his right-hand man; and the whole mass stood so compactly, and seemed to act so simultaneously, it was almost like some immense fiery serpent of the nether abyss, spitting forth a quick destruction in the faces of all who approached it. But he soon lost heed of it: the irregular shots and volleys bursting from his own party, the scream of a hundred bagpipes between-whiles, the tramp of horse and foot, the jostling, crushing, shouting, yelling, soon made him mad as any of them; and he dashed against the enemy, in a sort of frenzy, forgetful of all moments and all places but the present. Of his deeds and sufferings in the fight he seldom spoke: but there is one incident which I learned from another quarter, and must not here omit. The Prince's or Pretender's cavalry being in the very hottest of the *mêlée*, came upon the volunteer troop of Glasgow fusiliers, which still maintained their ground, partly because they were too heavy for running well. The colonel of this gallant corps, mounted on a huge stalking Sleswick horse, and wrapt up in the folds of a large felt great-coat, rode out and struck about him furiously, not in the *etoccado* and *passado* way, but in circles and curves, to the right and to the left, above him and below, so that his iron seemed every where and no where; and had his strength continued, he might have beggared all attack, and formed a kind of living *cheval-de-frise*. His weapon struck Jonson on the head, with a force which assured the latter that his skull was fractured; whereupon aiming a dreadful blow at the manufacturer, he hewed off as it seemed a whole flank from

him, and sent his horse, on which he still stuck as if by miracle for a few seconds, to the remotest corner of the field. The Glasgow fusiliers set up a doleful cry, and then laid down their arms. Jonson did not fall, but found his hat had lost half the crown, and the whole right side of the brim; and the Glasgow colonel's left quarter proved to be in truth the left pocket and skirt of his felt great-coat, smitten off at the expense of his horse's ribs and of Jonson's blade, and found to enwrap in it three sandwiches, some five or six black puddings, one tobacco box, and a very superior flask of Antigua rum. The colonel lived long after, making muslin and drinking cold punch; but his surtout was rendered altogether useless, and his steed halted to its dying day.

Jonson proceeded with the left division of the Celts into England, where was much harrying and spoiling, much hardship inflicted and sustained; till, in the county of Derby, they turned their backs on London, and Jonson began to reckon himself a broken man. Some gloomy thoughts he had, no doubt, but there existed in his mind a native elasticity which kept him far from desponding: besides he was inured to suffering, had walked all his life in thorny ways; he found in active hardship, and bold though unsuccessful hazard even a kind of pleasure, when contrasted with the cold obstruction, the eating care under which he had pined so long already. At any rate he believed that dark reflection was a misery itself, that come what come might, a merry heart would meet it best. So he "took no thought for the morrow"; but laughed and jeered, and held along, telling his companions pleasant stories as they rode, enjoying good cheer whenever it came; which indeed was seldom, and comforting himself and others with the hopes of it, when it did not come. At Clifton Moor, his last sole faithful servant, his "gallant grey" sank down and bit the earth, by the bullet of an English carabine: Jonson would have hewed the thief that shot it into fragments, could he have found him; but he could not; so he walked onward to

Carlisle, with as much contentedness as he could muster. Here he found the Celts in very low spirits, all higgling about who should be left in the "garrison," as they called it. Each of them was willing to be hanged the last. Jonson volunteered immediately to stay: he liked not travelling on foot, and wished at any rate to see the end of the business as soon as might be. Four brick walls said to have been built by the worthy Prince *Luel*, in this his *caer*, or fortress, about the time of Solomon, King of Israel, four walls so old, and three venerable honey-combed guns, which but for the date of Swarz the Monk, might have looked equally old; the whole manned by some five-and-forty meagre, blear-eyed Highlandmen, without enough of powder, and destitute of snuff or whisky, could be expected to make no mighty stand against the Duke of Cumberland and his German engineers. Accordingly they did not. That mighty prince, so venerated for his clemencies in the north country, and after for his firmness of soul at Kloster-sieben, got cannon out of Whitehaven, and battered the old ugly brick-kiln of a castle on every side. Jonson, with a few of his comrades, thought to make some answer to these volleys, and stood flourishing their linstocks over their three loaded rusty pieces of artillery: but the issue proved unfortunate; one burst into fragments like a potsherd, knocking out an eye and breaking a leg of the ill-fated gunner; the other fired indeed, and sent a twelve-pound shot into the very heart of a neighbouring peat-stack, but sprang back from its carriage at the same instant, and overturning a spavined baggage-horse by the way, plunged far into the mud of the deep castle well, where it has never since been heard of; while Jonson's with a smaller effort fired also, but through the touch-hole, discharging not the ball, or even the wad, but a whirlwind of smoky flame, which seared and begrimed the bystanders, leaving Jonson himself unburnt certainly, but black as a raven and desperate of saving the place. So they yielded, as needs men must who cannot resist any longer: they beat the chamade duly, and before night

were all safely accommodated with cells in the donjon, there to await the decision of an English jury, and his Majesty's commission of oyer and terminer, which followed in the rear of the victors.

Jonson bore his imprisonment and the prospect of his death with fortitude. Weaker men than he have found means to compose themselves, and meet the extremity of fate without complaint. There seems, indeed, to be something in the idea of grim necessity, which silences repining; when you know that it *must* be, your sole resource is, *let* it be. Jonson had not read *Boethius de Consolatione Philosophiæ*, or either of Mr. Coleridge's *Lay Sermons*; but he had a frank and cheery spirit in him, and a stubborn will, and these were better. Of course he experienced a certain overshadowing of the soul, when they fettered him with irons, and first locked up his dungeon; some dreary yearnings when he thought of free skies and fields, and merry life; himself shut up the while, and never more to see the sun, except when it should light him to his doom. Solitude and silence gave birth to feelings still more painful. The visions of early hope again dawned in all their brightness, when the day of their fulfilment was cut off for ever. He felt it hard that one so young, so full of life should perish miserably; hard, with the fierce consciousness of what he might have done, might still do; hard, that the purposes, the powers, the boiling ardour of his soul, the strong cry of its anguish, should be smothered alike, and closed in by dead impediments which could not, could not be passed over. But what availed its hardness? Who would help him? Who would deliver? He almost wept when he thought of childish carelessness and sports, and the green sunny braes of his native Annandale, and of his mother; how she used to wrap him in his little bed at nights, and watch over him, and shield him from every danger. Gone now to the land of night and silence! and he, her luckless boy, clutched in the iron grasp of fate, to meet his stern doom, alone, unpitied, uncared for; the few true hearts that

still loved him, far away. And then, *to die*! to mingle with the gloomy ministers of the unseen world, whose nature he knew not, but whose shadowy manifestations he viewed with awe unspeakable! all this he thought of, and it was vain to think of it—vain to gaze and ponder over the abysses of eternity, the black and shoreless ocean into which he must soon be launched. No ray would strike across the scene—or only with a fitful glimmer which but made it ghastlier and more dubious; but showed it to be a place of dreariness and doubt, and haggard desolation, to which he must soon enter, and whence he would never return.

A prey to these and worse disquietudes, poor Jonson felt all the misery of his forlorn situation. Often he would sit for long hours immersed in thought, till he became almost unconscious of external things. By times he would stamp quickly and sternly across the damp pavement of his dungeon —by times he would pause, and, grasping his iron gyves, his countenance would darken with a scowl which spoke unutterable things. Of immeasurable agony it spoke. But of craven yielding to it, or of weak despair? No! he never yielded to it—never dreamt of yielding. What good was it to yield? To be self-despised—to be triumphed over—to be *pitied* of the scurvy rabble that watched him! This would have stung him worse than all. He could not make his heart insensible, or cleanse it of "that perilous stuff" which weighed upon it; but he could keep it *silent*, and his only consolation was in doing so. His spirit was strong and honest, if not stainless —his life had not been spent on down—he had long been learning to endure. So he locked up his thoughts, whatever they were, within himself—his own mind was the only witness of its conflicts. I know not if he doubted the motives of some ghostly comforters—some city clergy that came at first to visit him, and urge him to confession and repentance. Perhaps he had not faith sufficient in their nostrums— perhaps his Presbyterian prejudice was shocked at the prelatical formalities, the exceeding primness of these small

people—tripping in so gingerly, with their shovel-hats and silk hose, looking so precise and pragmatical—so very satisfied with their own precious lot and character. At any rate he would not trade with them; refused to come or go with them at all; he welcomed them and gave them leave with a thousand civilities, but said he meant to meet the issue on his own resources. The task was difficult, but he effected it. No paltry jailor, no little dapper parson ever saw a furrow on his countenance—ever imagined that he felt one twinge within. He talked as carelessly, and seemed to live as calmly, even gaily, as man could talk and live.

Thus Jonson passed his days till the Judges arrived, and the work of death began to proceed with vigour. Already many of his comrades had gone forth to Harribee, and bowed their necks beneath the axe of the headsman; when he, in his turn, was haled before the bar. Of the crowded court, some gloomed upon him; others pitied the tall and gallant fellow who was soon to lie so low; the most looked quietly on as at a scenic spectacle, which was very solemn and interesting—which might be hard for some of the actors, but nothing save a show for *them*. The guards escorted him—the men of law went through their formularies. At length the presiding Judge inquired, *what* he had to say why sentence should not pass against him? Jonson answered, that he had little or nothing to say; he believed he had broken their regulations—they had the upper hand at present, and he saw not why they should not work their will. He was accordingly condemned to lose his head within three days; and sent back to prison with many admonitions (which he received with great composure and civility), to prepare for his last removal.

How different was the state of Cruthers in the mean time. A stranger to all these scenes of peril and adventure, tilling the clayey acres of Breconhill, he cared not for the rise or fall of dynasties. He had never meddled for the Celtic rebels, or against them, with his will—had quietly seen their ragged gipsy host move over the Cowdens height within a furlong

of his door—had grumbled and cursed a little when their rear-guard stole three sheep from him—and heartily wished them at the devil when they seized upon himself as a man of substance that might benefit their cause, and carried him down with them to Ecclefechan, threatening to kill him if he would not join with them, or pay well for a dispensation. Whisky, the great solvent of nature, delivered him from this latter accident. He fairly drank five of them beneath the table of Curlie's change-house, and felled the remaining three to the earth, with a fist large as the head of an ox, and potent as the hammer of Thor; then sprang to the street—to the fields—to the moors—and ran like "the hind let loose," and never saw them more.

This storm blown over, Cruthers betook him to his usual avocations, and went out and came in as if there had been no rebellion in the land. He was planted by his clean hearth one evening, before a bright blazing fire, with his youngest boy upon his knee, the goodwife and her tidy maids all spinning meanwhile, "studious of household good," when a neighbour sauntered in, and told, by way of news, that "Knockhill" was tried and sentenced at Carlisle. The heart of Cruthers smote him; he had been too careless in the day of his friend's extreme need. He felt a coldness within when he remembered their youthful passages—their *promise*, and how it was to be fulfilled. He arose, and gave orders to have a horse ready for him by the earliest dawn. The goodwife attempted to dissuade him, by talk about difficulties, dangers, and so forth; but she persisted not—knowing that his will, once fairly spoken, was like the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not.—Next morning, by daybreak, he was on the road to Carlisle.

It was late at night when he gained admittance to the prison. Obstacles he had met with, delays and formalities without number. These, at length adjusted, he penetrated into the place—tired and jaded, as well as sad. The bolts and doors which croaked and grated as they moved, the low

winding passages and the pale and doubtful light which a few lamps shed over them, sickened his free heart still more. In fine, he was admitted to the cell of his comrade. The soul of the rude yeoman melted at the sight; he took Jonson's hand in silence, and the tears trickled down his hard visage as he looked round upon the apparatus of captivity, and thought of what had brought him to view it. Jonson was not less moved: this look of genuine sympathy, the first shown towards him for many days, had well-nigh overpowered him; it broke in upon the harsh and stubborn determinations with which he had meant to meet the catastrophe of to-morrow; it was like to make a girl of him too. He hastened to begin speaking; and succeeded, by degrees, in dispelling the gloom of his companion's mind, and restoring the serenity of his own. After a hundred questions and replies, and rejoinders, from both parties, about old occurrences and late, about home and friends, and freedom from the one, about foes and durance, and a prison from the other, when the night was already waning, Jonson paused, and, looking at his friend, "My good William," he said, "this is indeed very kind of you; it shows me that you are a true man; long afterwards your own mind will reward you for it: nevertheless, it may not be: these bloodhounds will mark you if you look after me to-morrow, or show any symptoms of care for me; they will bring you into trouble for it, and it cannot come to good. I recollect our promise well—what a bright evening that was!—but never mind; the official people will find a place to lay me in—what matters it where or how I lie? You shall stay with me two hours here; then mount—and home, while the way is clear. Nay, I insist upon it!" Cruthers stoutly rejected this command, declared that he would never leave him in this extremity, he cared not what might come of it; he absolutely would not go. Jonson was obliged to acquiesce in his companion's honest wilfulness; he consented, though reluctantly, and the conversation proceeded as before. Cruthers felt amazed at

his mood of mind: there was no sign of drooping or despondency in him; but heartiness and cheerfulness as if the morrow had been to be for him a mere common day. Nothing seemed to cloud his spirits—he seemed to have balanced his accounts with this world and the next, and to be now abiding his stern appointment without wavering. In fact, his mind felt a sort of exaltation—a pride in what it had already endured, in the certainty of what it could still endure; and this feeling shed a degree of splendour over his cloudy horizon—gilded with a kind of hope, the lowering whirlwind of his thoughts, which had well-nigh mastered him at first, but now was sunk into a "grim repose"—to awake and rage but once, for a few short moments of mortal agony, and then be hushed for ever. He had roused his spirit to its noblest pitch to meet that fierce, though brief extremity · he knew that he could meet it rightly—and then his task was done. So he felt a sullen calmness within, a fixed intensity of purpose; over which a cheerful composure with those that loved him, a bitter contempt for those that hated him, had alike some room to show themselves, and thus to decorate with a fit and moving interest the parting hour of a brave, though unhappy, man.

The former disposition he was now exhibiting; the latter he had soon occasion to exhibit. While yet speaking, they were interrupted by a bustle in the passage. Presently the door opened; and the turnkey, a rough lean savage of the country, entered, escorting two undertakers with a coffin: it was to lie there till wanted. Jonson viewed it with a smile; was afraid it would be too short: "you see," said he, "I am six feet two, or thereby." "Short?" said the turnkey, "six feet two!—recollect, friend, that your head is to be cut off to-morrow, and stuck upon a pike over the gates." "Very just, my dear Spoonbill," replied the prisoner, "*that alters the case entirely.* You are a judicious man, Captain Spoonbill: I might have forgot that. Heaven keep you, my beloved Spoonbill! You have done here?" "Yes!" "Then

bless us with your absence, noble captain! retire—evacuate —vanish!—there!—peace be with you, best of all the Spoonbills!"

In spite of this interruption, their conversation continued as before. Jonson loaded his companion with commissions and memorials for friends and dependants; explained his own ideas about death and immortality—connecting both very strangely with recollections of the world he was just about to quit, and spreading over all a colouring of native stout-heartedness and good humour, which astonished Cruthers, and deepened the sorrow of his rude but kindly heart, as he thought that so frank, and true, and brave a spirit must never hold communion with him more. It was far in the morning when Jonson laid himself upon his hard bed—to seek, for the last time on earth, an hour's repose.

Cruthers watched, meanwhile; gathered himself within his thick surtout, squeezed on his hat, and sat crouched together in the dreariest of all possible moods. He looked upon the dungeon, upon the coffin; he listened in the deep and dead silence of the place—nothing was heard but the breathing of his friend, now sunk in sweet forgetfulness,—and the slow ticking of the great prison clock, each heavy beat of which seemed to be striking off a portion of the small barrier that yet separated the firm land of time from the great devouring ocean of eternity. He shuddered at the thought of this; he tried to meditate upon the hopes of another life: dim shadows floated before his mind; but the past and the present intermingled with the future—each fleeting image chased away by one as fleeting—the wrecks and fragments of all thoughts and feelings hovering in his fancy—and overcasting them all, a sad and sable hue proceeding from the secret consciousness of what he strove to banish from his contemplations. He sank at length into a kind of stupor—that state where pain or pleasure continues, but their agitations cease—where feeling is no longer shapen into thought, but the mind rolls slowly to and fro, like some lake which

the tempest has just given over breaking into billows, but still, though abated, keeps in motion. He had not slept, but he had been for some time nearly unconscious of external things, when his reverie was broken in upon by a loud noise at the door of the cell. Starting to his feet in a paroxysm of horrible anticipation, as the bolts gave way, his eye lighted on the gaoler and another person, with boots and spurs, and a toil-worn aspect. Surely they were come to lead his friend to Harribee! Without waiting to investigate their purposes, he seized both, scarce knowing what he did, and would have knocked their heads together, and then against the floor, had not the wail they made, and the noise of their entrance roused Jonson from his pallet; who forthwith interposing, inquired what the matter was, and if the hour was come? "Yes," said Spoonbill, "t'oor 's coom, but thou 's neet to."—"I bring you joyful news," said the other, "you are saved from death! Observe his gracious Majesty's will and pleasure!—Read!"

Who shall describe the joy of these two friends? None can describe it, or need, for all can conceive it well. Cruthers blessed the King a thousand times; capered and stamped, and exclaimed, and raved for about an hour; then paused a little to inquire about the circumstances, and see what yet remained to be done. The circumstances were quite simple. The court of London had ceased to fear, and grown tired of shedding useless blood: Jonson, with several others, were snatched from the executioner, their sentence being changed from death into a forfeiture of all their property, and a loss of country—which they were ordered to quit without delay.

Behold the prisoner then again set free—again about to mingle in the rushing tide of life, from which a little while ago he seemed cut off for ever. His first sensation was gladness—vivid and unmingled as a human mind can feel: his next was gladness still, but dashed by cares which brought it nearer to the common temper. However, he was now unshackled; he saw regrets and useless pains behind him, difficulty and toil before; but he had got back the conscious-

ness of vigorous and active existence, he felt the pulse of life beat full and free within him, and that was happiness of itself.

At any rate his present business was not to muse and speculate, but to determine and to do. In about a week after his deliverance, you might have seen him busied about many tangible concerns, bustling to and fro for many purposes; and at length hurrying along the pier of Whitehaven to step on board of a stout ship bound for the island of Jamaica. Cruthers left him—not without tears, or till he had forced upon him all the money in his purse; then mounted the stairs of the lighthouse, waved his hat as the vessel cleared the head of the battlements, and turned his face sorrowfully towards home. Jonson felt a bitter pang as he parted from his last earthly friend, and saw himself borne speedily away into a far clime, with so very few resources to encounter its difficulties, and gain a footing in it. He was not of a sentimental humour; but he did sigh when he saw, mellowed and azured in the distance, the bright fields of his native land; the very braes, as he thought, which his fathers had held, and from which he was now driven like an outcast, never to behold them more. But reflections and regrets were unavailing: he had left the old world, no matter how, the only question was what plan should he adopt to get a living in the new. A question hard to answer! All was obscure and overcast: he knew not what to think. He used to walk the deck alone, when they were out in the main sea, at nights, in the clear moonshine; now looking over the vast blue dome of the sky, the wide and wasteful solitude of the everlasting ocean; now listening to the moaning of the wind, the crackling of the cordage, or the ship's quick ripple as she ploughed the trackless deep; now catching the rough chorus of the seamen in the galley on the watch, or their speech subdued into a kind of rude solemnity by the grandeur and perils of the scene; now thinking of his own dreary fate, and striving to devise some remedy for it. All in vain! He

reached the shore of Kingston without any plan or purpose—save only to live in honesty, by some means, of what sort he knew not.

Such a state of mind was little favourable for enjoying the beautiful phases which the island successively assumed as they approached it. Jonson noticed it, indeed, when it rose like a bright shining wedge, at the rim of the ocean, sailing, as it seemed, upon a fleecy continent of clouds, spread all around; he watched it as it grew higher and bluer, till the successive ridges of its mountains became revealed to him—rising each above the other, with a purer, more aërial tint, all cut with huge rents and crags and airy torrent-beds, all sprinkled with deep and shadowy foliage, all burning in the light of a tropical sun; houses and lawns and plantations near the shore; and, higher, forests and rocks, and peaks and beetling cliffs, winding—winding up into the unfathomable depths of air. All this he saw, and not without some feeling of its grandeur; but humbler cares engaged him, cares which he could not satisfy, and could not silence. It grieved him when they came to land, to see the bustle and gladness of every other but himself; every other seemed to have an object and a hope; he had none. There was not even the cold welcome of an inn to greet him; Jamaica had no inns in those days; the mate had gone to find him lodgings, but was not yet returned; he had not where to lay his head.

Already had he been kicking the pebbles of the beach, up and down for half an hour, when a pleasant-looking, elderly person of a prosperous appearance, came up and ventured to accost him. This was Councillor Herberts, a merchant and planter of the place, come out to take his evening stroll. Jonson looked upon the man: there was something in his aspect which attracted—an appearance of easy circumstances and green old age—of calm judgment, and a certain grave good-nature: they entered into conversation. The wanderer admitted that he was not happy—that, in fact, it was ebb tide with him, at present; but he had a notion things would mend.

The planter invited him to come and eat bread in his house, which stood hard by; and where, he said, his daughter would be happy to receive them. Talking as they went, they got deeper into one another's confidence. The fair Margaret welcomed her father's guest with a bewitching smile, and the father himself grew more satisfied with him the longer they conversed. He inquired, at length, if his new friend wrote well? Jonson asked for paper, and, without delay, in a fine flowing hand, set down this venerable stanza of Hebrew poetry:

> "Blessed is he that wisely doth
> The poor man's case consider;
> For when the time of trouble is,
> The Lord will him deliver."

The worthy planter perused it with a smile—seemed to think a little—then told Jonson that he was in want of such a person, and proposed to employ him as a clerk. The day was when Jonson would have spurned at such an offer, but misfortune had tamed him now. He grasped at this, almost as gladly as at any ever made him—as even at that of life within the prison of Carlisle. He sat down to his ledgers next day.

In this new capacity I rejoice to say that Jonson acquitted himself manfully. He was naturally of an active indefatigable turn; he had a sound methodical judgment, and a straight forward, thorough going mode of action, which here found their proper field. Besides, he daily loved the planter and his household more, the more he knew of them; and gratitude, as well as interest, called upon him for exertion. In the counting-rooms and warehouses, accordingly, he soon became an indispensable. It would have done any one's heart good, to see how he would lay about him there—concluding bargains, detecting frauds, devising ways and means, dashing every obstacle to the right and left, advancing to his object with a steady progress and infallible certainty. These were the solid qualities of his mind and habitudes; the more

superficial but scarcely less important, were of an equally valuable sort. I have already called him good-natured and courteous, as well as firm and fearless. We have seen that he was of a temper disinclined to sadness and whining: thought might take hold of him, and keenly, but he never yielded to it, he made a point to cast his sorrows from him altogether; or, if that might not be, to hide them beneath a veil of mockery and mirth; therefore he seldom and sparingly drew upon the sympathies of others, but rather by his sprightly conversation, and his bold, determined method of proceeding, gained over them a sure dominion, which his goodness of heart ever kept him from abusing. His adventures, too, and irregular mode of life had given a dash of wildness to his speech and conduct, which enhanced the interest people took in him. He had still at hand some stroke of gaiety, some wily quip, wherewith to meet every emergency, which at once indicated an unknown depth of energy and self-possession, and resources, and gave to it a peculiarly frank and unpretending aspect. In short, he grew a universal favourite, at once respected and loved. The good planter promoted him through every grade, to the highest in his establishment, and at length admitted him to be a partner in the trade.

Thus Jonson went along—increasing in esteem, in kindness, and goodwill with all that knew him. With his patron, the Councillor Herberts, who had alike obliged him and been obliged in return, he stood in the double relation of the giver and receiver of gratitude, and therefore could not wish to stand much better: but with the Councillor's young and only daughter, the beautiful and lively Margaret? How did *she* like him? Bright airy sylph! Kind, generous soul! I could have loved her myself if I had seen her. Think of a slender delicate creature—formed in the very mould of beauty—elegant and airy in her movements as a fawn; black hair and eyes—jet black; her face meanwhile as pure and fair as lilies—and then for its expression—how shall I describe it?

Nothing so changeful, nothing so lovely in all its changes: one moment it was sprightly gaiety, quick arch humour, sharp wrath, the most contemptuous indifference—then all at once there would spread over it a celestial gleam of warm affection, deep enthusiasm;—every feature beamed with tenderness and love, her eyes and looks would have melted a heart of stone; but ere you had time to fall down and worship them—poh! she was off into some other hemisphere—laughing at you—teasing you—again seeming to flit round the whole universe of human feeling, and to sport with every part of it. Oh! never was there such another beautiful, cruel, affectionate, wicked, adorable, capricious little gipsy sent into this world for the delight and the vexation of mortal man.

My own admiration is, how in the name of wonder Jonson ever got her wooed!—I should have thought it the most hopeless task in nature. Perhaps he had a singular skill in such undertakings: at any rate he throve. The cynosure of neighbouring eyes, the apple of discord to all bachelors within many leagues—richer many of them and more showy men than Jonson—preferred Jonson to them all. Perhaps, like Desdemona, she loved him for the dangers he had passed: at all events, she loved him—loved him with her whole soul, the little cozener—though it was many a weary day before he could determine whether she cared one straw for him or not. Her father saw and blessed their mutual attachment. They were wedded; and Jonson felt himself the happiest of men.

Good fortune now flowed on Jonson. His father-in-law was scarce gathered in extreme old age to his final rest, when news arrived from Britain, that another king had mounted the throne, that Jacobitism had now ceased to be a persecuted creed, that it would be safe for Jonson, if he chose it, to return. The estate of his ancestors moreover was, at that very time exposed to sale. What inducements! His fair Creole had lost with her last parent the only hold that

bound her firmly to Jamaica: they sold their property, and embarked for Europe. Knockhill was purchased for them, and they reached it in safety. What a hubbub was there at the brave *Laird's* home-come! What bonfires burnt! What floods of ale and stingo! What mirth and glee and universal jubilee! He had left it poor and broken and sick at heart, and going down to death; he returned rich, powerful, happy, and at his side "the fairest of the fair." The rude peasants blessed his lovely bride, she herself was moved with their affection. Jonson felt himself at last within the port: he collected all the scattered elements of enjoyment, which fortune had spread around him, and found that they sufficed. He was tired of wandering, glad of rest; he built a stately mansion which still adorns the place; he planted and improved; he talked and speculated, loved and was beloved again. The squires around him coveted his company more than he did theirs. The trusty Cruthers, who had stood by him in the hour of peril and distress, was the first to hail him in the season of prosperity. Many a long night did they two drive away, in talking of old times, of moving accidents, of wild adventures, feuds and hairbreadth 'scapes. In the fervour of his recollections, Jonson would fall upon his knees before the lady he loved best, and swear that she was dearer to him still than life, or aught contained in it; that she had found him a homeless wanderer—had made him all he was: if he ever cease to serve and cherish her in his heart of hearts, he should be the veriest dog upon the surface of the earth. She would smile at this, and ask him not to ruffle the carpet, not to soil his knees. Cruthers owned that it made his eyes water.

Here, however, I must end. Do you ask what followed farther? Where these people now are? Alas! they are all dead: this scene of blessedness and peace, and truth of heart is passed away; it was beautiful, but, like a palace of clouds in the summer sky, the north wind has scattered it asunder and driven it into emptiness and air. The noble

Margaret died first: Jonson shortly followed her, broken down with years and sorrow for his loss. Cruthers shed a tear over his coffin as he lowered it into a native grave. Cruthers, too, is dead; he sank like a shock of corn fully ripe; a specimen of the "olden worth," of fearless candour and sturdy, bold integrity to his latest day. Moss-grown stones lie above these friends, and scarcely tell the passer by who lie below. They sleep there, in their ever silent bed of rest; the pageant of their history is vanished like the baseless fabric of a dream. The scene which they once peopled and adorned, is now peopled by others. Has it gained by the change? I sigh when I look at the representative of Cruthers, his grandson, a sot whom he despised. Jonson never had a grandchild—his father's fields have passed into the hands of land-jobbers and paltry people who knew not Joseph. I look on the woods he planted, and the houses which he built, and muse upon the vast and dreary vortex of this world's mutability. It is weak to do so :—

"Muojono le città, muojono i regni,
Copre i fasti e la pompe arena ed arba;
E l'uom d'esser mortal par che si sdegni;
O nostra mente cupida e superba!"

EARLY KINGS OF NORWAY

EARLY KINGS OF NORWAY[1]

The Icelanders, in their long winter, had a great habit of writing; and were, and still are, excellent in penmanship, says Dahlmann. It is to this fact that any little history there is of the Norse Kings and their old tragedies, crimes, and heroisms, is almost all due. The Icelanders, it seems, not only made beautiful letters on their paper or parchment, but were laudably observant and desirous of accuracy; and have left us such a collection of narratives (*Sagas*, literally 'Says') as, for quantity and quality, is unexampled among rude nations. Snorro Sturleson's History of the Norse Kings is built out of these old Sagas; and has in it a great deal of poetic fire, not a little faithful sagacity applied in sifting and adjusting these old Sagas; and, in a word, deserves, were it once well edited, furnished with accurate maps, chronological summaries, etc., to be reckoned among the great history-books of the world. It is from these sources, greatly aided by accurate, learned, and unwearied Dahlmann,[1] the German Professor, that the following rough notes of the early Norway Kings are hastily thrown together. In Histories of England (Rapin's excepted) next to nothing has been shown of the many and strong threads of connection between English affairs and Norse.

[1] J. G. Dahlmann, *Geschichte von Dännemark*, 3 voll. 8vo. Hamburg, 1840-3.

CHAPTER I

HARALD HAARFAGR

Till about the Year of Grace 860 there were no kings in Norway, nothing but numerous jarls,—essentially kinglets,—each presiding over a kind of republican or parliamentary little territory; generally striving each to be on some terms of human neighbourhood with those about him, but,—in spite of, '*Fylke Things*' (Folk Things, little parish parliaments), and small combinations of these, which had gradually formed themselves,—often reduced to the unhappy state of quarrel with them. Harald Haarfagr was the first to put an end to this state of things, and become memorable and profitable to his country by uniting it under one head and making a kingdom of it; which it has continued to be ever since. His father, Halfdan the Black, had already begun this rough but salutary process,—inspired by the cupidities and instincts, by the faculties and opportunities, which the good genius of this world, beneficent often enough under savage forms, and diligent at all times to diminish anarchy as the world's *worst* savagery, usually appoints in such cases,—*conquest*, hard fighting, followed by wise guidance of the conquered;—but it was Harald the Fairhaired, his son, who conspicuously carried it on and completed it. Harald's birth-year, death-year, and chronology in general, are known only by inference and computation; but, by the latest reckoning, he died about the year 933 of our era, a man of eighty-three.

The business of conquest lasted Harald about twelve years (A.D. 860-872?), in which he subdued also the Vikings of the out-islands, Orkneys, Shetlands, Hebrides, and Man.

Sixty more years were given him to consolidate and regulate what he had conquered, which he did with great judgment, industry, and success. His reign altogether is counted to have been of over seventy years.

The beginning of his great adventure was of a romantic character,—youthful love for the beautiful Gyda, a then glorious and famous young lady of those regions, whom the young Harald aspired to marry. Gyda answered his embassy and prayer in a distant, lofty manner: "Her it would not beseem to wed any Jarl or poor creature of that kind; let him do as Gorm of Denmark, Eric of Sweden, Egbert of England, and others had done,—subdue into peace and regulation the confused, contentious bits of jarls round him, and become a king; then, perhaps, she might think of his proposal; till then, not." Harald was struck with this proud answer, which rendered Gyda tenfold more desirable to him. He vowed to let his hair grow, never to cut or even to comb it till this feat were done, and the peerless Gyda his own. He proceeded accordingly to conquer, in fierce battle, a Jarl or two every year, and, at the end of twelve years, had his unkempt (and almost unimaginable) head of hair clipt off,—Jarl Rögnwald (*Reginald*) of Möre, the most valued and valuable of all his subject-jarls, being promoted to this sublime barber function;—after which King Harald, with head thoroughly cleaned, and hair grown, or growing again to the luxuriant beauty that had no equal in his day, brought home his Gyda, and made her the brightest queen in all the north. He had after her, in succession, or perhaps even simultaneously in some cases, at least six other wives; and by Gyda herself one daughter and four sons.

Harald was not to be considered a strict-living man, and he had a great deal of trouble, as we shall see, with the tumultuous ambition of his sons; but he managed his government, aided by Jarl Rögnwald and others, in a large, quietly potent, and successful manner; and it lasted in this royal form till his death, after sixty years of it.

These were the times of Norse colonisation; proud Norsemen flying into other lands, to freer scenes,—to Iceland, to the Faröe Islands, which were hitherto quite vacant (tenanted only by some mournful hermit, Irish Christian *fakir*, or so); still more copiously to the Orkney and Shetland Isles, the Hebrides and other countries where Norse squatters and settlers already were. Settlement of Iceland, we say; settlement of the Faröe Islands, and, by far the notablest of all, settlement of Normandy by Rolf the Ganger (A.D 876).[1]

Rolf, son of Rögnwald,[2] was lord of three little islets far north, near the Fjord of Folden, called the Three Vigten Islands; but his chief means of living was that of sea-robbery; which, or at least Rolf's conduct in which, Harald did not approve of. In the Court of Harald, sea-robbery was strictly forbidden as between Harald's own countries, but as against foreign countries it continued to be the one profession for a gentleman; thus, I read, Harald's own chief son, King Eric that afterwards was, had been at sea in such employments ever since his twelfth year. Rolf's crime, however, was that in coming home from one of these expeditions, his crew having fallen short of victual, Rolf landed with them on the shore of Norway, and, in his strait, drove in some cattle there (a crime by law) and proceeded to kill and eat; which, in a little while, he heard that King Harald was on foot to inquire into and punish; whereupon Rolf the Ganger speedily got into his ships again, got to the coast of France with his sea-robbers, got infeftment by the poor King of France in the fruitful, shaggy desert which is since called Normandy, land of the Northmen; and there, gradually felling the forests, banking the rivers, tilling the fields, became, during the next two centuries, Wilhelmus Conquæstor, the man famous to England, and momentous at this day, not to England alone, but to all speakers of the English tongue,

[1] 'Settlement,' dated 912, by Munch, Hénault, etc. The Saxon Chronicle says (anno 876): 'In this year Rolf overran Normandy with his army, and he reigned fifty winters.'

[2] Dahlmann, ii. 87.

now spread from side to side of the world in a wonderful degree. Tancred of Hauteville and his Italian Normans, though important too, in Italy, are not worth naming in comparison. This is a feracious earth, and the grain of mustard-seed will grow to miraculous extent in some cases.

Harald's chief helper, counsellor, and lieutenant was the above-mentioned Jarl Rögnwald of Möre, who had the honour to cut Harald's dreadful head of hair. This Rögnwald was father of Turf-Einar, who first invented peat in the Orkneys, finding the wood all gone there; and is remembered to this day. Einar, being come to these islands by King Harald's permission, to see what he could do in them, — islands inhabited by what miscellany of Picts, Scots, Norse squatters we do not know,—found the indispensable fuel all wasted. Turf-Einar too may be regarded as a benefactor to his kind. He was, it appears, a bastard; and got no coddling from his father, who disliked him, partly perhaps, because 'he was ugly and blind of an eye,'—got no flattering even on his conquest of the Orkneys and invention of peat. Here is the parting speech his father made to him on fitting him out with a 'long-ship' (ship of war, 'dragon-ship,' ancient seventy-four), and sending him forth to make a living for himself in the world: "It were best if thou never camest back, for I have small hope that thy people will have honour by thee; thy mother's kin throughout is slavish."

Harald Haarfagr had a good many sons and daughters; the daughters he married mostly to jarls of due merit who were loyal to him; with the sons, as remarked above, he had a great deal of trouble. They were ambitious, stirring fellows, and grudged at their finding so little promotion from a father so kind to his jarls; sea-robbery by no means an adequate career for the sons of a great king. Two of them, Halfdan Haaleg (Long-leg), and Gudröd Ljome (Gleam), jealous of the favours won by the great Jarl Rögnwald, surrounded him in his house one night, and burnt him and sixty men to death there. That was the end

of Rögnwald, the invaluable jarl, always true to Haarfagr; and distinguished in world history by producing Rolf the Ganger, author of the Norman Conquest of England, and Turf-Einar, who invented peat in the Orkneys. Whether Rolf had left Norway at this time there is no chronology to tell me. As to Rolf's surname, 'Ganger,' there are various hypotheses; the likeliest, perhaps, that Rolf was so weighty a man no horse (small Norwegian horses, big ponies rather) could carry him, and that he usually walked, having a mighty stride withal, and great velocity on foot.

One of these murderers of Jarl Rögnwald quietly set himself in Rögnwald's place, the other making for Orkney to serve Turf-Einar in like fashion. Turf-Einar, taken by surprise, fled to the mainland; but returned, days or perhaps weeks after, ready for battle, fought with Halfdan, put his party to flight, and at next morning's light searched the island and slew all the men he found. As to Halfdan Long-leg himself, in fierce memory of his own murdered father, Turf-Einar 'cut an eagle on his back,' that is to say, hewed the ribs from each side of the spine and turned them out like the wings of a spread-eagle: a mode of Norse vengeance fashionable at that time in extremely aggravated cases!

Harald Haarfagr, in the mean time, had descended upon the Rögnwald scene, not in mild mood towards the new jarl there; indignantly dismissed said jarl, and appointed a brother of Rögnwald (brother, notes Dahlmann), though Rögnwald had left other sons. Which done, Haarfagr sailed with all speed to the Orkneys, there to avenge that cutting of an eagle on the human back on Turf-Einar's part. Turf-Einar did not resist; submissively met the angry Haarfagr, said he left it all, what had been done, what provocation there had been, to Haarfagr's own equity and greatness of mind. Magnanimous Haarfagr inflicted a fine of sixty marks in gold, which was paid in ready money by Turf-Einar, and so the matter ended.

CHAPTER II

ERIC BLOOD-AXE AND BROTHERS

In such violent courses Haarfagr's sons, I know not how many of them, had come to an untimely end; only Eric, the accomplished sea-rover, and three others remained to him. Among these four sons, rather impatient for property and authority of their own, King Harald, in his old days, tried to part his kingdom in some eligible and equitable way, and retire from the constant press of business, now becoming burdensome to him. To each of them he gave a kind of kingdom; Eric, his eldest son, to be head king, and the others to be feudatory under him, and pay a certain yearly contribution; an arrangement which did not answer well at all. Head-King Eric insisted on his tribute; quarrels arose as to the payment, considerable fighting and disturbance, bringing fierce destruction from King Eric upon many valiant but too stubborn Norse spirits, and among the rest upon all his three brothers, which got him from the Norse populations the surname of *Blod-axe*, 'Eric Blood-axe,' his title in history. One of his brothers he had killed in battle before his old father's life ended; this brother was Bjorn, a peaceable, improving, trading, economic Under-king, whom the others mockingly called 'Bjorn the Chapman.' The great-grandson of this Bjorn became extremely distinguished by and by as *Saint* Olaf. Head-King Eric seems to have had a violent wife, too. She was thought to have poisoned one of her other brothers-in-law. Eric Blood-axe had by no means a gentle life of it in this world, trained to sea-robbery on the coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France, since his twelfth year.

Old King Fairhair, at the age of seventy, had another son, to whom was given the name of Hakon. His mother was a slave in Fairhair's house; slave by ill-luck of war, though nobly enough born. A strange adventure connects this Hakon

with England and King Athelstan, who was then entering upon his great career there. Short while after this Hakon came into the world, there entered Fairhair's palace, one evening as Fairhair sat feasting, an English ambassador or messenger, bearing in his hand, as gift from King Athelstan, a magnificent sword, with gold hilt and other fine trimmings, to the great Harald, King of Norway. Harald took the sword, drew it, or was half-drawing it, admiringly from the scabbard, when the English excellency broke into a scornful laugh, "Ha, ha; thou art now the feudatory of my English king; thou hast accepted the sword from him, and art now his man!" (acceptance of a sword in that manner being the symbol of investiture in those days.) Harald looked a trifle flurried, it is probable; but held-in his wrath, and did no damage to the tricksy Englishman. He kept the matter in his mind, however, and next summer little Hakon, having got his weaning done,—one of the prettiest, healthiest little creatures,—Harald sent him off, under charge of 'Hauk' (*Hawk* so-called), one of his principal warriors, with order, "Take him to England," and instructions what to do with him there. And accordingly, one evening, Hauk, with thirty men escorting, strode into Athelstan's high dwelling (where situated, how built, whether with logs like Harald's I cannot specifically say), into Athelstan's high presence, and silently set the wild little cherub upon Athelstan's knee. "What is this?" asked Athelstan, looking at the little cherub. "This is King Harald's son, whom a servant-maid bore to him, and whom he now gives thee as foster-child!" Indignant Athelstan drew his sword, as if to do the gift a mischief; but Hauk said, "Thou hast taken him on thy knee" (common symbol of adoption); "thou canst kill him if thou wilt; but thou dost not thereby kill all the sons of Harald." Athelstan straightway took milder thoughts; brought up, and carefully educated Hakon; from whom, and this singular adventure, came, before very long, the first tidings of Christianity into Norway.

Harald Haarfagr, latterly withdrawn from all kinds of

business, died at the age of eighty-three—about A.D. 933, as is computed; nearly contemporary in death with the first Danish King, Gorm the Old, who had done a corresponding feat in reducing Denmark under one head. Remarkable old men, these two first kings; and possessed of gifts for bringing Chaos a little nearer to the form of Cosmos; possessed, in fact, of loyalties to Cosmos, that is to say, of authentic virtues in the savage state, such as have been needed in all societies at their incipience in this world; a kind of 'virtues' hugely in discredit at present, but not unlikely to be needed again, to the astonishment of careless persons, before all is done!

CHAPTER III

HAKON THE GOOD

ERIC BLOOD-AXE, whose practical reign is counted to have begun about A.D. 930, had by this time, or within a year or so of this time, pretty much extinguished all his brother kings, and crushed down recalcitrant spirits, in his violent way; but had naturally become entirely unpopular in Norway, and filled it with silent discontent and even rage against him. Harald Fairhair's last son, the little foster-child of Athelstan in England, who had been baptized and carefully educated, was come to his fourteenth or fifteenth year at his father's death; a very shining youth, as Athelstan saw with just pleasure. So soon as the few preliminary preparations had been settled, Hakon, furnished with a ship or two by Athelstan, suddenly appeared in Norway; got acknowledged by the Peasant Thing in Trondhjem; 'the news of which flew over Norway, like fire through dried grass,' says an old chronicler. So that Eric, with his Queen Gunhild, and seven small children, had to run; no other shift for Eric. They went to the Orkneys first of all, then to England, and he 'got Northumberland as earldom,' I vaguely hear, from Athelstan. But Eric soon died, and his queen, with her children, went

back to the Orkneys in search of refuge or help; to little purpose there or elsewhere. From Orkney she went to Denmark, where Harald Blue-tooth took her poor eldest boy as foster-child; but I fear did not very faithfully keep that promise. The Danes had been robbing extensively during the late tumults in Norway; this the Christian Hakon, now established there, paid in kind, and the two countries were at war; so that Gunhild's little boy was a welcome card in the hand of Blue-tooth.

Hakon proved a brilliant and successful king; regulated many things, public law among others (*Gule-Thing* Law, *Froste-Thing* Law: these are little codes of his accepted by their respective Things, and had a salutary effect in their time); with prompt dexterity he drove back the Blue-tooth foster-son invasions every time they came; and on the whole gained for himself the name of Hakon the Good. These Danish invasions were a frequent source of trouble to him, but his greatest and continual trouble was that of extirpating heathen idolatry from Norway, and introducing the Christian Evangel in its stead. His transcendent anxiety to achieve this salutary enterprise was all along his grand difficulty and stumbling-block; the heathen opposition to it being also rooted and great. Bishops and priests from England Hakon had, preaching and baptizing what they could, but making only slow progress; much too slow for Hakon's zeal. On the other hand, every Yule-tide, when the chief heathen were assembled in his own palace on their sacrificial festival, there was great pressure put upon Hakon, as to sprinkling with horse-blood, drinking Yule-beer, eating horse-flesh, and the other distressing rites; the whole of which Hakon abhorred, and with all his steadfastness strove to reject utterly. Sigurd, Jarl of Lade (Trondhjem), a liberal heathen, not openly a Christian, was ever a wise counsellor and conciliator in such affairs; and proved of great help to Hakon. Once, for example, there having risen at a Yule-feast, loud, almost stormful demand that Hakon, like a true man and brother,

should drink Yule-beer with them in their sacred hightide, Sigurd persuaded him to comply, for peace's sake, at least in form. Hakon took the cup in his left hand (excellent *hot beer*), and with his right cut the sign of the cross above it, then drank a draught. "Yes; but what is this with the king's right hand?" cried the company. "Don't you see?" answered shifty Sigurd; "he makes the sign of Thor's hammer before drinking!" which quenched the matter for the time.

Horse-flesh, horse-broth, and the horse ingredient generally, Hakon all but inexorably declined. By Sigurd's pressing exhortation and entreaty, he did once take a kettle of horse-broth by the handle, with a good deal of linen-quilt or towel interposed, and did open his lips for what of steam could insinuate itself. At another time he consented to a particle of horse-liver, intending privately, I guess, to keep it outside the gullet, and smuggle it away without *swallowing*; but farther than this not even Sigurd could persuade him to go. At the Things held in regard to this matter Hakon's success was always incomplete; now and then it was plain failure, and Hakon had to draw back till a better time. Here is one specimen of the response he got on such an occasion; curious specimen, withal, of antique parliamentary eloquence from an Anti-Christian Thing.

At a Thing of all the Fylkes of Trondhjem, Thing held at Froste in that region, King Hakon, with all the eloquence he had, signified that it was imperatively necessary that all Bonders and sub-Bonders should become Christians, and believe in one God, Christ the Son of Mary; renouncing entirely blood sacrifices and heathen idols; should keep every seventh day holy, abstain from labour that day, and even from food, devoting the day to fasting and sacred meditation. Whereupon, by way of universal answer, arose a confused universal murmur of entire dissent. "Take away from us our old belief, and also our time for labour!" murmured they in angry astonishment; "how can even the land be got

tilled in that way?" "We cannot work if we don't get food," said the hand labourers and slaves. "It lies in King Hakon's blood," remarked others; "his father and all his kindred were apt to be stingy about food, though liberal enough with money." At length, one Osbjörn (or Bear of the Asen or Gods, what we now call Osborne), one Osbjörn of Medalhusin Gulathal, stept forward, and said, in a distinct manner, "We Bonders (peasant proprietors) thought, King Hakon, when thou heldest thy first Thing-day here in Trondhjem, and we took thee for our king, and received our hereditary lands from thee again, that we had got heaven itself. But now we know not how it is, whether we have won freedom, or whether thou intendest anew to make us slaves, with this wonderful proposal that we should renounce our faith, which our fathers before us have held, and all our ancestors as well, first in the age of burial by burning, and now in that of earth burial; and yet these departed ones were much our superiors, and their faith, too, has brought prosperity to us! Thee, at the same time, we have loved so much that we raised thee to manage all the laws of the land, and speak as their voice to us all. And even now it is our will and the vote of all Bonders to keep that paction which thou gavest us here on the Thing at Froste, and to maintain thee as king so long as any of us Bonders who are here upon the Thing has life left, provided thou, king, wilt go fairly to work, and demand of us only such things as are not impossible. But if thou wilt fix upon this thing with so great obstinacy, and employ force and power, in that case, we Bonders have taken the resolution, all of us, to fall away from thee, and to take for ourselves another head, who will so behave that we may enjoy in freedom the belief which is agreeable to us. Now shalt thou, king, choose one of these two courses before the Thing disperse." 'Whereupon,' adds the Chronicle, 'all the Bonders raised a mighty shout, "Yes, we will have it so, as has been said."' So that Jarl Sigurd had to intervene, and King Hakon to choose for the moment the milder branch of

the alternative.[1] At other Things Hakon was more or less successful. All his days, by such methods as there were, he kept pressing forward with this great enterprise; and on the whole did thoroughly shake asunder the old edifice of heathendom, and fairly introduce some foundation for the new and better rule of faith and life among his people. Sigurd, Jarl of Lade, his wise counsellor in all these matters, is also a man worthy of notice.

Hakon's arrangements against the continual invasions of Eric's sons, with Danish Blue-tooth backing them, were manifold, and for a long time successful. He appointed, after consultation and consent in the various Things, so many warships, fully manned and ready, to be furnished instantly on the King's demand by each province or fjord; watch-fires, on fit places, from hill to hill all along the coast, were to be carefully set up, carefully maintained in readiness, and kindled on any alarm of war. By such methods Blue-tooth and Co.'s invasions were for a long while triumphantly, and even rapidly, one and all of them, beaten back, till at length they seemed as if intending to cease altogether, and leave Hakon alone of them. But such was not their issue after all. The sons of Eric had only abated under constant discouragement, had not finally left off from what seemed their one great feasibility in life. Gunhild, their mother, was still with them: a most contriving, fierce-minded, irreconcilable woman, diligent and urgent on them, in season and out of season; and as for King Blue-tooth, he was at all times ready to help, with his goodwill at least.

That of the alarm-fires on Hakon's part was found troublesome by his people; sometimes it was even hurtful and provoking (lighting your alarm-fires and rousing the whole coast and population, when it was nothing but some paltry viking with a couple of ships); in short, the alarm-signal system fell into disuse, and good King Hakon himself, in the first place, paid the penalty. It is counted, by the latest commentators,

[1] Dahlmann, ii. 93.

to have been about A. D. 961, sixteenth or seventeenth year of Hakon's pious, valiant, and worthy reign. Being at a feast one day, with many guests, on the Island of Stord, sudden announcement came to him that ships from the south were approaching in quantity, and evidently ships of war. This was the biggest of all the Blue-tooth foster-son invasions; and it was fatal to Hakon the Good that night. Eyvind the Skaldaspillir (annihilator of all other Skalds), in his famed *Hakon's Song*, gives account, and, still more pertinently, the always practical Snorro. Danes in great multitude, six to one, as people afterwards computed, springing swiftly to land, and ranking themselves; Hakon, nevertheless, at once deciding not to take to his ships and run, but to fight there, one to six; fighting, accordingly, in his most splendid manner, and at last gloriously prevailing; routing and scattering back to their ships and flight homeward these six-to-one Danes. 'During the struggle of the fight,' says Snorro, 'he was very conspicuous among other men; and while the sun shone, his bright gilded helmet glanced, and thereby many weapons were directed at him. One of his henchmen, Eyvind Finnson (*i.e.* Skaldaspillir, the poet), took a hat, and put it over the king's helmet. Now, among the hostile first leaders were two uncles of the Ericsons, brothers of Gunhild, great champions both; Skreya, the elder of them, on the disappearance of the glittering helmet, shouted boastfully, "Does the king of the Norsemen hide himself, then, or has he fled? Where now is the golden helmet?" And so saying, Skreya, and his brother Alf with him, pushed on like fools or madmen. The king said, "Come on in that way, and you shall find the king of the Norsemen!"' And in a short space of time braggart Skreya did come up, swinging his sword, and made a cut at the king; but Thoralf the Strong, an Icelander, who fought at the king's side, dashed his shield so hard against Skreya, that he tottered with the shock. On the same instant the king takes his sword 'quernbiter' (able to cut *querns* or millstones) with both hands, and hews Skreya through helm and

head, cleaving him down to the shoulders. Thoralf also slew Alf. That was what they got by such over-hasty search for the king of the Norsemen.[1]

Snorro considers the fall of these two champion uncles as the crisis of the fight; the Danish force being much disheartened by such a sight, and King Hakon now pressing on so hard that all men gave way before him, the battle on the Ericson part became a whirl of recoil; and in a few minutes more a torrent of mere flight and haste to get on board their ships, and put to sea again; in which operation many of them were drowned, says Snorro; survivors making instant sail for Denmark in that sad condition.

This seems to have been King Hakon's finest battle, and the most conspicuous of his victories, due not a little to his own grand qualities shown on the occasion. But, alas! it was his last also. He was still zealously directing the chase of that mad Danish flight, or whirl of recoil towards their ships, when an arrow, shot most likely at a venture, hit him under the left armpit; and this proved his death.

He was helped into his ship, and made sail for Alrekstad, where his chief residence in those parts was; but had to stop at a smaller place of his (which had been his mother's, and where he himself was born)—a place called Hella (the Flat Rock), still known as 'Hakon's Hella,' faint from loss of blood, and crushed down as he had never before felt. Having no son and only one daughter, he appointed these invasive sons of Eric to be sent for, and if he died to become king; but to "spare his friends and kindred." "If a longer life be granted me," he said, "I will go out of this land to Christian men, and do penance for what I have committed against God. But if I die in the country of the heathen, let me have such burial as you yourselves think fittest." These are his last recorded words. And in heathen fashion he was buried, and besung by Eyvind and the Skalds, though himself a zealously Christian king. Hakon the *Good*; so one still finds him worthy of

[1] Laing's *Snorro*, i. 344.

being called. The sorrow on Hakon's death, Snorro tells us, was so great and universal, 'that he was lamented both by friends and enemies; and they said that never again would Norway see such a king.'

CHAPTER IV

HARALD GREYFELL AND BROTHERS

Eric's sons, four or five of them, with a Harald at the top, now at once got Norway in hand, all of it but Trondhjem, as king and under-kings; and made a severe time of it for those who had been, or seemed to be, their enemies. Excellent Jarl Sigurd, always so useful to Hakon and his country, was killed by them; and they came to repent that before very long. The slain Sigurd left a son, Hakon, as Jarl, who became famous in the northern world by and by. This Hakon, and him only, would the Trondhjemers accept as sovereign. "Death to him, then," said the sons of Eric, but only in secret, till they had got their hands free and were ready; which was not yet for some years. Nay, Hakon, when actually attacked, made good resistance, and threatened to cause trouble. Nor did he by any means get his death from these sons of Eric at this time, or till long afterwards at all, from one of their kin, as it chanced. On the contrary, he fled to Denmark now, and by and by managed to come back, to their cost.

Among their other chief victims were two cousins of their own, Tryggve and Gudröd, who had been honest under-kings to the late head-king, Hakon the Good; but were now become suspect, and had to fight for their lives, and lose them in a tragic manner. Tryggve had a son, whom we shall hear of. Gudröd, son of worthy Bjorn the Chapman, was grandfather of Saint Olaf, whom all men have heard of,—who has a church in Southwark even, and another in Old Jewry, to this hour.

In all these violences, Gunhild, widow of the late king Eric, was understood to have a principal hand. She had come back to Norway with her sons; and naturally passed for the secret adviser and Maternal President in whatever of violence went on; always reckoned a fell, vehement, relentless personage where her own interests were concerned. Probably as things settled, her influence on affairs grew less. At least one hopes so; and, in the Sagas, hears less and less of her, and before long nothing.

Harald, the head-king in this Eric fraternity, does not seem to have been a bad man,—the contrary indeed; but his position was untowardly, full of difficulty and contradictions. Whatever Harald could accomplish for behoof of Christianity, or real benefit to Norway, in these cross circumstances, he seems to have done in a modest and honest manner. He got the name of *Greyfell* from his people on a very trivial account, but seemingly with perfect good humour on their part. Some Iceland trader had brought a cargo of furs to Trondhjem (Lade) for sale; sale being slacker than the Icelander wished, he presented a chosen specimen, cloak, doublet, or whatever it was, to Harald; who wore it with acceptance in public, and rapidly brought disposal of the Icelander's stock, and the surname of *Greyfell* to himself. His under-kings and he were certainly not popular, though I almost think Greyfell himself, in absence of his mother and the under-kings, might have been so. But here they all were, and had wrought great trouble in Norway. "Too many of them," said everybody: "too many of these courts and court people, eating up any substance that there is." For the seasons withal, two or three of them in succession, were bad for grass, much more for grain; no *herring* came either; very cleanness of teeth was like to come in Eyvind Skaldaspillir's opinion. This scarcity became at last their share of the great Famine of A.D. 975, which desolated Western Europe (see the poem in the Saxon Chronicle). And all this by Eyvind Skaldaspillir, and the heathen Norse in general, was ascribed to anger of the heathen

gods. Discontent in Norway, and especially in Eyvind Skald-aspillir, seems to have been very great.

Whereupon exile Hakon, Jarl Sigurd's son, bestirs himself in Denmark, backed by old King Blue-tooth, and begins invading and encroaching in a miscellaneous way; especially intriguing and contriving plots all round him. An unfathomably cunning kind of fellow, as well as an audacious and strong-handed! Intriguing in Trondhjem, where he gets the under-king, Greyfell's brother, fallen upon and murdered; intriguing with Gold Harald, a distinguished cousin or nephew of King Blue-tooth's, who had done fine viking work, and gained such wealth that he got the epithet of 'Gold,' and who now was infinitely desirous of a share in Blue-tooth's kingdom as the proper finish to these sea-rovings. He even ventured one day to make publicly a distinct proposal that way to King Harald Blue-tooth himself; who flew into thunder and lightning at the mere mention of it; so that none durst speak to him for several days afterwards. Of both these Haralds Hakon was confidential friend; and needed all his skill to walk without immediate annihilation between such a pair of dragons, and work out Norway for himself withal. In the end he found he must take solidly to Blue-tooth's side of the question; and that they two must provide a recipe for Gold Harald and Norway both at once.

"It is as much as your life is worth to speak again of sharing this Danish kingdom," said Hakon very privately to Gold Harald; "but could not you, my golden friend, be content with Norway for a kingdom, if one helped you to it?"

"That could I well," answered Harald.

"Then keep me those nine war-ships you have just been rigging for a new viking cruise; have these in readiness when I lift my finger!"

That was the recipe contrived for Gold Harald; recipe for King Greyfell goes into the same vial, and is also ready.

Hitherto the Hakon-Blue-tooth disturbances in Norway had amounted to but little. King Greyfell, a very active and

valiant man, has constantly, without much difficulty, repelled these sporadic bits of troubles; but Greyfell, all the same, would willingly have peace with dangerous old Blue-tooth (ever anxious to get his clutches over Norway on any terms), if peace with him could be had. Blue-tooth, too, professes every willingness; inveigles Greyfell, he and Hakon do, to have a friendly meeting on the Danish borders, and not only settle all these quarrels, but generously settle Greyfell in certain fiefs which he claimed in Denmark itself; and so swear everlasting friendship. Greyfell joyfully complies, punctually appears at the appointed day in Lymfjord Sound, the appointed place. Whereupon Hakon gives signal to Gold Harald, "To Lymfjord with these nine ships of yours, swift!" Gold Harald flies to Lymfjord with his ships, challenges King Harald Greyfell to land and fight; which the undaunted Greyfell, though so far outnumbered, does; and, fighting his very best, perishes there, he and almost all his people. Which done, Jarl Hakon, who is in readiness, attacks Gold Harald, the victorious but the wearied; easily beats Gold Harald, takes him prisoner, and instantly hangs and ends him, to the huge joy of King Blue-tooth and Hakon; who now make instant voyage to Norway; drive all the brother under-kings into rapid flight to the Orkneys, to any readiest shelter; and so, under the patronage of Blue-tooth, Hakon, with the title of Jarl, becomes ruler of Norway. This foul treachery done on the brave and honest Harald Greyfell is by some dated about A.D. 969, by Munch, 965, by others, computing out of Snorro only, A.D. 975. For there is always an uncertainty in these Icelandic dates (say rather, rare and rude attempts at dating, without even an 'A.D.' or other fixed 'year one' to go upon in Iceland), though seldom, I think, so large a discrepancy as here.

CHAPTER V

HAKON JARL

Hakon Jarl, such the style he took, had engaged to pay some kind of tribute to King Blue-tooth, 'if he could'; but he never did pay any, pleading always the necessity of his own affairs; with which excuse, joined to Hakon's readiness in things less important, King Blue-tooth managed to content himself, Hakon being always his good neighbour, at least, and the two mutually dependent. In Norway, Hakon, without the title of king, did in a strong-handed, steadfast, and at length successful way, the office of one; governed Norway (some count) for above twenty years; and, both at home and abroad, had much consideration through most of that time; specially amongst the heathen orthodox, for Hakon Jarl himself was a zealous heathen, fixed in his mind against these chimerical Christian innovations and unsalutary changes of creed, and would have gladly trampled out all traces of what the last two kings (for Greyfell, also, was an English Christian after his sort) had done in this respect. But he wisely discerned that it was not possible, and that, for peace's sake, he must not even attempt it, but must strike preferably into 'perfect toleration,' and that of 'every one getting to heaven' (or even to the other goal) 'in his own way.' He himself, it is well known, repaired many heathen temples (a great 'church builder' in his way!), manufactured many splendid idols, with much gilding and such artistic ornament as there was, — in particular, one huge image of Thor, not forgetting the hammer and appendages, and such a collar (supposed of solid gold, which it was not quite, as we shall hear in time) round the neck of him as was never seen in all the North. How he did his own Yule festivals, with what magnificent solemnity, the horse-eatings, blood-sprinklings, and other sacred rites, need not be told. Something of a 'Ritualist,' one may perceive;

perhaps had Scandinavian Puseyisms in him, and other desperate heathen notions. He was universally believed to have gone into magic, for one thing, and to have dangerous potencies derived from the Devil himself. The dark heathen mind of him struggling vehemently in that strange element, not altogether so unlike our own in some points.

For the rest, he was evidently, in practical matters, a man of sharp, clear insight, of steadfast resolution, diligence, promptitude; and managed his secular matters uncommonly well. Had sixteen Jarls under him, though himself only Hakon Jarl by title; and got obedience from them stricter than any king since Haarfagr had done. Add to which that the country had years excellent for grass and crop, and that the herrings came in exuberance; tokens, to the thinking mind, that Hakon Jarl was a favourite of Heaven.

His fight with the far-famed Jomsvikings was his grandest exploit in public rumour. Jomsburg, a locality not now known, except that it was near the mouth of the River Oder, denoted in those ages the impregnable castle of a certain body corporate, or 'Sea Robbery Association (limited),' which, for some generations, held the Baltic in terror, and plundered far beyond the Belt, — in the ocean itself, in Flanders and the opulent trading havens there,—above all, in opulent anarchic England, which, for forty years from about this time, was the pirates' Goshen; and yielded, regularly every summer, slaves, Danegelt, and miscellaneous plunder, like no other country Jomsburg or the viking-world had ever known. Palnatoke, Bue, and the other quasi-heroic heads of this establishment are still remembered in the northern parts. *Palnatoke* is the title of a tragedy by Oehlenschläger, which had its run of immortality in Copenhagen some sixty or seventy years ago.

I judge the institution to have been in its floweriest state, probably now in Hakon Jarl's time. Hakon Jarl and these pirates, robbing Hakon's subjects and merchants that frequented him, were naturally in quarrel; and frequent

fightings had fallen out, not generally to the profit of the Jomsburgers, who at last determined on revenge, and the rooting out of this obstructive Hakon Jarl. They assembled in force at the Cape of Stad,—in the Firda Fylke; and the fight was dreadful in the extreme, noise of it filling all the north for long afterwards. Hakon, fighting like a lion, could scarcely hold his own,—Death or Victory, the word on both sides; when suddenly, the heavens grew black, and there broke out a terrific storm of thunder and hail, appalling to the human mind,—universe swallowed wholly in black night; only the momentary forked-blazes, the thunder-pealing as of Ragnarök, and the battering hail-torrents, hail-stones about the size of an egg. Thor with his hammer evidently acting; but in behalf of whom? The Jomsburgers in the hideous darkness, broken only by flashing thunderbolts, had a dismal apprehension that it was probably not on their behalf (Thor having a sense of justice in him); and before the storm ended, thirty-five of their seventy ships sheered away, leaving gallant Bue, with the other thirty-five, to follow as they liked, who reproachfully hailed these fugitives, and continued the now hopeless battle. Bue's nose and lips were smashed or cut away; Bue managed, half-articulately, to exclaim, "Ha! the maids ('mays') of Fünen will never kiss me more. Overboard, all ye Bue's men!" And taking his two sea-chests, with all the gold he had gained in such life-struggle from of old, sprang overboard accordingly, and finished the affair. Hakon Jarl's renown rose naturally to the transcendent pitch after this exploit. His people, I suppose chiefly the Christian part of them, whispered one to another, with a shudder, "That in the blackest of the thunderstorm, he had taken his youngest little boy, and made away with him; sacrificed him to Thor or some devil, and gained his victory by art-magic, or something worse." Jarl Eric, Hakon's eldest son, without suspicion of art-magic, but already a distinguished viking, became thrice distinguished by his style of sea-fighting in this battle; and awakened

great expectations in the viking public; of him we shall hear again.

The Jomsburgers, one might fancy, after this sad clap went visibly down in the world; but the fact is not altogether so. Old King Blue-tooth was now dead, died of a wound got in battle with his *un*natural (so-called 'natural') son and successor, Otto Svein of the Forked Beard, afterwards king and conqueror of England for a little while; and seldom, perhaps never, had vikingism been in such flower as now. This man's name is Sven in Swedish, Svend in German, and means *boy* or *lad*,—the English 'swain.' It was at old 'Father Blue-tooth's funeral-ale' (drunken burial-feast), that Svein, carousing with his Jomsburg chiefs and other choice spirits, generally of the robber class, all risen into height of highest robber enthusiasm, pledged the vow to one another; Svein that he would conquer England (which, in a sense, he, after long struggling, did); and the Jomsburgers that they would ruin and root out Hakon Jarl (which, as we have just seen, they could by no means do), and other guests other foolish things which proved equally unfeasible. Sea-robber volunteers so especially abounding in that time, one perceives how easily the Jomsburgers could recruit themselves, build or refit new robber fleets, man them with the pick of crews, and steer for opulent, fruitful England; where, under Ethelred the Unready, was such a field for profitable enterprise as the viking public never had before or since.

An idle question sometimes rises on me,—idle enough, for it never can be answered in the affirmative or the negative, Whether it was not these same refitted Jomsburgers who appeared some while after this at Red Head Point, on the shore of Angus, and sustained a new severe beating, in what the Scotch still faintly remember as their 'Battle of Loncarty'? Beyond doubt a powerful Norse-pirate armament dropt anchor at the Red Head, to the alarm of peaceable mortals, about that time. It was thought and hoped to be on its way for England, but it visibly hung on for several days, deliberating

(as was thought) whether they would do this poorer coast the honour to land on it before going farther. Did land, and vigorously plunder and burn south-westward as far as Perth; laid siege to Perth; but brought out King Kenneth on them, and produced that 'Battle of Loncarty' which still dwells in vague memory among the Scots. Perhaps it might be the Jomsburgers; perhaps also not; for there were many pirate associations, lasting not from century to century like the Jomsburgers, but only for very limited periods, or from year to year; indeed, it was mainly by such that the splendid thief-harvest of England was reaped in this disastrous time. No Scottish chronicler gives the least of exact date to their famed victory of Loncarty, only that it was achieved by Kenneth III., which will mean some time between A.D. 975 and 994; and, by the order they put it in, probably soon after A.D. 975, or the beginning of this Kenneth's reign. Buchanan's narrative, carefully distilled from all the ancient Scottish sources, is of admirable quality for style and otherwise; quiet, brief, with perfect clearness, perfect credibility even,—except that semi-miraculous appendage of the Ploughmen, Hay and Sons, always hanging to the tail of it; the grain of possible truth in which can now never be extracted by man's art![1] In brief, what we know is, fragments of ancient human bones and armour have occasionally been ploughed up in this locality, proof-positive of ancient fighting here; and the fight fell out not long after Hakon's beating of the Jomsburgers at the Cape of Stad. And in such dim glimmer of wavering twilight, the question whether these of Loncarty were refitted Jomsburgers or not, must be left hanging. Loncarty is now the biggest bleachfield in Queen Victoria's dominions; no village or hamlet there, only the huge bleaching-house and a beautiful field, some six or seven miles north-west of Perth, bordered by the beautiful Tay river on the one side, and by its beautiful tributary Almond on the other; a Loncarty fitted either for bleaching linen, or for a bit of fair duel between

[1] G. Buchanani *Opera Omnia*, i. 103-4 (Curante Ruddimano, Edinburgi 1715).

nations, in those simple times. Whether our refitted Jomsburgers had the least thing to do with it is only matter of fancy, but if it were they who here again got a good beating, fancy would be glad to find herself fact. The old piratical kings of Denmark had been at the founding of Jomsburg, and to Svein of the Forked Beard it was still vitally important, but not so to the great Knut, or any king that followed; all of whom had better business than mere thieving; and it was Magnus the Good, of Norway, a man of still higher anti-anarchic qualities, that annihilated it, about a century later.

Hakon Jarl, his chief labours in the world being over, is said to have become very dissolute in his elder days, especially in the matter of women; the wretched old fool, led away by idleness and fulness of bread, which to all of us are well said to be the parents of mischief. Having absolute power, he got into the habit of openly plundering men's pretty daughters and wives from them, and, after a few weeks, sending them back; greatly to the rage of the fierce Norse heart, had there been any means of resisting or revenging. It did, after a little while, prove the ruin and destruction of Hakon the Rich, as he was then called. It opened the door, namely, for entry of Olaf Tryggveson upon the scene,—a very much grander man; in regard to whom the wiles and traps of Hakon proved to be a recipe, not on Tryggveson, but on the wily Hakon himself, as shall now be seen straightway.

CHAPTER VI

OLAF TRYGGVESON

Hakon, in late times, had heard of a famous stirring person, victorious in various lands and seas, latterly united in sea-robbery with Svein, Prince Royal of Denmark, afterwards King Svein of the Double-beard ('*Zvae Skiaeg*,' *Twa Shag*) or fork-beard, both of whom had already done transcendent feats in the viking way during this copartnery. The fame

of Svein, and this stirring personage, whose name was 'Ole,' and, recently, their stupendous feats in plunder of England, siege of London, and other wonders and splendours of viking glory and success, had gone over all the North, awakening the attention of Hakon and everybody there. The name of 'Ole' was enigmatic, mysterious, and even dangerous-looking to Hakon Jarl; who at length sent out a confidential spy to investigate this 'Ole'; a feat which the confidential spy did completely accomplish,—by no means to Hakon's profit! The mysterious 'Ole' proved to be no other than *Olaf*, son of Tryggve, destined to blow Hakon Jarl suddenly into destruction, and become famous among the heroes of the Norse world.

Of Olaf Tryggveson one always hopes there might, one day, some real outline of a biography be written; fished from the abysses where (as usual) it welters deep in foul neighbourhood for the present. Farther on we intend a few words more upon the matter. But in this place all that concerns us in it limits itself to the two following facts: first, that Hakon's confidential spy 'found Ole in Dublin'; picked acquaintance with him, got him to confess that he was actually Olaf, son of Tryggve (the Tryggve, whom Blood-axe's fierce widow and her sons had murdered); got him gradually to own that perhaps an expedition into Norway might have its chances; and finally that, under such a wise and loyal guidance as his (the confidential spy's, whose friendship for Tryggveson was so indubitable), he (Tryggveson) would actually try it upon Hakon Jarl, the dissolute old scoundrel. Fact second is, that about the time they two set sail from Dublin on their Norway expedition, Hakon Jarl removed to Trondhjem, then called Lade; intending to pass some months there.

Now just about the time when Tryggveson, spy, and party had landed in Norway, and were advancing upon Lade, with what support from the public could be got, dissolute old Hakon Jarl had heard of one Gudrun, a Bonder's wife, unparalleled in beauty, who was called in those parts, 'Sunbeam

of the Grove' (so inexpressibly lovely); and sent off a couple of thralls to bring her to him. "Never," answered Gudrun; "never," her indignant husband; in a tone dangerous and displeasing to these Court thralls; who had to leave rapidly, but threatened to return in better strength before long. Whereupon, instantly, the indignant Bonder and his Sunbeam of the Grove sent out their war-arrow, rousing all the country into angry promptitude, and more than one perhaps into greedy hope of revenge for their own injuries. The rest of Hakon's history now rushes on with extreme rapidity.

Sunbeam of the Grove, when next demanded of her Bonder, has the whole neighbourhood assembled in arms round her; rumour of Tryggveson is fast making it the whole country. Hakon's insolent messengers are cut in pieces; Hakon finds he cannot fly under cover too soon. With a single slave he flies that same night;—but whitherward? Can think of no safe place, except to some old mistress of his, who lives retired in that neighbourhood, and has some pity or regard for the wicked old Hakon. Old mistress does receive him, pities him, will do all she can to protect and hide him. But how, by what uttermost stretch of female artifice hide him here; every one will search here first of all! Old mistress, by the slave's help, extemporises a cellar under the floor of her pig-house; sticks Hakon and slave into that, as the one safe seclusion she can contrive. Hakon and slave, begrunted by the pigs above them, tortured by the devils within and about them, passed two days in circumstances more and more horrible. For they heard, through their light-slit and breathing-slit, the triumph of Tryggveson proclaiming itself by Tryggveson's own lips, who had mounted a big boulder near by and was victoriously speaking to the people, winding up with a promise of honours and rewards to whoever should bring him wicked old Hakon's head. Wretched Hakon, justly suspecting his slave, tried to at least keep himself awake. Slave did keep himself awake till Hakon dozed or slept, then swiftly cut off Hakon's head, and plunged out with it

to the presence of Tryggveson. Tryggveson, detesting the traitor, useful as the treachery was, cut off the slave's head too, had it hung up along with Hakon's on the pinnacle of the Lade Gallows, where the populace pelted both heads with stones and many curses, especially the more important of the two. 'Hakon the Bad' ever henceforth, instead of Hakon the Rich.

This was the end of Hakon Jarl, the last support of heathenry in Norway, among other characteristics he had: a strong-handed, hard-headed, very relentless, greedy and wicked being. He is reckoned to have ruled in Norway, or mainly ruled, either in the struggling or triumphant state, for about thirty years (965-95 ?). He and his seemed to have formed, by chance rather than design, the chief opposition which the Haarfagr posterity throughout its whole course experienced in Norway. Such the cost to them of killing good Jarl Sigurd, in Greyfell's time! For 'curses, like chickens,' do sometimes visibly 'come home to feed,' as they always, either visibly or else invisibly, are punctually sure to do.

Hakon Jarl is considerably connected with the *Faröer Saga*; often mentioned there, and comes out perfectly in character; an altogether worldly-wise man of the roughest type, not without a turn for practicality of kindness to those who would really be of use to him. His tendencies to magic also are not forgotten.

Hakon left two sons, Eric and Svein, often also mentioned in this Saga. On their father's death they fled to Sweden, to Denmark, and were busy stirring up troubles in those countries against Olaf Tryggveson; till at length, by a favourable combination, under their auspices chiefly, they got his brief and noble reign put an end to. Nay, furthermore, Jarl Eric left sons, especially an elder son, named also Eric, who proved a sore affliction, and a continual stone of stumbling to a new generation of Haarfagrs, and so continued the curse of Sigurd's murder upon them.

Towards the end of this Hakon's reign it was that the discovery of America took place (985). Actual discovery, it appears, by Eric the Red, an Icelander; concerning which there has been abundant investigation and discussion in our time. *Ginnungagap* (Roaring Abyss) is thought to be the mouth of Behring's Straits in Baffin's Bay; *Big Helloland*, the coast from Cape Walsingham to near Newfoundland; *Little Helloland*, Newfoundland itself. *Markland* was Lower Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. Southward thence to Chesapeake Bay was called *Wine Land* (wild grapes still grow in Rhode Island, and more luxuriantly further south). *White Man's Land*, called also *Great Ireland*, is supposed to mean the two Carolinas, down to the Southern Cape of Florida. In Dahlmann's opinion, the Irish themselves might even pretend to have probably been the first discoverers of America; they had evidently got to Iceland itself before the Norse exiles found it out. It appears to be certain that, from the end of the tenth century to the early part of the fourteenth, there was a dim knowledge of those distant shores extant in the Norse mind, and even some straggling series of visits thither by roving Norsemen; though, as only danger, difficulty, and no profit resulted, the visits ceased, and the whole matter sank into oblivion, and, but for the Icelandic talent of writing in the long winter nights, would never have been heard of by posterity at all.

CHAPTER VII

REIGN OF OLAF TRYGGVESON

Olaf Tryggveson (A.D. 995-1000) also makes a great figure in the *Faröer Saga*, and recounts there his early troubles, which were strange and many. He is still reckoned a grand hero of the North, though his *vates* now is only Snorro Sturleson of Iceland. Tryggveson had indeed many adventures in the world. His poor mother, Astrid, was

obliged to fly, on murder of her husband by Gunhild,—to fly for life, three months before he, her little Olaf, was born. She lay concealed in reedy islands, fled through trackless forests; reached her father's with the little baby in her arms, and lay deep-hidden there, tended only by her father himself; Gunhild's pursuit being so incessant, and keen as with sleuth-hounds. Poor Astrid had to fly again, deviously to Sweden, to Esthland (Esthonia), to Russia. In Esthland she was sold as a slave, quite parted from her boy,—who also was sold, and again sold; but did at last fall in with a kinsman high in the Russian service; did from him find redemption and help, and so rose, in a distinguished manner, to manhood, victorious self-help, and recovery of his kingdom at last. He even met his mother again, he as King of Norway, she as one wonderfully lifted out of darkness into new life and happiness still in store.

Grown to manhood, Tryggveson,—now become acquainted with his birth, and with his, alas, hopeless claims,—left Russia for the one profession open to him, that of sea-robbery; and did feats without number in that questionable line in many seas and scenes,—in England latterly, and most conspicuously of all. In one of his courses thither, after long labours in the Hebrides, Man, Wales, and down the western shores to the very Land's End and farther, he paused at the Scilly Islands for a little while. He was told of a wonderful Christian hermit living strangely in these sea-solitudes; had the curiosity to seek him out, examine, question, and discourse with him; and, after some reflection, accepted Christian baptism from the venerable man. In *Snorro* the story is involved in miracle, rumour, and fable; but the fact itself seems certain, and is very interesting; the great, wild, noble soul of fierce Olaf opening to this wonderful gospel of tidings from beyond the world, tidings which infinitely transcended all else he had ever heard or dreamt of! It seems certain he was baptised here; date not fixable; shortly before poor heart-broken Dunstan's death, or shortly

after; most English churches, monasteries especially, lying burnt, under continual visitation of the Danes. Olaf, such baptism notwithstanding, did not quit his viking profession; indeed, what other was there for him in the world as yet?

We mentioned his occasional copartneries with Svein of the Double-beard, now become King of Denmark, but the greatest of these, and the alone interesting at this time, is their joint invasion of England, and Tryggveson's exploits and fortunes there some years after that adventure of baptism in the Scilly Isles. Svein and he 'were above a year in England together,' this time: they steered up the Thames with three hundred ships and many fighters; siege, or at least furious assault, of London was their first or main enterprise, but it did not succeed. The Saxon Chronicle gives date to it, A.D. 994, and names expressly, as Svein's co-partner, 'Olaus, king of Norway,'—which he was as yet far from being; but in regard to the Year of Grace the Saxon Chronicle is to be held indisputable, and, indeed, has the field to itself in this matter. Famed Olaf Tryggveson, seen visibly at the siege of London, year 994, it throws a kind of momentary light to us over that disastrous whirlpool of miseries and confusions, all dark and painful to the fancy otherwise! This big voyage and furious siege of London is Svein Double-beard's first real attempt to fulfil that vow of his at Father Blue-tooth's 'funeral ale,' and conquer England, —which it is a pity he could not yet do. Had London now fallen to him, it is pretty evident all England must have followed, and poor England, with Svein as king over it, been delivered from immeasurable woes, which had to last some two-and-twenty years farther, before this result could be arrived at. But finding London impregnable for the moment (no ship able to get athwart the bridge, and many Danes perishing in the attempt to do it by swimming), Svein and Olaf turned to other enterprises; all England in a manner lying open to them, turn which way they liked. They burnt and plundered over Kent, over Hampshire, Sussex; they

stormed far and wide; world lying all before them where to choose. Wretched Ethelred, as the one invention he could fall upon, offered them Danegelt (16,000*l.* of silver this year, but it rose in other years as high as 48,000*l.*); the desperate Ethelred, a clear method of quenching fire by pouring *oil* on it! Svein and Olaf accepted; withdrew to Southampton,—Olaf at least did,—till the money was got ready. Strange to think of, fierce Svein of the Double-beard, and conquest of England by him; this had at last become the one salutary result which remained for that distracted, down-trodden, now utterly chaotic and anarchic country. A conquering Svein, followed by an ably and earnestly administrative, as well as conquering, Knut (whom Dahlmann compares to Charlemagne), were thus by the mysterious destinies appointed the effective saviours of England.

Tryggveson, on this occasion, was a good while at Southampton; and roamed extensively about, easily victorious over everything, if resistance were attempted, but finding little or none; and acting now in a peaceable or even friendly capacity. In the Southampton country he came in contact with the then Bishop of Winchester, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, excellent Elphegus, still dimly decipherable to us as a man of great natural discernment, piety, and inborn veracity; a hero-soul, probably of real brotherhood with Olaf's own. He even made court visits to King Ethelred; one visit to him at Andover of a very serious nature. By Elphegus, as we can discover, he was introduced into the real depths of the Christian faith. Elphegus, with due solemnity of apparatus, in presence of the king, at Andover, baptised Olaf anew, and to him Olaf engaged that he would never plunder in England any more; which promise, too, he kept. In fact, not long after, Svein's conquest of England being in an evidently forward state, Tryggveson (having made, withal, a great English or Irish marriage,—a dowager Princess, who had voluntarily fallen in love with him,—see *Snorro* for this fine romantic fact!) mainly

resided in our island for two or three years, or else in Dublin, in the precincts of the Danish Court there in the Sister Isle. Accordingly it was in Dublin, as above noted, that Hakon's spy found him; and from the Liffey that his squadron sailed, through the Hebrides, through the Orkneys, plundering and baptising in their strange way, towards such success as we have seen.

Tryggveson made a stout, and, in effect, victorious and glorious struggle for himself as king. Daily and hourly vigilant to do so, often enough by soft and even merry methods,—for he was a witty, jocund man, and had a fine ringing laugh in him, and clear pregnant words ever ready,—or if soft methods would not serve, then by hard and even hardest he put down a great deal of miscellaneous anarchy in Norway; was especially busy against heathenism (devil-worship and its rites): this, indeed, may be called the focus and heart of all his royal endeavour in Norway, and of all the troubles he now had with his people there. For this was a serious, vital, all-comprehending matter; devil-worship, a thing not to be tolerated one moment longer than you could by any method help! Olaf's success was intermittent, of varying complexion; but his effort, swift or slow, was strong and continual; and on the whole he did succeed. Take a sample or two of that wonderful conversion process:

At one of his first Things he found the Bonders all assembled in arms; resolute to the death seemingly, against his proposal and him. Tryggveson said little; waited impassive, "What your reasons are, good men?" One zealous Bonder started up in passionate parliamentary eloquence; but after a sentence or two, broke down; one, and then another, and still another, and remained all three staring in open-mouthed silence there! The peasant-proprietors accepted the phenomenon as ludicrous, perhaps partly as miraculous withal, and consented to baptism this time.

On another occasion of a Thing, which had assembled near some heathen temple to meet him,—temple where Hakon Jarl had done much repairing, and set up many idol figures and sumptuous ornaments, regardless of expense, especially a very big and splendid Thor, with massive gold collar round the neck of him, not the like of it in Norway,—King Olaf Tryggveson was clamorously invited by the Bonders to step in there, enlighten his eyes, and partake of the sacred rites. Instead of which he rushed into the temple with his armed men; smashed down, with his own battle-axe, the god Thor, prostrate on the ground at one stroke, to set an example; and, in a few minutes, had the whole Hakon Pantheon wrecked; packing up meanwhile all the gold and preciosities accumulated there (not forgetting Thor's illustrious gold collar, of which we shall hear again), and victoriously took the plunder home with him for his own royal uses and behoof of the state.

In other cases, though a friend to strong measures, he had to hold in, and await the favourable moment. Thus once, in beginning a parliamentary address, so soon as he came to touch upon Christianity, the Bonders rose in murmurs, in vociferations and jingling of arms, which quite drowned the royal voice; declared, they had taken arms against king Hakon the Good to compel him to desist from his Christian proposals; and they did not think king Olaf a higher man than him (Hakon the Good). The king then said, 'He purposed coming to them next Yule to their great sacrificial feast, to see for himself what their customs were,' which pacified the Bonders for this time. The appointed place of meeting was again a Hakon-Jarl Temple, not yet done to ruin; chief shrine in those Trondhjem parts, I believe: there should Tryggveson appear at Yule. Well, but before Yule came, Tryggveson made a great banquet in his palace at Trondhjem, and invited far and wide, all manner of important persons out of the district as guests there. Banquet hardly done, Tryggveson gave some slight

signal, upon which armed men strode in, seized eleven of these principal persons, and the king said: "Since he himself was to become a heathen again, and do sacrifice, it was his purpose to do it in the highest form, namely, that of Human Sacrifice; and this time not of slaves and malefactors, but of the best men in the country!" In which stringent circumstances the eleven seized persons, and company at large, gave unanimous consent to baptism; straightway received the same, and abjured their idols; but were not permitted to go home till they had left, in sons, brothers, and other precious relatives, sufficient hostages in the king's hands.

By unwearied industry of this and better kinds, Tryggveson had trampled down idolatry, so far as form went,—how far in substance may be greatly doubted. But it is to be remembered withal, that always on the back of these compulsory adventures there followed English bishops, priests and preachers; whereby to the open-minded, conviction, to all degrees of it, was attainable, while silence and passivity became the duty or necessity of the unconvinced party.

In about two years Norway was all gone over with a rough harrow of conversion. Heathenism at least constrained to be silent and outwardly conformable. Tryggveson next turned his attention to Iceland, sent one Thangbrand, priest from Saxony, of wonderful qualities, military as well as theological, to try and convert Iceland. Thangbrand made a few converts; for Olaf had already many estimable Iceland friends, whom he liked much, and was much liked by; and conversion was the ready road to his favour. Thangbrand, I find, lodged with Hall of Sida (familiar acquaintance of 'Burnt Njal,' whose Saga has its admirers among us even now). Thangbrand converted Hall and one or two other leading men; but in general he was reckoned quarrelsome and blusterous rather than eloquent and piously convincing. Two skalds of repute made biting lampoons upon Thangbrand, whom Thangbrand, by two opportunities

that offered, cut down and did to death because of their skaldic quality. Another he killed with his own hand, I know not for what reason. In brief, after about a year, Thangbrand returned to Norway and king Olaf; declaring the Icelanders to be a perverse, satirical, and inconvertible people, having himself, the record says, 'been the death of three men there.' King Olaf was in high rage at this result; but was persuaded by the Icelanders about him to try farther, and by a milder instrument. He accordingly chose one Thormod, a pious, patient, and kindly man, who, within the next year or so, did actually accomplish the matter; namely, get Christianity, by open vote, declared at Thingvalla by the general Thing of Iceland there; the roar of a big thunder-clap at the right moment rather helping the conclusion, if I recollect. Whereupon Olaf's joy was no doubt great.

One general result of these successful operations was the discontent, to all manner of degrees, on the part of many Norse individuals, against this glorious and victorious, but peremptory and terrible king of theirs. Tryggveson, I fancy, did not much regard all that; a man of joyful, cheery temper, habitually contemptuous of danger. Another trivial misfortune that befell in these conversion operations, and became important to him, he did not even know of, and would have much despised if he had. It was this: Sigrid, queen dowager of Sweden, thought to be amongst the most shining women of the world, was also known for one of the most imperious, revengeful, and relentless, and had got for herself the name of Sigrid the Proud. In her high widow-hood she had naturally many wooers; but treated them in a manner unexampled. Two of her suitors, a simultaneous Two, were, King Harald Grænske (a cousin of King Trygg-veson's and kind of king in some district, by sufferance of the late Hakon's), — this luckless Grænske and the then Russian Sovereign as well, name not worth mentioning, were zealous suitors of Queen Dowager Sigrid, and were perversely slow to accept the negative, which in her heart was inexor-

able for both, though the expression of it could not be quite so emphatic. By ill-luck for them they came once,—from the far West, Grænske; from the far East, the Russian;—and arrived both together at Sigrid's court, to prosecute their importunate, and to her odious and tiresome suit; much, how very much, to her impatience and disdain. She lodged them both in some old mansion, which she had contiguous, and got compendiously furnished for them; and there, I know not whether on the first or on the second, or on what following night, this unparalleled Queen Sigrid had the house surrounded, set on fire, and the two suitors and their people burnt to ashes! No more of bother from these two at least! This appears to be a fact; and it could not be unknown to Tryggveson.

In spite of which, however, there went from Tryggveson, who was now a widower, some incipient marriage proposals to this proud widow; by whom they were favourably received; as from the brightest man in all the world, they might seem worth being. Now, in one of these anti-heathen onslaughts of King Olaf's on the idol temples of Hakon—(I think it was that case where Olaf's own battle-axe struck down the monstrous refulgent Thor, and conquered an immense gold ring from the neck of him, or from the door of his temple), —a huge gold ring, at any rate, had come into Olaf's hands; and this he bethought him might be a pretty present to Queen Sigrid, the now favourable, though the proud. Sigrid received the ring with joy; fancied what a collar it would make for her own fair neck; but noticed that her two goldsmiths, weighing it on their fingers, exchanged a glance. "What is that?" exclaimed Queen Sigrid. "Nothing," answered they, or endeavoured to answer, dreading mischief. But Sigrid compelled them to break open the ring; and there was found, all along the inside of it, an occult ring of copper, not a heart of gold at all! "Ha," said the proud Queen, flinging it away, "he that could deceive in this matter can deceive in many others!" And was in hot

wrath with Olaf; though, by degrees, again she took milder thoughts.

Milder thoughts, we say; and consented to a meeting next autumn, at some half-way station, where their great business might be brought to a happy settlement and betrothment. Both Olaf Tryggveson and the high dowager appear to have been tolerably of willing mind at this meeting; but Olaf interposed, what was always one condition with him, "Thou must consent to baptism, and give up thy idol-gods." "They are the gods of all my forefathers," answered the lady; "choose thou what gods thou pleasest, but leave me mine." Whereupon an altercation; and Tryggveson, as was his wont, towered up into shining wrath, and exclaimed at last, "Why should I care about thee then, old faded heathen creature?" And impatiently wagging his glove, hit her, or slightly switched her, on the face with it, and contemptuously turning away, walked out of the adventure. "This is a feat that may cost thee dear one day," said Sigrid. And in the end it came to do so, little as the magnificent Olaf deigned to think of it at the moment.

One of the last scuffles I remember of Olaf's having with his refractory heathens, was at a Thing in Hordaland or Rogaland, far in the North, where the chief opposition hero was one Jaernskaegg ('ironbeard,' *Scottice* 'Airn-shag,' as it were!). Here again was a grand heathen temple, Hakon Jarl's building, with a splendid Thor in it and much idol furniture. The king stated what was his constant wish here as elsewhere, but had no sooner entered upon the subject of Christianity than universal murmur, rising into clangour and violent dissent, interrupted him, and Ironbeard took up the discourse in reply. Ironbeard did not break down; on the contrary, he, with great brevity, emphasis, and clearness, signified "that the proposal to reject their old gods was in the highest degree unacceptable to this Thing; that it was contrary to bargain, withal; so that if it were insisted on, they would have to fight with the king about it; and in fact

were now ready to do so." In reply to this, Olaf, without word uttered, but merely with some signal to the trusty armed men he had with him, rushed off to the temple close at hand; burst into it, shutting the door behind him; smashed Thor and Co. to destruction; then reappearing victorious, found much confusion outside, and, in particular, what was a most important item, the rugged Ironbeard done to death by Olaf's men in the interim. Which entirely disheartened the Thing from fighting at that moment; having now no leader who dared to head them in so dangerous an enterprise. So that every one departed to digest his rage in silence as he could.

Matters having cooled for a week or two, there was another Thing held; in which King Olaf testified regret for the quarrel that had fallen out, readiness to pay what *mulct* was due by law for that unlucky homicide of Ironbeard by his people; and, withal, to take the fair daughter of Ironbeard to wife, if all would comply and be friends with him in other matters; which was the course resolved on as most convenient: accept baptism, we; marry Jaernskaegg's daughter, you. This bargain held on both sides. The wedding, too, was celebrated, but that took rather a strange turn. On the morning of the bride-night, Olaf, who had not been sleeping, though his fair partner thought he had, opened his eyes, and saw, with astonishment, the fair partner aiming a long knife ready to strike home upon him! Which at once ended their wedded life; poor Demoiselle Ironbeard immediately bundling off with her attendants home again; King Olaf into the apartment of his servants, mentioning there what had happened, and forbidding any of them to follow her.

Olaf Tryggveson, though his kingdom was the smallest of the Norse Three, had risen to a renown over all the Norse world, which neither he of Denmark nor he of Sweden could pretend to rival. A magnificent, far-shining man; more expert in all 'bodily exercises' as the Norse called them, than any man had ever been before him, or after was. Could

keep five daggers in the air, always catching the proper fifth by its handle, and sending it aloft again; could shoot supremely, throw a javelin with either hand; and, in fact, in battle usually threw two together. These, with swimming, climbing, leaping, were the then admirable Fine Arts of the North; in all which Tryggveson appears to have been the Raphael and the Michael Angelo at once. Essentially definable, too, if we look well into him, as a wild bit of real heroism, in such rude guise and environment; a high, true, and great human soul. A jovial burst of laughter in him, withal; a bright, airy, wise way of speech; dressed beautifully and with care; a man admired and loved exceedingly by those he liked; dreaded as death by those he did not like. 'Hardly any king,' says Snorro, 'was ever so well obeyed; by one class out of zeal and love, by the rest out of dread.' His glorious course, however, was not to last long.

King Svein of the Double-Beard had not yet completed his conquest of England,—by no means yet, some thirteen horrid years of that still before him!—when, over in Denmark, he found that complaints against him and intricacies had arisen, on the part principally of one Burislav, King of the Wends (far up the Baltic), and in a less degree with the King of Sweden and other minor individuals. Svein earnestly applied himself to settle these, and have his hands free. Burislav, an aged heathen gentleman, proved reasonable and conciliatory; so, too, the King of Sweden, and Dowager Queen Sigrid, his managing mother. Bargain in both these cases got sealed and crowned by marriage. Svein, who had become a widower lately, now wedded Sigrid; and might think, possibly enough, he had got a proud bargain, though a heathen one. Burislav also insisted on marriage with Princess Thyri, the Double-Beard's sister. Thyri, inexpressibly disinclined to wed an aged heathen of that stamp, pleaded hard with her brother; but the Double-Bearded was inexorable; Thyri's wailings and entreaties went for nothing. With some guardian foster-brother, and a serving-maid or two, she had to go on

this hated journey. Old Burislav, at sight of her, blazed out into marriage-feast of supreme magnificence, and was charmed to see her, but Thyri would not join the marriage party; refused to eat with it or sit with it at all. Day after day, for six days, flatly refused; and after nightfall of the sixth, glided out with her foster-brother into the woods, into by-paths and inconceivable wanderings; and, in effect, got home to Denmark. Brother Svein was not for the moment there; probably enough gone to England again. But Thyri knew too well he would not allow her to stay here, or anywhere that he could help, except with the old heathen she had just fled from.

Thyri, looking round the world, saw no likely road for her, but to Olaf Tryggveson in Norway; to beg protection from the most heroic man she knew of in the world. Olaf, except by renown, was not known to her; but by renown he well was. Olaf, at sight of her, promised protection and asylum against all mortals. Nay, in discoursing with Thyri Olaf perceived more and more clearly what a fine handsome being, soul and body, Thyri was; and in a short space of time winded up by proposing marriage to Thyri; who, humbly, and we may fancy with what secret joy, consented to say yes, and become Queen of Norway. In the due months they had a little son, Harald; who, it is credibly recorded, was the joy of both his parents; but who, to their inexpressible sorrow, in about a year died, and vanished from them. This, and one other fact now to be mentioned, is all the wedded history we have of Thyri.

The other fact is, that Thyri had, by inheritance or covenant, not depending on her marriage with old Burislav, considerable properties in Wendland; which, she often reflected, might be not a little behoveful to her here in Norway, where her civil-list was probably but straitened. She spoke of this to her husband; but her husband would take no hold, merely made her gifts, and said, "Pooh, pooh, can't we live without old Burislav and his Wendland properties?" So that the

lady sank into ever deeper anxiety and eagerness about this Wendland object; took to weeping; sat weeping whole days; and when Olaf asked, "What ails thee, then?" would answer, or did answer once, "What a different man my father Harald Gormson was" (vulgarly called Blue-tooth), "compared with some that are now kings! For no King Svein in the world would Harald Gormson have given up his own or his wife's just rights!" Whereupon Tryggveson started up, exclaiming in some heat, "Of thy brother Svein I never was afraid; if Svein and I meet in contest, it will not be Svein, I believe, that conquers;" and went off in a towering fume. Consented, however, at last, had to consent, to get his fine fleet equipped and armed, and decide to sail with it to Wendland to have speech and settlement with King Burislav.

Tryggveson had already ships and navies that were the wonder of the North. Especially in building war ships,—the Crane, the Serpent, last of all the Long Serpent,[1]—he had, for size, for outward beauty, and inward perfection of equipment, transcended all example.

This new sea expedition became an object of attention to all neighbours; especially Queen Sigrid the Proud and Svein Double-Beard, her now king, were attentive to it.

"This insolent Tryggveson," Queen Sigrid would often say, and had long been saying, to her Svein, "to marry thy sister without leave had or asked of thee; and now flaunting forth his war navies, as if he, king only of paltry Norway, were the big hero of the North! Why do you suffer it, you kings really great?"

By such persuasions and reiterations, King Svein of Denmark, King Olaf of Sweden, and Jarl Eric, now a great man there, grown rich by prosperous sea robbery and other good management, were brought to take the matter up, and combine strenuously for destruction of King Olaf Tryggveson on this grand Wendland expedition of his. Fleets and forces were

[1] His Long Serpent, judged by some to be of the size of a frigate of forty-five guns (Laing).

with best diligence got ready; and, withal, a certain Jarl Sigwald, of Jomsburg, chieftain of the Jomsvikings, a powerful, plausible, and cunning man, was appointed to find means of joining himself to Tryggveson's grand voyage, of getting into Tryggveson's confidence, and keeping Svein Double-Beard, Eric, and the Swedish King aware of all his movements.

King Olaf Tryggveson, unacquainted with all this, sailed away in summer, with his splendid fleet; went through the Belts with prosperous winds, under bright skies, to the admiration of both shores. Such a fleet, with its shining Serpents, long and short, and perfection of equipment and appearance, the Baltic never saw before. Jarl Sigwald joined with new ships by the way: "Had," he too, "a visit to King Burislav to pay; how could he ever do it in better company?" and studiously and skilfully ingratiated himself with King Olaf. Old Burislav, when they arrived, proved altogether courteous, handsome, and amenable; agreed at once to Olaf's claims for his now queen, did the rites of hospitality with a generous plenitude to Olaf; who cheerily renewed acquaintance with that country, known to him in early days (the cradle of his fortunes in the viking line), and found old friends there still surviving, joyful to meet him again. Jarl Sigwald encouraged these delays King Svein and Co. not being yet quite ready. "Get ready!" Sigwald directed them, and they diligently did. Olaf's men, their business now done, were impatient to be home; and grudged every day of loitering there; but, till Sigwald pleased, such his power of flattering and cajoling Tryggveson, they could not get away.

At length, Sigwald's secret messengers reporting all ready on the part of Svein and Co., Olaf took farewell of Burislav and Wendland, and all gladly sailed away. Svein, Eric, and the Swedish king, with their combined fleets, lay in wait behind some cape in a safe little bay of some island, then called Svolde, but not in our time to be found; the Baltic tumults in the fourteenth century having swallowed it, as some think, and leaving us uncertain whether it was in the

neighbourhood of Rügen Island or in the Sound of Elsinore. There lay Svein, Eric, and Co. waiting till Tryggveson and his fleet came up, Sigwald's spy messengers daily reporting what progress he and it had made. At length, one bright summer morning, the fleet made appearance, sailing in loose order, Sigwald, as one acquainted with the shoal places, steering ahead, and showing them the way.

Snorro rises into one of his pictorial fits, seized with enthusiasm at the thought of such a fleet, and reports to us largely in what order Tryggveson's winged Coursers of the Deep, in long series, for perhaps an hour or more, came on, and what the three potentates, from their knoll of vantage, said of each as it hove in sight. Svein thrice over guessed this and the other noble vessel to be the Long Serpent; Eric always correcting him, "No, that is not the Long Serpent yet" (and *aside* always), "Nor shall you be lord of it, king, when it does come." The Long Serpent itself did make appearance. Eric, Svein, and the Swedish king hurried on board, and pushed out of their hiding-place into the open sea. Treacherous Sigwald, at the beginning of all this, had suddenly doubled that cape of theirs, and struck into the bay out of sight, leaving the foremost Tryggveson ships astonished, and uncertain what to do, if it were not simply to strike sail and wait till Olaf himself with the Long Serpent arrived.

Olaf's chief captains, seeing the enemy's huge fleet come out, and how the matter lay, strongly advised King Olaf to elude this stroke of treachery, and, with all sail, hold on his course, fight being now on so unequal terms. Snorro says, the king, high on the quarter-deck where he stood, replied, "Strike the sails; never shall men of mine think of flight. I never fled from battle. Let God dispose of my life; but flight I will never take." And so the battle arrangements immediately began, and the battle with all fury went loose; and lasted hour after hour, till almost sunset, if I well recollect. "Olaf stood on the Serpent's quarter-deck," says Snorro, "high over the others. He had a gilt shield and a helmet inlaid

with gold; over his armour he had a short red coat, and was easily distinguished from other men." Snorro's account of the battle is altogether animated, graphic, and so minute that antiquaries gather from it, if so disposed (which we but little are), what the methods of Norse sea-fighting were; their shooting of arrows, casting of javelins, pitching of big stones, ultimately boarding, and mutual clashing and smashing, which it would not avail us to speak of here. Olaf stood conspicuous all day, throwing javelins, of deadly aim, with both hands at once; encouraging, fighting and commanding like a highest sea-king.

The Danish fleet, the Swedish fleet, were, both of them, quickly dealt with, and successively withdrew out of shot-range. And then Jarl Eric came up, and fiercely grappled with the Long Serpent, or, rather, with her surrounding comrades; and gradually, as they were beaten empty of men, with the Long Serpent herself. The fight grew ever fiercer, more furious. Eric was supplied with new men from the Swedes and Danes; Olaf had no such resource, except from the crews of his own beaten ships, and at length this also failed him; all his ships, except the Long Serpent, being beaten and emptied. Olaf fought on unyielding. Eric twice boarded him, was twice repulsed. Olaf kept his quarter-deck; unconquerable, though left now more and more hopeless, fatally short of help. A tall young man, called Einar Tamberskelver, very celebrated and important afterwards in Norway, and already the best archer known, kept busy with his bow. Twice he nearly shot Jarl Eric in his ship. "Shoot me that man," said Jarl Eric to a bowman near him; and, just as Tamberskelver was drawing his bow the third time, an arrow hit it in the middle and broke it in two. "What is this that has broken?" asked King Olaf. "Norway from thy hand, king," answered Tamberskelver. Tryggveson's men, he observed with surprise, were striking violently on Eric's; but to no purpose; nobody fell. "How is this?" asked Tryggveson. "Our swords are notched and blunted, king;

they do not cut." Olaf stept down to his arm-chest; delivered out new swords; and it was observed as he did it, blood ran trickling from his wrist; but none knew where the wound was. Eric boarded a third time. Olaf, left with hardly more than one man, sprang overboard (one sees that red coat of his still glancing in the evening sun), and sank in the deep waters to his long rest.

Rumour ran among his people that he still was not dead; grounding on some movement by the ships of that traitorous Sigwald, they fancied Olaf had dived beneath the keels of his enemies, and got away with Sigwald, as Sigwald himself evidently did. 'Much was hoped, supposed, spoken,' says one old mourning Skald; 'but the truth was, Olaf Tryggveson was never seen in Norseland more.' Strangely he remains still a shining figure to us; the wildly beautifulest man, in body and in soul, that one has ever heard of in the North.

CHAPTER VIII

JARLS ERIC AND SVEIN

Jarl Eric, splendent with this victory, not to speak of that over the Jomsburgers with his father long ago, was now made Governor of Norway: Governor or quasi-sovereign, with his brother, Jarl Svein, as partner, who, however, took but little hand in governing;—and, under the patronage of Svein Double-Beard and the then Swedish king (Olaf his name, Sigrid the Proud, his mother's), administered it, they say, with skill and prudence for above fourteen years. Tryggveson's death is understood and laboriously computed to have happened in the year 1000; but there is no exact chronology in these things, but a continual uncertain guessing after such; so that one eye in History as regards them is as if put out;—neither indeed have I yet had the luck to find any decipherable and intelligible map of Norway: so that the other eye of History is much blinded withal, and her path through

those wild regions and epochs is an extremely dim and chaotic one. An evil that much demands remedying, and especially wants some first attempt at remedying, by inquirers into English History; the whole period from Egbert, the first Saxon King of England, on to Edward the Confessor, the last, being everywhere completely interwoven with that of their mysterious, continually-invasive 'Danes,' as they call them, and inextricably unintelligible till these also get to be a little understood, and cease to be utterly dark, hideous, and mythical to us as they now are.

King Olaf Tryggveson is the first Norseman who is expressly mentioned to have been in England by our English History books, new or old, and of him it is merely said that he had an interview with King Ethelred II. at Andover, of a pacific and friendly nature,—though it is absurdly added that the noble Olaf was converted to Christianity by that extremely stupid Royal Person. Greater contrast in an interview than in this at Andover, between heroic Olaf Tryggveson and Ethelred the forever Unready, was not perhaps seen in the terrestrial Planet that day. Olaf, or 'Olaus,' or 'Anlaf,' as they name him, did 'engage on oath to Ethelred not to invade England any more,' and kept his promise, they farther say. Essentially a truth, as we already know, though the circumstances were all different; and the promise was to a devout High Priest, not to a crowned Blockhead and cowardly Do-nothing. One other 'Olaus' I find mentioned in our Books, two or three centuries before, at a time when there existed no such individual; not to speak of several Anlafs, who sometimes seem to mean Olaf, and still oftener to mean nobody possible. Which occasions not a little obscurity in our early History, says the learned Selden. A thing remediable, too, in which, if any Englishman of due genius (or even capacity for standing labour), who understood the Icelandic and Anglo-Saxon languages, would engage in it, he might do a great deal of good, and bring the matter into a comparatively lucid state. Vain aspirations,—or perhaps not altogether vain.

At the time of Olaf Tryggveson's death, and indeed long before, King Svein Double-Beard had always for chief enterprise the Conquest of England, and followed it by fits with extreme violence and impetus; often advancing largely towards a successful conclusion; but never, for thirteen years yet, getting it concluded. He possessed long since all England north of Watling Street. That is to say, Northumberland, East Anglia (naturally full of Danish settlers by this time), were fixedly his; Mercia, his oftener than not; Wessex itself, with all the coasts, he was free to visit, and to burn and rob in at discretion. There or elsewhere, Ethelred the Unready had no battle in him whatever; and, for a forty years after the beginning of his reign, England excelled in anarchic stupidity, murderous devastation, utter misery, platitude, and sluggish contemptibility, all the countries one has read of. Apparently a very opulent country, too; a ready skill in such arts and fine arts as there were; Svein's very ships, they say, had their gold dragons, top-mast pennons, and other metallic splendours generally wrought for them in England. 'Unexampled prosperity' in the manufacture way not unknown there, it would seem! But co-existing with such spiritual bankruptcy as was also unexampled, one would hope. Read *Lupus* (Wulfstan), Archbishop of York's amazing *Sermon* on the subject,[1] addressed to contemporary audiences; setting forth such a state of things,—sons selling their fathers, mothers, and sisters as Slaves to the Danish robber; themselves living in debauchery, blusterous gluttony, and depravity; the details of which are well-nigh incredible, though clearly stated as things generally known,—the humour of these poor wretches sunk to a state of what we may call greasy desperation, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." The manner in which they treated their own English nuns, if young, good-looking, and captive to the Danes; buying them

[1] This sermon was printed by Hearne; and is given also by Langebek in his excellent Collection, *Rerum Danicarum Scriptores Medii Ævi*. Hafniæ, 1772-1834.

on a kind of brutish or subterbrutish 'Greatest Happiness Principle' (for the moment), and by a Joint-Stock arrangement, far transcends all human speech or imagination, and awakens in one the momentary red-hot thought, The Danes have served you right, ye accursed! The so-called soldiers, one finds, made not the least fight anywhere; could make none, led and guided as they were: and the 'Generals,' often enough traitors, always ignorant, and blockheads, were in the habit, when expressly commanded to fight, of taking physic, and declaring that nature was incapable of castor-oil and battle both at once. This ought to be explained a little to the modern English and their War-Secretaries, who undertake the conduct of armies. The undeniable fact is, defeat on defeat was the constant fate of the English; during these forty years not one battle in which they were not beaten. No gleam of victory or real resistance till the noble Edmund Ironside (whom it is always strange to me how such an Ethelred could produce for son) made his appearance and ran his brief course, like a great and far-seen meteor, soon extinguished without result. No remedy for England in that base time, but yearly asking the victorious, plundering, burning and murdering Danes, 'How much money will you take to go away?' Thirty thousand pounds in silver, which the annual *Danegelt* soon rose to, continued to be about the average yearly sum, though generally on the increasing hand; in the last year I think it had risen to seventy-two thousand pounds in silver, raised yearly by a tax (Income-Tax of its kind, rudely levied), the worst of all remedies, good for the day only. Nay, there was one remedy still worse, which the miserable Ethelred once tried: that of massacring 'all the Danes settled in England' (practically, of a few thousands or hundreds of them), by treachery and a kind of Sicilian Vespers. Which issued, as such things usually do, in terrible monition to you not to try the like again! Issued, namely, in redoubled fury on the Danish part; new fiercer invasion by Svein's Jarl Thorkel; then by Svein himself; which latter drove the

miserable Ethelred, with wife and family, into Normandy, to wife's brother, the then Duke there; and ended that miserable struggle by Svein's becoming King of England himself. Of this disgraceful massacre, which it would appear has been immensely exaggerated in the English books, we can happily give the exact date (A.D. 1002); and also of Svein's victorious accession (A.D. 1013),[1]—pretty much the only benefit one gets out of contemplating such a set of objects.

King Svein's first act was to levy a terribly increased Income-Tax for the payment of his army. Svein was levying it with a stronghanded diligence, but had not yet done levying it, when, at Gainsborough one night, he suddenly died; smitten dead, once used to be said, by St. Edmund, whilom murdered King of the East Angles; who could not bear to see his shrine and monastery of St. Edmundsbury plundered by the Tyrant's tax-collectors, as they were on the point of being. In all ways impossible, however,—Edmund's own death did not occur till two years after Svein's. Svein's death, by whatever cause, befell 1014; his fleet, then lying in the Humber; and only Knut,[2] his eldest son (hardly yet eighteen, count some), in charge of it; who, on short counsel, and arrangement about this questionable kingdom of his, lifted anchor; made for Sandwich, a safer station at the moment; 'cut off the feet and noses' (one shudders, and hopes Not, there being some discrepancy about it!) of his numerous hostages that had been delivered to King Svein; set them ashore;—and made for Denmark, his natural storehouse and stronghold, as the hopefulest first-thing he could do.

Knut soon returned from Denmark, with increase of force sufficient for the English problem; which latter he now ended in a victorious, and essentially, for himself and chaotic England, beneficent manner. Became widely known by and by, there and elsewhere, as Knut the Great; and is thought by judges of our day to have really merited that title.

[1] Kennet, i. 67; Rapin, i. 119, 121 (from the *Saxon Chronicle* both).

[2] Knut born A.D. 988 according to Munch's calculation (ii. 126).

A most nimble, sharp-striking, clear-thinking, prudent and effective man, who regulated this dismembered and distracted England in its Church matters, in its State matters, like a real King. Had a Standing Army (*House Carles*), who were well paid, well drilled and disciplined, capable of instantly quenching insurrection or breakage of the peace; and piously endeavoured (with a signal earnestness, and even devoutness, if we look well) to do justice to all men, and to make all men rest satisfied with justice. In a word, he successfully strapped-up, by every true method and regulation, this miserable, dislocated, and dissevered mass of bleeding Anarchy into something worthy to be called an England again;—only that he died too soon, and a second 'Conqueror' of us, still weightier of structure, and under improved auspices, became possible, and was needed here! To appearance, Knut himself was capable of being a Charlemagne of England and the North (as has been already said or quoted), had he only lived twice as long as he did. But his whole sum of years seems not to have exceeded forty. His father Svein of the Forkbeard is reckoned to have been fifty to sixty when St. Edmund finished him at Gainsborough. We now return to Norway, ashamed of this long circuit which has been a truancy more or less.

CHAPTER IX

KING OLAF THE THICK-SET'S VIKING DAYS

King Harald Grænske, who, with another from Russia accidentally lodging beside him, got burned to death in Sweden, courting that unspeakable Sigrid the Proud,—was third cousin or so to Tryggve, father of our heroic Olaf. Accurately counted, he is great-grandson of Bjorn the Chapman, first of Haarfagr's sons whom Eric Bloodaxe made away with. His little 'kingdom,' as he called it, was a district named the Greenland (*Grœneland*); he himself was one of those little Haarfagr kinglets whom Hakon Jarl, much more

Olaf Tryggveson, was content to leave reigning, since they would keep the peace with him. Harald had a loving wife of his own, Aasta the name of her, soon expecting the birth of her and his pretty babe, named Olaf,—at the time he went on that deplorable Swedish adventure, the foolish, fated creature, and ended self and kingdom altogether. Aasta was greatly shocked; composed herself however; married a new husband, Sigurd Syr, a kinglet, and a great-grandson of Harald Fairhair, a man of great wealth, prudence, and influence in those countries; in whose house, as favourite and well-beloved stepson, little Olaf was wholesomely and skilfully brought up. In Sigurd's house he had, withal, a special tutor entertained for him, one Rane, known as Rane the Far-travelled, by whom he could be trained, from the earliest basis, in Norse accomplishments and arts. New children came, one or two; but Olaf, from his mother, seems always to have known that he was the distinguished and royal article there. One day his Foster-father, hurrying to leave home on business, hastily bade Olaf, no other being by, saddle his horse for him. Olaf went out with the saddle, chose the biggest he-goat about, saddled that, and brought it to the door by way of horse. Old Sigurd, a most grave man, grinned sardonically at the sight. "Hah, I see thou hast no mind to take commands from me; thou art of too high a humour to take commands." To which, says Snorro, Boy Olaf answered little except by laughing, till Sigurd saddled for himself, and rode away. His mother Aasta appears to have been a thoughtful, prudent woman, though always with a fierce royalism at the bottom of her memory, and a secret implacability on that head.

At the age of twelve Olaf went to sea; furnished with a little fleet, and skilful sea-counsellor, expert old Rane, by his Foster-father, and set out to push his fortune in the world. Rane was a steersman and counsellor in these incipient times; but the crew always called Olaf 'King,' though at first, as Snorro thinks, except it were in the hour of battle, he merely

pulled an oar. He cruised and fought in this capacity on many seas and shores; passed several years, perhaps till the age of nineteen or twenty, in this wild element and way of life; fighting always in a glorious and distinguished manner. In the hour of battle, diligent enough 'to amass property,' as the Vikings termed it; and in the long days and nights of sailing, given over, it is likely, to his own thoughts and the unfathomable dialogue with the ever-moaning Sea; not the worst High School a man could have, and indeed infinitely preferable to the most that are going even now, for a high and deep young soul.

His first distinguished expedition was to Sweden: natural to go thither first, to avenge his poor father's death, were it nothing more. Which he did, the Skalds say, in a distinguished manner; making victorious and handsome battle for himself, in entering Mælare Lake; and in getting out of it again, after being frozen there all winter, showing still more surprising, almost miraculous contrivance and dexterity. This was the first of his glorious victories; of which the Skalds reckon up some fourteen or thirteen very glorious indeed, mostly in the Western and Southern countries, most of all in England; till the name of Olaf Haraldson became quite famous in the Viking and strategic world. He seems really to have learned the secrets of his trade, and to have been, then and afterwards, for vigilance, contrivance, valour, and promptitude of execution, a superior fighter. Several exploits recorded of him betoken, in simple forms, what may be called a military genius.

The principal, and to us the alone interesting, of his exploits seem to have lain in England, and, what is further notable, always on the anti-Svein side. English books do not mention him at all that I can find; but it is fairly credible that, as the Norse records report, in the end of Ethelred's reign, he was the ally or hired general of Ethelred, and did a great deal of sea-fighting, watching, sailing, and sieging for this miserable king and Edmund Ironside. his

son. Snorro says expressly, London, the impregnable city, had to be besieged again for Ethelred's behoof (in the interval between Svein's death and young Knut's getting back from Denmark), and that our Olaf Haraldson was the great engineer and victorious captor of London on that singular occasion,—London captured for the first time. The Bridge, as usual, Snorro says, offered almost insuperable obstacles. But the engineering genius of Olaf contrived huge 'platforms of wainscoting' (old walls of wooden houses, in fact), 'bound together by withes'; these, carried steadily aloft above the ships, will (thinks Olaf) considerably secure them and us from the destructive missiles, big boulder stones, and other mischief profusely showered down on us, till we get under the Bridge with axes and cables, and do some good upon it. Olaf's plans were tried; most of the other ships, in spite of their wainscoting and withes, recoiled on reaching the Bridge, so destructive were the boulder and other missile showers. But Olaf's ships and self got actually under the Bridge; fixed all manner of cables there; and then, with the river current in their favour, and the frightened ships rallying to help in this safer part of the enterprise, tore out the important piles and props, and fairly broke the poor Bridge, wholly or partly, down into the river, and its Danish defenders into immediate surrender. That is Snorro's account.

On a previous occasion, Olaf had been deep in a hopeful combination with Ethelred's two younger sons, Alfred and Edward, afterwards King Edward the Confessor: That they two should sally out from Normandy in strong force, unite with Olaf in ditto, and, landing on the Thames, do something effectual for themselves. But impediments, bad weather or the like, disheartened the poor Princes, and it came to nothing. Olaf was much in Normandy, what they then called Walland; a man held in honour by those Norman Dukes.

What amount of 'property' he had amassed I do not know, but could prove, were it necessary, that he had

acquired some tactical or even strategic faculty and real talent for war. At Lymfjord, in Jutland, but some years after this (A.D. 1027), he had a sea-battle with the great Knut himself,—ships combined with flood-gates, with roaring, artificial deluges; right well managed by King Olaf; which were within a hair's-breadth of destroying Knut, now become a King and Great; and did in effect send him instantly running. But of this more particularly by and by.

What still more surprises me is the mystery, where Olaf, in this wandering, fighting, sea-roving life, acquired his deeply religious feeling, his intense adherence to the Christian Faith. I suppose it had been in England, where many pious persons, priestly and other, were still to be met with, that Olaf had gathered these doctrines; and that in those his unfathomable dialogues with the ever-moaning Ocean, they had struck root downwards in the soul of him, and borne fruit upwards to the degree so conspicuous afterwards. It is certain he became a deeply pious man during these long Viking cruises; and directed all his strength, when strength and authority were lent him, to establishing the Christian religion in his country, and suppressing and abolishing Vikingism there; both of which objects, and their respective worth and unworth, he must himself have long known so well.

It was well on in A.D. 1016 that Knut gained his last victory, at Ashdon, in Essex, where the earth pyramids and antique church near by still testify the thankful piety of Knut,—or, at lowest, his joy at having *won* instead of lost and perished, as he was near doing there. And it was still this same year when the noble Edmund Ironside, after forced partition-treaty 'in the Isle of Alney,' got scandalously murdered, and Knut became indisputable sole King of England, and decisively settled himself to his work of governing there. In the year before either of which events, while all still hung uncertain for Knut, and even Eric Jarl of Norway had to be summoned in aid of him,—in that year 1015, as one might naturally guess, and as all Icelandic hints

and indications lead us to date the thing, Olaf had decided to give up Vikingism in all its forms; to return to Norway, and try whether he could not assert the place and career that belonged to him there. Jarl Eric had vanished with all his war forces towards England, leaving only a boy, Hakon, as successor, and Svein, his own brother,—a quiet man, who had always avoided war. Olaf landed in Norway without obstacle; but decided to be quiet till he had himself examined and consulted friends.

His reception by his mother Aasta was of the kindest and proudest, and is lovingly described by Snorro. A pretty idyllic or epic piece, of *Norse* Homeric type: How Aasta, hearing of her son's advent, set all her maids and menials to work at the top of their speed; despatched a runner to the harvest-field, where her husband Sigurd was, to warn him to come home and dress. How Sigurd was standing among his harvest folk, reapers and binders; and what he had on,—broad slouch hat, with veil (against the midges), blue kirtle, hose of I forget what colour, with laced boots; and in his hand a stick with silver head and ditto ring upon it;—a personable old gentleman, of the eleventh century, in those parts. Sigurd was cautious, prudentially cunctatory, though heartily friendly in his counsel to Olaf, as to the King question. Aasta had a Spartan tone in her wild maternal heart; and assures Olaf that she, with a half-reproachful glance at Sigurd, will stand by him to the death in this his just and noble enterprise. Sigurd promises to consult farther in his neighbourhood, and to correspond by messages; the result is, Olaf, resolutely pushing forward himself, resolves to call a Thing, and openly claim his kingship there. The Thing itself was willing enough: opposition parties do here and there bestir themselves; but Olaf is always swifter than they. Five kinglets somewhere in the Uplands,[1]—all descendants of Haarfagr; but averse to break the peace, which Jarl Eric and Hakon Jarl both have always willingly allowed

[1] Snorro, Laing's Translation, ii. p. 31 et seq., will minutely specify.

to peaceable people,—seem to be the main opposition party. These five take the field against Olaf with what force they have; Olaf, one night, by beautiful celerity and strategic practice which a Friedrich or a Turenne might have approved, surrounds these Five; and when morning breaks, there is nothing for them but either death or else instant surrender, and swearing of fealty to King Olaf. Which latter branch of the alternative they gladly accept, the whole five of them, and go home again.

This was a beautiful bit of war-practice by King Olaf on land. By another stroke still more compendious at sea, he had already settled poor young Hakon, and made him peaceable for a long while. Olaf, by diligent quest and spy-messaging, had ascertained that Hakon, just returning from Denmark and farewell to Papa and Knut, both now under way for England, was coasting north towards Trondhjem; and intended on or about such a day to land in such and such a fjord towards the end of this Trondhjem voyage. Olaf at once mans two big ships, steers through the narrow mouth of the said fjord, moors one ship on the north shore, another on the south; fixes a strong cable, well sunk under water, to the capstans of these two; and in all quietness waits for Hakon. Before many hours, Hakon's royal or quasi-royal barge steers gaily into this fjord; is a little surprised, perhaps, to see within the jaws of it two big ships at anchor; but steers gallantly along, nothing doubting. Olaf, with a signal of 'All hands,' works his two capstans; has the cable up high enough at the right moment, catches with it the keel of poor Hakon's barge, upsets it, empties it wholly into the sea. Wholly into the sea; saves Hakon, however, and his people from drowning, and brings them on board. His dialogue with poor young Hakon, especially poor young Hakon's responses, is very pretty. Shall I give it, out of Snorro, and let the reader take it for as authentic as he can? It is at least the true image of it in authentic Snorro's *head* little more than two centuries later.

'Jarl Hakon was led up to the king's ship. He was the handsomest man that could be seen. He had long hair as fine as silk, bound about his head with a gold ornament. When he sat down in the forehold the king said to him:'

King. "It is not false, what is said of your family, that ye are handsome people to look at; but now your luck has deserted you."

Hakon. "It has always been the case that success is changeable; and there is no luck in the matter. It has gone with your family as with mine to have by turns the better lot. I am little beyond childhood in years; and at any rate we could not have defended ourselves, as we did not expect any attack on the way. It may turn out better with us another time."

King. "Dost thou not apprehend that thou art in such a condition that, hereafter, there can be neither victory nor defeat for thee?"

Hakon. "That is what only thou canst determine, King, according to thy pleasure."

King. "What wilt thou give me, Jarl, if, for this time, I let thee go, whole and unhurt?"

Hakon. "What wilt thou take, King?"

King. "Nothing, except that thou shalt leave the country, give up thy kingdom; and take an oath that thou wilt never go into battle against me."'[1]

Jarl Hakon accepted the generous terms; went to England and King Knut, and kept his bargain for a good few years; though he was at last driven, by pressure of King Knut, to violate it,—little to his profit, as we shall see. One victorious naval battle with Jarl Svein, Hakon's uncle, and his adherents, who fled to Sweden, after his beating,—battle not difficult to a skilful, hard-hitting king,—was pretty much all the actual fighting Olaf had to do in this enterprise. He various times met angry Bonders and refractory Things with arms in their hand; but by skilful, firm management,—perfectly patient,

[1] Snorro, ii. p. 24-5.

but also perfectly ready to be active,—he mostly managed without coming to strokes; and was universally recognised by Norway as its real king. A promising young man, and fit to be a king, thinks Snorro. Only of middle stature, almost rather shortish; but firm-standing, and stout-built; so that they got to call him Olaf the thick (meaning Olaf the Thick-*set*, or Stout-built), though his final epithet among them was infinitely higher. For the rest, 'a comely, earnest, prepossessing look; beautiful yellow hair in quantity; broad, honest face, of a complexion pure as snow and rose'; and finally (or firstly) 'the brightest eyes in the world; such that, in his anger, no man could stand them.' He had a heavy task ahead, and needed all his qualities and fine gifts to get it done.

CHAPTER X

REIGN OF KING OLAF THE SAINT

The late two Jarls, now gone about their business, had both been baptised, and called themselves Christians. But during their government they did nothing in the conversion way; left every man to choose his own God or Gods; so that some had actually two, the Christian God by land, and at sea Thor, whom they considered safer in that element. And in effect the mass of the people had fallen back into a sluggish heathenism or half-heathenism, the life-labour of Olaf Tryggveson lying ruinous or almost quite overset. The new Olaf, son of Harald, set himself with all his strength to mend such a state of matters; and stood by his enterprise to the end, as the one highest interest, including all others, for his People and him. His method was by no means soft; on the contrary, it was hard, rapid, severe,—somewhat on the model of Tryggveson's, though with more of *bishoping* and preaching superadded. Yet still there was a great deal of mauling, vigorous punishing, and an entire intolerance of these two things: Heathenism and Sea-robbery, at least of Sea-robbery

in the old style; whether in the style we moderns still practise, and call privateering, I do not quite know. But Vikingism proper had to cease in Norway; still more, Heathenism, under penalties too severe to be borne; death, mutilation of limb, not to mention forfeiture and less rigorous coercion. Olaf was inexorable against violation of the law. "Too severe," cried many; to whom one answers, "Perhaps in part *yes*, perhaps also in great part *no*; depends altogether on the previous question, How far the law was the eternal one of God Almighty in the universe, How far the law merely of Olaf (destitute of right inspiration) left to his own passions and whims?"

Many were the jangles Olaf had with the refractory Heathen Things and Ironbeards of a new generation: very curious to see. Scarcely ever did it come to fighting between King and Thing, though often enough near it; but the Thing discerning, as it usually did in time, that the King was stronger in men, seemed to say unanimously to itself, "We have lost, then; baptise us, we must burn our old gods and conform." One new feature we do slightly discern: here and there a touch of theological argument on the heathen side. At one wild Thing, far up in the Dovrefjeld, of a very heathen temper, there was much of that; not to be quenched by King Olaf at the moment; so that it had to be adjourned till the morrow, and again till the next day. Here are some traits of it, much abridged from Snorro (who gives a highly punctual account), which vividly represent Olaf's posture and manner of proceeding in such intricacies.

The chief Ironbeard on this occasion was one Gudbrand, a very rugged peasant; who, says Snorro, was like a king in that district. Some days before, King Olaf, intending a religious Thing in those deeply heathen parts, with alternative of Christianity or conflagration, is reported, on looking down into the valley and the beautiful village of Loar standing there, to have said wistfully, "What a pity it is that so beautiful a village should be burnt!" Olaf sent out his

message-token all the same, however, and met Gudbrand and an immense assemblage, whose humour towards him was uncompliant to a high degree indeed. Judge by this preliminary speech of Gudbrand to his Thing-people, while Olaf was not yet arrived, but only advancing, hardly got to Breeden on the other side of the hill: "A man has come to Loar who is called Olaf," said Gudbrand, "and will force upon us another faith than we had before, and will break in pieces all our Gods. He says he has a much greater and more powerful God; and it is wonderful that the earth does not burst asunder under him, or that our God lets him go about unpunished when he dares to talk such things. I know this for certain, that if we carry Thor, who has always stood by us, out of our Temple that is standing upon this farm, Olaf's God will melt away, and he and his men be made nothing as soon as Thor looks upon them." Whereupon the Bonders all shouted as one man, "Yea!"

Which tremendous message they even forwarded to Olaf, by Gudbrand's younger son at the head of 700 armed men; but did not terrify Olaf with it, who, on the contrary, drew up his troops, rode himself at the head of them, and began a speech to the Bonders, in which he invited them to adopt Christianity, as the one true faith for mortals.

Far from consenting to this, the Bonders raised a general shout, smiting at the same time their shields with their weapons; but Olaf's men advancing on them swiftly, and flinging spears, they turned and ran, leaving Gudbrand's son behind, a prisoner, to whom Olaf gave his life: "Go home now to thy father, and tell him I mean to be with him soon."

The son goes accordingly, and advises his father not to face Olaf; but Gudbrand angrily replies: "Ha, coward! I see thou, too, art taken by the folly that man is going about with"; and is resolved to fight. That night, however, Gudbrand has a most remarkable Dream, or Vision: A Man surrounded by light, bringing great terror with him, who warns

Gudbrand against doing battle with Olaf. "If thou dost, thou and all thy people will fall; wolves will drag away thee and thine, ravens will tear thee in stripes!" And lo, in telling this to Thord Potbelly, a sturdy neighbour of his and henchman in the Thing, it is found that to Thord also has come the self-same terrible Apparition! Better propose truce to Olaf (who seems to have these dreadful Ghostly Powers on his side), and the holding of a Thing, to discuss matters between us. Thing assembles, on a day of heavy rain. Being all seated, uprises King Olaf, and informs them: "The people of Lesso, Loar, and Vaage, have accepted Christianity, and broken down their idol-houses: they believe now in the True God, who has made heaven and earth, and knows all things"; and sits down again without more words.

'Gudbrand replies, "We know nothing about him of whom thou speakest. Dost thou call him God, whom neither thou nor any one else can see? But we have a God who can be seen every day, although he is not out today because the weather is wet; and he will appear to thee terrible and very grand; and I expect that fear will mix with thy very blood when he comes into the Thing. But since thou sayest thy God is so great, let him make it so that tomorrow we have a cloudy day, but without rain, and then let us meet again."

'The king accordingly returned home to his lodging, taking Gudbrand's son as a hostage; but he gave them a man as hostage in exchange. In the evening the king asked Gudbrand's son What their God was like? He replied that he bore the likeness of Thor; had a hammer in his hand; was of great size, but hollow within; and had a high stand, upon which he stood when he was out. "Neither gold nor silver are wanting about him, and every day he receives four cakes of bread, besides meat." They then went to bed; but the king watched all night in prayer. When day dawned the king went to mass; then to table, and from thence to the Thing. The weather was such as Gudbrand desired. Now

the Bishop stood up in his choir-robes, with bishop's coif on his head, and bishop's crosier in his hand. He spoke to the Bonders of the true faith, told the many wonderful acts of God, and concluded his speech well.

'Thord Potbelly replies, "Many things we are told of by this learned man with the staff in his hand, crooked at the top like a ram's horn. But since you say, comrades, that your God is so powerful, and can do so many wonders, tell him to make it clear sunshine tomorrow forenoon, and then we shall meet here again, and do one of two things,—either agree with you about this business, or fight you." And they separated for the day.'

Over night the king instructed Kolbein the Strong, an immense fellow, the same who killed Gunhild's two brothers, that he, Kolbein, must stand next him tomorrow; people must go down to where the ships of the Bonders lay, and punctually bore holes in every one of them; *item*, to the farms where their horses were, and punctually unhalter the whole of them, and let them loose: all which was done. Snorro continues:

'Now the king was in prayer all night, beseeching God of his goodness and mercy to release him from evil. When mass was ended, and morning was grey, the king went to the Thing. When he came thither, some Bonders had already arrived, and they saw a great crowd coming along, and bearing among them a huge man's image, glancing with gold and silver. When the Bonders who were at the Thing saw it, they started up, and bowed themselves down before the ugly idol. Thereupon it was set down upon the Thing field; and on the one side of it sat the Bonders, and on the other the King and his people.

'Then Dale Gudbrand stood up and said, "Where now, king, is thy God? I think he will now carry his head lower; and neither thou, nor the man with the horn, sitting beside thee there, whom thou callest Bishop, are so bold today as on the former days. For now our God, who rules

over all, is come, and looks on you with an angry eye; and now I see well enough that you are terrified, and scarcely dare raise your eyes. Throw away now all your opposition, and believe in the God who has your fate wholly in his hands."

'The king now whispers to Kolbein the Strong, without the Bonders perceiving it, "If it come so in the course of my speech that the Bonders look another way than towards their idol, strike him as hard as thou canst with thy club."

'The king then stood up and spoke; "Much hast thou talked to us this morning, and greatly hast thou wondered that thou canst not see our God; but we expect that he will soon come to us. Thou wouldst frighten us with thy God, who is both blind and deaf, and cannot even move about without being carried; but now I expect it will be but a short time before he meets his fate: for turn your eyes towards the east,—behold our God advancing in great light."

'The sun was rising, and all turned to look. At that moment Kolbein gave their God a stroke, so that he quite burst asunder; and there ran out of him mice as big almost as cats, and reptiles and adders. The Bonders were so terrified that some fled to their ships; but when they sprang out upon them the ships filled with water, and could not get away. Others ran to their horses, but could not find them. The king then ordered the Bonders to be called together, saying he wanted to speak with them; on which the Bonders came back, and the Thing was again seated.

'The king rose up and said, "I do not understand what your noise and running mean. You yourselves see what your God can do,—the idol you adorned with gold and silver, and brought meat and provisions to. You see now that the protecting powers, who used and got good of all that, were the mice and adders, the reptiles and lizards; and surely they do ill who trust to such, and will not abandon this folly. Take now your gold and ornaments that are lying

strewed on the grass, and give them to your wives and daughters, but never hang them hereafter upon stocks and stones. Here are two conditions between us to choose upon: either accept Christianity, or fight this very day, and the victory be to them to whom the God we worship gives it."

'Then Dale Gudbrand stood up and said, "We have sustained great damage upon our God; but since he will not help us, we will believe in the God whom thou believest in."

'Then all received Christianity. The Bishop baptised Gudbrand and his son. King Olaf and Bishop Sigurd left behind them teachers; and they who met as enemies parted as friends. And afterwards Gudbrand built a church in the valley.'[1]

Olaf was by no means an unmerciful man,—much the reverse where he saw good cause. There was a wicked old King Rærik, for example, one of those five kinglets whom, with their bits of armaments, Olaf by stratagem had surrounded one night, and at once bagged and subjected when morning rose, all of them consenting; all of them except this Rærik, whom Olaf, as the readiest sure course, took home with him; blinded, and kept in his own house; finding there was no alternative but that or death to the obstinate old dog, who was a kind of distant cousin withal, and could not conscientiously be killed. Stone-blind old Rærik was not always in murderous humour. Indeed, for most part he wore a placid, conciliatory aspect, and said shrewd amusing things; but had thrice over tried, with amazing cunning of contrivance, though stone-blind, to thrust a dagger into Olaf, and the last time had all but succeeded. So that, as Olaf still refused to have him killed, it had become a problem what was to be done with him. Olaf's good humour, as well as his quiet, ready sense and practicality, are manifested in his final settlement of this Rærik problem. Olaf's laugh, I can perceive, was not so loud as Tryggveson's, but equally hearty, coming from the bright mind of him!

[1] Snorro, ii. pp. 156-161.

Besides blind Rærik, Olaf had in his household one Thorarin, an Icelander; a remarkably ugly man, says Snorro, but a far-travelled, shrewdly observant, loyal-minded, and good-humoured person, whom Olaf liked to talk with. 'Remarkably ugly,' says Snorro, 'especially in his hands and feet, which were large and ill-shaped to a degree.' One morning Thorarin, who, with other trusted ones, slept in Olaf's apartment, was lazily dozing and yawning, and had stretched one of his feet, out of the bed before the king awoke. The foot was still there when Olaf did open his bright eyes, which instantly lighted on this foot.

"Well, here is a foot," says Olaf, gaily, "which one seldom sees the match of; I durst venture there is not another so ugly in this city of Nidaros."

"Hah, king!" said Thorarin, "there are few things one cannot match if one seek long and take pains. I would bet, with thy permission, King, to find an uglier."

"Done!" cried Olaf. Upon which Thorarin stretched out the other foot.

"A still uglier," cried he; "for it has lost the little toe."

"Ho, ho!" said Olaf; "but it is I who have gained the bet. The *less* of an ugly thing the less ugly, not the more!"

Loyal Thorarin respectfully submitted.

"What is to be my penalty, then? The king it is that must decide."

"To take me that wicked old Rærik to Leif Ericson in Greenland."

Which the Icelander did; leaving two vacant seats henceforth at Olaf's table. Leif Ericson, son of Eric discoverer of America, quietly managed Rærik henceforth; sent him to Iceland,—I think to father Eric himself; certainly to some safe hand there, in whose house, or in some still quieter neighbouring lodging, at his own choice, old Rærik spent the last three years of his life in a perfectly quiescent manner.

Olaf's struggles in the matter of religion had actually settled that question in Norway. By these rough methods

of his, whatever we may think of them, Heathenism had got itself smashed dead; and was no more heard of in that country. Olaf himself was evidently a highly devout and pious man;—whosoever is born with Olaf's temper now will still find, as Olaf did, new and infinite field for it! Christianity in Norway had the like fertility as in other countries; or even rose to a higher, and what Dahlmann thinks, exuberant pitch, in the course of the two centuries which followed that of Olaf. Him all [illegible] testimony represents to us as a most righteous no less than most religious king. Continually vigilant, just, and rigorous was Olaf's administration of the laws; repression of robbery, punishment of injustice, stern repayment of evil-doers, wherever he could lay hold of them.

Among the Bonder or opulent class, and indeed everywhere, for the poor too can be sinners and need punishment, Olaf had, by this course of conduct, naturally made enemies. His severity so visible to all, and the justice and infinite beneficence of it so invisible except to a very few. But, at any rate, his reign for the first ten years was victorious; and might have been so to the end, had it not been intersected, and interfered with, by King Knut in *his* far bigger orbit and current of affairs and interests. Knut's English affairs and Danish being all settled to his mind, he seems, especially after that year of pilgrimage to Rome, and association with the Pontiffs and Kaisers of the world on that occasion, to have turned his more particular attention upon Norway, and the claims he himself had there. Jarl Hakon, too, sister's son of Knut, and always well seen by him, had long been busy in this direction, much forgetful of that oath to Olaf when his barge got canted over by the cable of two capstans, and his life was given him, not without conditions altogether!

About the year 1026 there arrived two splendid persons out of England, bearing King Knut the Great's letter and seal, with a message, likely enough to be far from welcome to Olaf. For some days Olaf refused to see them or their letter, shrewdly guessing what the purport would be. Which indeed

was couched in mild language, but of sharp meaning enough: a notice to King Olaf, namely, That Norway was properly, by just heritage, Knut the Great's; and that Olaf must become the great Knut's liegeman, and pay tribute to him, or worse would follow. King Olaf, listening to these two splendid persons and their letter, in indignant silence till they quite ended, made answer: "I have heard say, by old accounts there are, that King Gorm of Denmark" (Bluetooth's father, Knut's great-grandfather) "was considered but a small king; having Denmark only and few people to rule over. But the kings who succeeded him thought that insufficient for them; and it has since come so far that King Knut rules over both Denmark and England, and has conquered for himself a part of Scotland. And now he claims also my paternal bit of heritage; cannot be contented without that too. Does he wish to rule over all the countries of the North? Can he eat up all the kale in England itself, this Knut the Great? He shall do that, and reduce his England to a desert, before I lay my head in his hands, or show him any other kind of vassalage. And so I bid you tell him these my words: I will defend Norway with battle-axe and sword as long as life is given me, and will pay tax to no man for my kingdom." Words which naturally irritated Knut to a high degree.

Next year accordingly (year 1027), tenth or eleventh year of Olaf's reign, there came bad rumours out of England: That Knut was equipping an immense army,—land-army, and such a fleet as had never sailed before; Knut's own ship in it,—a Gold Dragon with no fewer than sixty benches of oars. Olaf and Onund King of Sweden, whose sister he had married, well guessed whither this armament was bound. They were friends withal, they recognised their common peril in this imminence; and had, in repeated consultations, taken measures the best that their united skill (which I find was mainly Olaf's, but loyally accepted by the other) could suggest. It was in this year that Olaf (with his Swedish king

assisting) did his grand feat upon Knut in Lymfjord of Jutland, which was already spoken of. The special circumstances of which were these:

Knut's big armament arriving on the Jutish coasts too late in the season, and the coast country lying all plundered into temporary wreck by the two Norse kings, who shrank away on sight of Knut, there was nothing could be done upon them by Knut this year,—or, if anything, what? Knut's ships ran into Lymfjord, the safe-sheltered frith, or intricate long straggle of friths and straits, which almost cuts Jutland in two in that region; and lay safe, idly rocking on the waters there, uncertain what to do farther At last he steered in his big ship and some others, deeper into the interior of Lymfjord, deeper and deeper onwards to the mouth of a big river called the Helge (*Helge-aa*, the Holy River, not discoverable in my poor maps, but certainly enough still existing and still flowing somewhere among those intricate straits and friths), towards the bottom of which Helge river lay, in some safe nook, the small combined Swedish and Norse fleet, under the charge of Onund, the Swedish king, while at the top or source, which is a biggish mountain lake, King Olaf had been doing considerable engineering works, well suited to such an occasion, and was now ready at a moment's notice. Knut's fleet having idly taken station here, notice from the Swedish king was instantly sent; instantly Olaf's well-engineered flood-gates were thrown open; from the swollen lake a huge deluge of water was let loose; Olaf himself with all his people hastening down to join his Swedish friend, and get on board in time; Helge river all the while alongside of him, with ever-increasing roar, and wider-spreading deluge, hastening down the steeps in the night-watches. So that, along with Olaf, or some way ahead of him, came immeasurable roaring waste of waters upon Knut's negligent fleet; shattered, broke, and stranded many of his ships, and was within a trifle of destroying the Golden Dragon herself, with Knut on board.

Olaf and Onund, we need not say, were promptly there in person, doing their very best; the railings of the Golden Dragon, however, were too high for their little ships; and Jarl Ulf, husband of Knut's sister, at the top of his speed, courageously intervening, spoiled their stratagem, and saved Knut from this very dangerous pass.

Knut did nothing more this winter. The two Norse kings, quite unequal to attack such an armament, except by ambush, and engineering, sailed away; again plundering at discretion on the Danish coast; carrying into Sweden great booties and many prisoners; but obliged to lie fixed all winter; and indeed to leave their fleets there for a series of winters,—Knut's fleet, posted at Elsinore on both sides of the Sound, rendering all egress from the Baltic impossible, except at his pleasure. Ulf's opportune deliverance of his royal brother-in-law did not much bestead poor Ulf himself. He had been in disfavour before, pardoned with difficulty, by Queen Emma's intercession; an ambitious, officious, pushing, stirring, and, both in England and Denmark, almost dangerous man; and this conspicuous accidental merit only awoke new jealousy in Knut. Knut, finding nothing pass the Sound worth much blockading, went ashore; 'and the day before Michaelmas,' says Snorro, 'rode with a great retinue to Roeskilde.' Snorro continues his tragic narrative of what befell there:

'There Knut's brother-in-law, Jarl Ulf, had prepared a great feast for him. The Jarl was the most agreeable of hosts; but the King was silent and sullen. The Jarl talked to him in every way to make him cheerful, and brought forward everything he could think of to amuse him; but the King remained stern, and speaking little. At last the Jarl proposed a game of chess, which he agreed to. A chess-board was produced, and they played together. Jarl Ulf was hasty in temper, stiff, and in nothing yielding; but everything he managed went on well in his hands: and he was a great warrior, about whom there are many stories. He was

the most powerful man in Denmark next to the King. Jarl Ulf's sister, Gyda, was married to Jarl Gudin (Godwin) Ulfnadson; and their sons were, Harald King of England, and Jarl Tosti, Jarl Walthiof, Jarl Mauro-Kaare, and Jarl Svein. Gyda was the name of their daughter, who was married to the English King Edward, the Good (whom we call the Confessor).

'When they had played a while, the King made a false move; on which the Jarl took a knight from him; but the King set the piece on the board again, and told the Jarl to make another move. But the Jarl flew angry, tumbled the chess-board over, rose, and went away. The King said, "Run thy ways, Ulf the Fearful." The Jarl turned round at the door and said, "Thou wouldst have run farther at Helgé river hadst thou been left to battle there. Thou didst not call me Ulf the Fearful when I hastened to thy help while the Swedes were beating thee like a dog." The Jarl then went out, and went to bed.

'The following morning, while the King was putting on his clothes, he said to his footboy, "Go thou to Jarl Ulf and kill him." The lad went, was away a while, and then came back. The King said, "Hast thou killed the Jarl?" "I did not kill him, for he was gone to St. Lucius's church." There was a man called Ivar the White, a Norwegian by birth, who was the King's courtman and chamberlain. The King said to him, "Go thou and kill the Jarl." Ivar went to the church, and in at the choir, and thrust his sword through the Jarl, who died on the spot. Then Ivar went to the King, with the bloody sword in his hand.

'The King said, "Hast thou killed the Jarl?" "I have killed him," said he. "Thou hast done well," answered the King.'[1]

From a man who built so many churches (one on each battle-field where he had fought, to say nothing of the others), and who had in him such depths of real devotion and other

[1] Snorro, ii. pp. 252-3.

fine cosmic quality, this does seem rather strong! But it is characteristic, withal,—of the man, and perhaps of the times still more. In any case, it is an event worth noting, the slain Jarl Ulf and his connections being of importance in the history of Denmark and of England also. Ulf's wife was Astrid, sister of Knut, and their only child was Svein, styled afterwards 'Svein Estrithson' ('*Astrid*-son') when he became noted in the world,—at this time a beardless youth, who, on the back of this tragedy, fled hastily to Sweden, where were friends of Ulf. After some ten years' eclipse there, Knut and both his sons being now dead, Svein reappeared in Denmark under a new and eminent figure, 'Jarl of Denmark,' highest Liegeman to the then sovereign there. Broke his oath to said sovereign, declared himself, Svein Estrithson, to be real King of Denmark; and, after much preliminary trouble, and many beatings and disastrous flights to and fro, became in effect such,—to the wonder of mankind; for he had not had one victory to cheer him on, or any good luck or merit that one sees, except that of surviving longer than some others. Nevertheless he came to be the Restorer, so-called, of Danish independence; sole remaining representative of Knut (or Knut's sister), of Fork-beard, Blue-tooth, and Old Gorm; and ancestor of all the subsequent kings of Denmark for some 400 years; himself coming, as we see, only by the Distaff side, all of the Sword or male side having died so soon. Early death, it has been observed, was the Great Knut's allotment, and all his posterity's as well;—fatal limit (had there been no others, which we see there were) to his becoming 'Charlemagne of the North' in any considerable degree! Jarl Ulf, as we have seen, had a sister, Gyda by name, wife to Earl Godwin ('Gudin Ulfnadsson,' as Snorro calls him), a very memorable Englishman, whose son and hers, King Harald, *Harold* in English books, is the memorablest of all. These things ought to be better known to English antiquaries, and will perhaps be alluded to again.

This pretty little victory or affront, gained over Knut in

Lymfjord, was among the last successes of Olaf against that mighty man. Olaf, the skilful captain he was, need not have despaired to defend his Norway against Knut and all the world. But he learned henceforth, month by month ever more tragically, that his own people, seeing softer prospects under Knut, and in particular the chiefs of them, industriously bribed by Knut for years past, had fallen away from him; and that his means of defence were gone. Next summer, Knut's grand fleet sailed, unopposed, along the coast of Norway; Knut summoning a Thing every here and there, and in all of them meeting nothing but sky-high acclamation and acceptance. Olaf, with some twelve little ships, all he now had, lay quiet in some safe fjord, near Lindenæs, what we now call the Naze, behind some little solitary isles on the south-east of Norway there; till triumphant Knut had streamed home again. Home to England again: 'Sovereign of Norway' now, with nephew Hakon appointed Jarl and Vice-regent under him! This was the news Olaf met on venturing out; and that his worst anticipations were not beyond the sad truth. All, or almost all, the chief Bonders and men of weight in Norway had declared against him, and stood with triumphant Knut.

Olaf, with his twelve poor ships, steered vigorously along the coast to collect money and force,—if such could now anywhere be had. He himself was resolute to hold out, and try. 'Sailing swiftly with a fair wind, morning cloudy with some showers,' he passed the coast of Jedderen, which was Erling Skjalgson's country, when he got sure notice of an endless multitude of ships, war-ships, armed merchant ships, all kinds of shipping-craft, down to fishermen's boats, just getting under way against him, under the command of Erling Skjalgson,—the powerfulest of his subjects, once much a friend of Olaf's, but now gone against him to this length, thanks to Olaf's severity of justice, and Knut's abundance in gold and promises for years back. To that complexion had it come with Erling; sailing with this immense assemblage

of the naval people and populace of Norway to seize King Olaf, and bring him to the great Knut dead or alive.

Erling had a grand new ship of his own, which far outsailed the general miscellany of rebel ships, and was visibly fast gaining distance on Olaf himself,—who well understood what Erling's puzzle was, between the tail of his game (the miscellany of rebel ships, namely) that could not come up, and the head or general prize of the game which was crowding all sail to get away; and Olaf took advantage of the same. "Lower your sails!" said Olaf to his men (though we must go slower). "Ho you, we have lost sight of them!" said Erling to his, and put on all his speed; Olaf going, soon after this, altogether invisible,—behind a little island that he knew of, whence into a certain fiord or bay (Bay of Fungen on the maps), which he thought would suit him. "Halt here, and get out your arms," said Olaf, and had not to wait long till Erling came bounding in, past the rocky promontory, and with astonishment beheld Olaf's fleet of twelve with their battleaxes and their grappling-irons all in perfect readiness. These fell on him, the unready Erling, simultaneous, like a cluster of angry bees; and in a few minutes cleared his ship of men altogther, except Erling himself. Nobody asked his life, nor probably would have got it if he had. Only Erling still stood erect on a high place on the poop, fiercely defensive, and very difficult to get at. 'Could not be reached at all,' says Snorro, 'except by spears or arrows, and these he warded off with untiring dexterity; no man in Norway, it was said, had ever defended himself so long alone against many,'—an almost invincible Erling, had his cause been good. Olaf himself noticed Erling's behaviour, and said to him, from the foredeck below, "Thou hast turned against me today, Erling." "The eagles fight breast to breast," answers he. This was a speech of the king's to Erling once long ago, while they stood fighting, not as now, but side by side. The king, with some transient thought of possibility going through his head, rejoins, "Wilt thou surrender, Erling?" "That will

I," answered he; took the helmet off his head; laid down sword and shield; and went forward to the forecastle deck. The king pricked, I think not very harshly, into Erling's chin or beard with the point of his battle-axe, saying, "I must mark thee as traitor to thy Sovereign, though." Whereupon one of the bystanders, Aslak Fitiaskalle, stupidly and fiercely burst up; smote Erling on the head with his axe; so that it struck fast in his brain and was instantly the death of Erling. "Ill-luck attend thee for that stroke; thou hast struck Norway out of my hand by it!" cried the king to Aslak; but forgave the poor fellow, who had done it meaning well. The insurrectionary Bonder fleet arriving soon after, as if for certain victory, was struck with astonishment at this Erling catastrophe; and being now without any leader of authority, made not the least attempt at battle; but, full of discouragement and consternation, thankfully allowed Olaf to sail away on his northward voyage, at discretion; and themselves went off lamenting, with Erling's dead body.

This small victory was the last that Olaf had over his many enemies at present. He sailed along, still northward, day after day; several important people joined him; but the news from landward grew daily more ominous: Bonders busily arming to rear of him; and ahead, Hakon still more busily at Trondhjem, now near by, "—and he will end thy days, King, if he have strength enough!" Olaf paused; sent scouts to a hill-top: "Hakon's armament visible enough, and under way hitherward, about the Isle of Bjarnö, yonder!" Soon after, Olaf himself saw the Bonder armament of twenty-five ships, from the southward, sail past in the distance to join that of Hakon; and, worse still, his own ships, one and another (seven in all), were slipping off on a like errand! He made for the Fiord of Fodrar, mouth of the rugged strath called Valdal,—which I think still knows Olaf, and has now an 'Olaf's Highway,' where, nine centuries ago, it scarcely had a path. Olaf entered this fiord, had his land-tent set up, and a cross beside it, on the small level green behind the pro-

montory there. Finding that his twelve poor ships were now reduced to five, against a world all risen upon him, he could not but see and admit to himself that there was no chance left; and that he must withdraw across the mountains and wait for a better time.

His journey through that wild country, in these forlorn and straitened circumstances, has a mournful dignity and homely pathos, as described by Snorro: how he drew up his five poor ships upon the beach, packed all their furniture away, and with his hundred or so of attendants and their journey-baggage, under guidance of some friendly Bonder, rode up into the desert and foot of the mountains; scaled, after three days' effort (as if by miracle, thought his attendants and thought Snorro), the well-nigh precipitous slope that led across,—never without miraculous aid from Heaven and Olaf, could baggage-wagons have ascended that path! In short, How he fared along, beset by difficulties and the mournfulest thoughts; but patiently persisted, steadfastly trusted in God; and was fixed to return, and by God's help try again. An evidently very pious and devout man; a good man struggling with adversity, such as the gods, we may still imagine with the ancients, do look down upon as their noblest sight.

He got to Sweden, to the court of his brother-in-law; kindly and nobly enough received there, though gradually, perhaps, ill-seen by the now authorities of Norway. So that, before long, he quitted Sweden; left his queen there with her only daughter, his and hers, the only child they had; he himself had an only son, 'by a bondwoman,' Magnus by name, who came to great things afterwards; of whom, and of which, by and by. With this bright little boy, and a selected escort of attendants, he moved away to Russia, to King Jarroslav; where he might wait secure against all risk of hurting kind friends by his presence. He seems to have been an exile altogether some two years,—such is one's vague notion; for there is no chronology in Snorro or his Sagas, and one is reduced to guessing and inferring. He had reigned over

Norway, reckoning from the first days of his landing there to those last of his leaving it across the Dovrefjeld, about fifteen years, ten of them shiningly victorious.

The news from Norway were naturally agitating to King Olaf; and, in the fluctuation of events there, his purposes and prospects varied much. He sometimes thought of pilgriming to Jerusalem, and a henceforth exclusively religious life; but for most part his pious thoughts themselves gravitated towards Norway, and a stroke for his old place and task there, which he steadily considered to have been committed to him by God. Norway, by the rumours, was evidently not at rest. Jarl Hakon, under the high patronage of his uncle, had lasted there but a little while. I know not that his government was especially unpopular, nor whether he himself much remembered his broken oath. It appears, however, he had left in England a beautiful bride; and considering farther that in England only could bridal ornaments and other wedding outfit of a sufficiently royal kind be found, he set sail thither, to fetch her and them himself. One evening of wildish-looking weather he was seen about the north-east corner of the Pentland Frith; the night rose to be tempestuous; Hakon or any timber of his fleet was never seen more. Had all gone down,—broken oaths, bridal hopes, and all else; mouse and man,—into the roaring waters. There was no farther Opposition-line; the like of which had lasted ever since old heathen Hakon Jarl, down to this his grandson, Hakon's *finis* in the Pentland Frith. With this Hakon's disappearance it now disappeared.

Indeed Knut himself, though of an empire suddenly so great, was but a temporary phenomenon. Fate had decided that the grand and wise Knut was to be short-lived; and to leave nothing as successors but an ineffectual young Harald Harefoot, who soon perished, and a still stupider fiercely-drinking Harda-Knut, who rushed down of apoplexy (here in London City, as I guess), with the goblet at his mouth, drinking health and happiness at a wedding-feast, also before long.

Hakon having vanished in this dark way, there ensued a pause, both on Knut's part and on Norway's. Pause or interregnum of some months, till it became certain, first, whether Hakon were actually dead, secondly, till Norway, and especially till King Knut himself, could decide what to do. Knut, to the deep disappointment, which had to keep itself silent, of three or four chief Norway men, named none of these three or four Jarl of Norway; but bethought him of a certain Svein, a bastard son of his own, —who, and almost still more his English mother, much desired a career in the world fitter for him, thought they indignantly, than that of captain over Jomsburg, where alone the father had been able to provide for him hitherto. Svein was sent to Norway as King or vice-king for Father Knut; and along with him his fond and vehement mother. Neither of whom gained any favour from the Norse people by the kind of management they ultimately came to show.

Olaf on news of this change, and such uncertainty prevailing everywhere in Norway as to the future course of things,— whether Svein would come, as was rumoured of at last, and be able to maintain himself if he did,—thought there might be something in it of a chance for himself and his rights. And, after lengthened hesitation, much prayer, pious invocation, and consideration, decided to go and try it. The final grain that had turned the balance, it appears, was a half-waking morning dream, or almost ocular vision he had of his glorious cousin Olaf Tryggveson, who severely admonished, exhorted, and encouraged him; and disappeared grandly, just in the instant of Olaf's awakening; so that Olaf almost fancied he had seen the very figure of him, as it melted into air. "Let us on, let us on!" thought Olaf always after that. He left his son, not in Russia, but in Sweden with the Queen, who proved very good and carefully helpful in wise ways to him:—in Russia Olaf had now nothing more to do but give his grateful adieus, and get ready.

His march towards Sweden, and from that towards

Norway and the passes of the mountains, down Værdal, towards Stickelstad, and the crisis that awaited, is beautifully depicted by Snorro. It has, all of it, the description (and we see clearly, the fact itself had), a kind of pathetic grandeur, simplicity, and rude nobleness; something Epic or Homeric, without the metre or the singing of Homer, but with all the sincerity, rugged truth to nature, and much more of piety, devoutness, reverence for what is forever High in this Universe, than meets us in those old Greek Ballad-mongers. Singularly visual all of it, too, brought home in every particular to one's imagination, so that it stands out almost as a thing one actually saw.

Olaf had about three thousand men with him; gathered mostly as he fared along through Norway. Four hundred, raised by one Dag, a kinsman whom he had found in Sweden and persuaded to come with him, marched usually in a separate body; and were, or might have been, rather an important element. Learning that the Bonders were all arming, especially in Trondhjem country, Olaf streamed down towards them in the closest order he could. By no means very close, subsistence even for three thousand being difficult in such a country. His speech was almost always free and cheerful, though his thoughts always naturally were of a high and earnest, almost sacred tone; devout above all. Stickelstad, a small poor hamlet still standing where the valley ends, was seen by Olaf, and tacitly by the Bonders as well, to be the natural place for offering battle. There Olaf issued out from the hills one morning: drew himself up according to the best rules of Norse tactics,—rules of little complexity, but perspicuously true to the facts. I think he had a clear open ground still rather raised above the plain in front; he could see how the Bonder army had not yet quite arrived, but was pouring forward, in spontaneous rows or groups, copiously by every path. This was thought to be the biggest army that ever met in Norway; 'certainly not much fewer than a hundred times a hundred men,' according

to Snorro; great Bonders several of them, small Bonders very many,—all of willing mind, animated with a hot sense of intolerable injuries. 'King Olaf had punished great and small with equal rigour,' says Snorro; 'which appeared to the chief people of the country too severe; and animosity rose to the highest when they lost relatives by the King's just sentence, although they were in reality guilty. He again would rather renounce his dignity than omit righteous judgment. The accusation against him, of being stingy with his money, was not just, for he was a most generous man towards his friends. But that alone was the cause of the discontent raised against him, that he appeared hard and severe in his retributions. Besides, King Knut offered large sums of money, and the great chiefs were corrupted by this, and by his offering them greater dignities than they had possessed before.' On these grounds, against the intolerable man, great and small were now pouring along by every path.

Olaf perceived it would still be some time before the Bonder army was in rank. His own Dag of Sweden, too, was not yet come up; he was to have the right banner; King Olaf's own being the middle or grand one; some other person the third or left banner. All which being perfectly ranked and settled, according to the best rules, and waiting only the arrival of Dag, Olaf bade his men sit down, and freshen themselves with a little rest. There were religious services gone through: a *matins*-worship such as there have been few; sternly earnest to the heart of it, and deep as death and eternity, at least on Olaf's own part. For the rest Thormod sang a stave of the fiercest Skaldic poetry that was in him; all the army straightway sang it in chorus with fiery mind. The Bonder of the nearest farm came up, to tell Olaf that he also wished to fight for him. "Thanks to thee; but don't," said Olaf; "stay at home rather, that the wounded may have some shelter." To this Bonder, Olaf delivered all the money he had, with solemn order to lay out the whole of it in masses and prayers for the souls of such of

his enemies as fell. "Such of thy enemies, King?" "Yes, surely," said Olaf, "my friends will all either conquer, or go whither I also am going."

At last the Bonder army too was got ranked; three commanders, one of them with a kind of loose chief command, having settled to take charge of it; and began to shake itself towards actual advance. Olaf, in the mean while, had laid his head on the knees of Finn Arneson, his trustiest man, and fallen fast asleep. Finn's brother, Kalf Arneson, once a warm friend of Olaf, was chief of the three commanders on the opposite side. Finn and he addressed angry speech to one another from the opposite ranks, when they came near enough. Finn, seeing the enemy fairly approach, stirred Olaf from his sleep. "Oh, why hast thou wakened me from such a dream?" said Olaf, in a deeply solemn tone. "What dream was it, then?" asked Finn. "I dreamt that there rose a ladder here reaching up to very Heaven," said Olaf; "I had climbed and climbed, and got to the very last step, and should have entered there hadst thou given me another moment." "King, I doubt thou art *fey*; I do not quite like that dream."

The actual fight began about one of the clock in a most bright last day of July, and was very fierce and hot, especially on the part of Olaf's men, who shook the others back a little, though fierce enough they too; and had Dag been on the ground, which he wasn't yet, it was thought victory might have been won. Soon after battle joined, the sky grew of a ghastly brass or copper colour, darker and darker, till thick night involved all things; and did not clear away again till battle was near ending. Dag, with his four hundred, arrived in the darkness, and made a furious charge, what was afterwards, in the speech of the people, called 'Dag's storm.' Which had nearly prevailed, but could not quite; victory again inclining to the so vastly larger party. It is uncertain still how the matter would have gone; for Olaf himself was now fighting with his own hand, and doing deadly execution on his busiest enemies to right and to left. But one of these

chief rebels, Thorer Hund (thought to have learnt magic from the Laplanders, whom he long traded with, and made money by), mysteriously would not fall for Olaf's best strokes. Best strokes brought only dust from the (enchanted) deer-skin coat of the fellow, to Olaf's surprise,—when another of the rebel chiefs rushed forward, struck Olaf with his battle-axe, a wild slashing wound, and miserably broke his thigh, so that he staggered or was supported back to the nearest stone; and there sat down, lamentably calling on God to help him in this bad hour. Another rebel of note (the name of him long memorable in Norway) slashed or stabbed Olaf a second time, as did then a third. Upon which the noble Olaf sank dead; and forever quitted this doghole of a world, —little worthy of such men as Olaf, one sometimes thinks. But that too is a mistake, and even an important one, should we persist in it.

With Olaf's death the sky cleared again. Battle, now near done, ended with complete victory to the rebels, and next to no pursuit or result, except the death of Olaf; everybody hastening home, as soon as the big Duel had decided itself. Olaf's body was secretly carried, after dark, to some out-house on the farm near the spot; whither a poor blind beggar, creeping in for shelter that very evening, was miraculously restored to sight. And, truly with a notable, almost miraculous, speed, the feelings of all Norway for King Olaf changed themselves, and were turned upside down, 'within a year,' or almost within a day. Superlative example of *Extinctus amabitur idem*. Not 'Olaf the Thick-set' any longer, but 'Olaf the Blessed' or Saint, now clearly in Heaven; such the name and character of him from that time to this. Two churches dedicated to him (out of four that once stood) stand in London at this moment. And the miracles that have been done there, not to speak of Norway and Christendom elsewhere, in his name, were numerous and great for long centuries afterwards. Visibly a Saint Olaf ever since; and, indeed, in *Bollandus* or elsewhere, I have

seldom met with better stuff to make a Saint of, or a true World-Hero in all good senses.

Speaking of the London Olaf Churches, I should have added that from one of these the thrice-famous Tooley Street gets its name,—where those Three Tailors, addressing Parliament and the Universe, sublimely styled themselves, "We, the People of England." Saint Olave Street, Saint Oley Street, Stooley Street, Tooley Street; such are the metamorphoses of human fame in the world!

The battle-day of Stickelstad, King Olaf's death-day, is generally believed to have been Wednesday, July 31, 1033. But on investigation, it turns out that there was no total eclipse of the sun visible in Norway that year; though three years before, there was one; but on the 29th instead of the 31st. So that the exact date still remains uncertain; Dahlmann, the latest critic, inclining for 1030, and its indisputable eclipse.[1]

CHAPTER XI

MAGNUS THE GOOD AND OTHERS

St. Olaf is the highest of these Norway Kings, and is the last that much attracts us. For this reason, if a reason were not superfluous, we might here end our poor reminiscences of those dim Sovereigns. But we will, nevertheless, for the sake of their connection with bits of English History, still hastily mention the names of one or two who follow, and who throw a momentary gleam of life and illumination on events and epochs that have fallen so extinct among ourselves at present, though once they were so momentous and memorable.

The new King Svein from Jomsburg, Knut's natural son, had no success in Norway, nor seems to have deserved any.

[1] *Saxon Chronicle* says expressly, under A.D. 1030: 'In this year King Olaf was slain in Norway by his own people, and was afterwards sainted.'

His English mother and he were found to be grasping, oppressive persons; and awoke, almost from the instant that Olaf was suppressed and crushed away from Norway into Heaven, universal odium more and more in that country. Well-deservedly, as still appears; for their taxings and extortions of malt, of herring, of meal, smithwork and every article taxable in Norway, were extreme; and their service to the country otherwise nearly imperceptible. In brief their one basis there was the power of Knut the Great; and that, like all earthly things, was liable to sudden collapse,—and it suffered such in a notable degree. King Knut, hardly yet of middle age, and the greatest King in the then world, died at Shaftesbury, in 1035, as Dahlmann thinks,[1]—leaving two legitimate sons and a busy, intriguing widow (Norman Emma, widow of Ethelred the Unready), mother of the younger of these two; neither of whom proved to have any talent or any continuance. In spite of Emma's utmost efforts, Harald, the elder son of Knut, not hers, got England for his kingdom; Emma and her Harda-Knut had to be content with Denmark, and go thither, much against their will. Harald in England,—light-going little figure like his father before him,—got the name of Harefoot here; and might have done good work among his now orderly and settled people; but he died almost within year and day; and has left no trace among us, except that of 'Harefoot,' from his swift mode of walking. Emma and her Harda-Knut now returned joyful to England. But the violent, idle, and drunken Harda-Knut did no good there; and, happily for England and him, soon suddenly ended, by stroke of apoplexy at a marriage festival, as mentioned above. In Denmark he had done still less good. And indeed, under him, in a year or two, the grand imperial edifice, laboriously built by Knut's valour and wisdom, had already tumbled all

[1] *Saxon Chronicle* says: '1035. In this year died King Cnut. . . . He departed at Shaftesbury, November 12, and they conveyed him thence to Winchester, and there buried him.'

to the ground, in a most unexpected and remarkable way. As we are now to indicate with all brevity.

Svein's tyrannies in Norway had wrought such fruit that, within the four years after Olaf's death, the chief men in Norway, the very slayers of King Olaf, Kalf Arneson at the head of them, met secretly once or twice; and unanimously agreed that Kalf Arneson must go to Sweden, or to Russia itself; seek young Magnus, son of Olaf, home: excellent Magnus, to be king over all Norway and them, instead of this intolerable Svein. Which was at once done,—Magnus brought home in a kind of triumph, all Norway waiting for him. Intolerable Svein had already been rebelled against: some years before this, a certain young Tryggve out of Ireland, authentic son of Olaf Tryggveson and of that fine Irish Princess who chose him in his low habiliments and low estate, and took him over to her own Green Island,—this royal young Tryggve Olafson had invaded the usurper Svein, in a fierce, valiant, and determined manner; and though with too small a party, showed excellent fight for some time; till Svein, zealously bestirring himself, managed to get him beaten and killed. But that was a couple of years ago; the party still too small, not including one and all as now! Svein, without stroke of sword this time, moved off towards Denmark; never showing face in Norway again. His drunken brother, Harda-Knut, received him brother-like; even gave him some territory to rule over and subsist upon. But he lived only a short while; was gone before Harda-Knut himself; and we will mention him no more.

Magnus was a fine bright young fellow, and proved a valiant, wise, and successful King, known among his people as Magnus the Good. He was only natural son of King Olaf; but that made little difference in those times and there. His strange-looking, unexpected Latin name he got in this way: Alfhild, his mother, a slave through ill-luck of war, though nobly born, was seen to be in a hopeful way; and it was known in the King's house how intimately Olaf

was connected with that occurrence, and how much he loved this 'King's serving-maid,' as she was commonly designated. Alfhild was brought to bed late at night; and all the world, especially King Olaf, was asleep; Olaf's strict rule, then and always, being, Don't awaken me:—seemingly a man sensitive about his sleep. The child was a boy, of rather weakly aspect; no important person present, except Sigvat, the King's Icelandic Skald, who happened to be still awake; and the Bishop of Norway, who, I suppose, had been sent for in hurry. "What is to be done?" said the Bishop: "here is an infant in pressing need of baptism; and we know not what the name is: go, Sigvat, awaken the King, and ask." "I dare not for my life," answered Sigvat; "King's orders are rigorous on that point." "But if the child die unbaptised," said the Bishop, shuddering; too certain, he and everybody, where the child would go in that case! "I will myself give him a name," said Sigvat, with a desperate concentration of all his faculties; "he shall be namesake of the greatest of mankind,—imperial Carolus Magnus; let us call the infant Magnus!" King Olaf, on the morrow, asked rather sharply how Sigvat had dared take such a liberty; but excused Sigvat, seeing what the perilous alternative was. And Magnus, by such accident, this boy was called; and he, not another, is the prime origin and introducer of that name Magnus, which occurs rather frequently, not among the Norman Kings only, but by and by among the Danish and Swedish; and, among the Scandinavian populations, appears to be rather frequent to this day.

Magnus, a youth of great spirit, whose own, and standing at his beck, all Norway now was, immediately smote home on Denmark; desirous naturally of vengeance for what it had done to Norway, and the sacred kindred of Magnus. Denmark, its great Knut gone, and nothing but a drunken Harda-Knut, fugitive Svein and Co., there in his stead, was become a weak dislocated Country. And Magnus plundered in it, burnt it, beat it, as often as he pleased; Harda-Knut struggling what

he could to make resistance or reprisals, but never once getting any victory over Magnus. Magnus, I perceive, was, like his Father, a skilful as well as valiant fighter by sea and land; Magnus, with good battalions, and probably backed by immediate alliance with Heaven and St. Olaf, as was then the general belief or surmise about him, could not easily be beaten. And the truth is, he never was, by Harda-Knut or any other. Harda-Knut's last transaction with him was, To make a firm Peace and even Family-treaty sanctioned by all the grandees of both countries, who did indeed mainly themselves make it; their two Kings assenting: That there should be perpetual Peace, and no thought of war more, between Denmark and Norway; and that, if either of the Kings died childless while the other was reigning, the other should succeed him in both Kingdoms. A magnificent arrangement, such as has several times been made in the world's history; but which in this instance, what is very singular, took actual effect; drunken Harda-Knut dying so speedily, and Magnus being the man he was. One would like to give the date of this remarkable Treaty; but cannot with precision. Guess somewhere about 1040:[1] actual fruition of it came to Magnus, beyond question, in 1042, when Harda-Knut drank that wassail-bowl at the wedding in Lambeth, and fell down dead; which in the Saxon Chronicle is dated 3d June of that year. Magnus at once went to Denmark on hearing this event; was joyfully received by the head men there, who indeed, with their fellows in Norway, had been main contrivers of the Treaty; both Countries longing for mutual peace, and the end of such incessant broils.

Magnus was triumphantly received as King in Denmark. The only unfortunate thing was, that Svein Estrithson, the exile son of Ulf, Knut's Brother-in-law, whom Knut, as we saw, had summarily killed twelve years before, emerged from his exile in Sweden in a flattering form; and proposed that Magnus should make him Jarl of Denmark, and general

[1] Munch gives the date 1038 (ii. 840), Adam of Bremen 1040.

administrator there, in his own stead. To which the sanguine Magnus, in spite of advice to the contrary, insisted on acceding. "Too powerful a Jarl," said Einar Tamberskelver—the same Einar whose bow was heard to break in Olaf Tryggveson's last battle ("Norway breaking from thy hand, King!"), who had now become Magnus's chief man, and had long been among the highest chiefs in Norway; "too powerful a Jarl," said Einar earnestly. But Magnus disregarded it; and a troublesome experience had to teach him that it was true. In about a year, crafty Svein, bringing ends to meet, got himself declared King of Denmark for his own behoof, instead of Jarl for another's: and had to be beaten and driven out by Magnus. Beaten every year; but almost always returned next year, for a new beating,—almost, though not altogether; having at length got one dreadful smashing-down and half-killing, which held him quiet for a while,—so long as Magnus lived. Nay, in the end, he made good his point, as if by mere patience in being beaten; and did become King himself, and progenitor of all the Kings that followed. King Svein Estrithson; so called from Astrid or Estrith, his mother, the great Knut's sister, daughter of Svein Forkbeard by that amazing Sigrid the Proud, who *burnt* those two ineligible suitors of hers both at once, and got a switch on the face from Olaf Tryggveson, which proved the death of that high man.

But all this fine fortune of the often beaten Esthrithson was posterior to Magnus's death; who never would have suffered it, had he been alive. Magnus was a mighty fighter; a fiery man; very proud and positive, among other qualities, and had such luck as was never seen before. Luck invariably good, said everybody; never once was beaten,—which proves, continued everybody, that his Father Olaf and the miraculous power of Heaven were with him always. Magnus, I believe, did put down a great deal of anarchy in those countries. One of his earliest enterprises was to abolish Jomsburg, and trample out that nest of pirates. Which he managed so

completely that Jomsburg remained a mere reminiscence thenceforth; and its place is not now known to any mortal.

One perverse thing did at last turn up in the course of Magnus; a new Claimant for the Crown of Norway, and he a formidable person withal. This was Harald, half-brother of the late Saint Olaf; uncle or half-uncle, therefore, of Magnus himself. Indisputable son of the Saint's mother by St. Olaf's stepfather, who was himself descended straight from Harald Haarfagr. This new Harald was already much heard of in the world. As an ardent Boy of fifteen he had fought at King Olaf's side at Stickelstad; would not be admonished by the Saint to go away. Got smitten down there, not killed; was smuggled away that night from the field by friendly help; got cured of his wounds, forwarded to Russia, where he grew to man's estate, under bright auspices and successes. Fell in love with the Russian Princess, but could not get her to wife; went off thereupon to Constantinople as *Væringer* (Life-Guardsman of the Greek Kaiser); became Chief Captain of the Væringers, invincible champion of the poor Kaisers that then were, and filled all the East with the shine and noise of his exploits. An authentic *Waring* or *Baring*, such the surname we now have derived from these people; who were an important institution in those Greek countries for several ages: Væringer Life-Guard, consisting of Norsemen, with sometimes a few English among them. Harald had innumerable adventures, nearly always successful, sing the Skalds; gained a great deal of wealth, gold ornaments, and gold coin; had even Queen Zoe (so they sing, though falsely) enamoured of him at one time; and was himself a Skald of eminence; some of whose verses, by no means the worst of their kind, remain to this day.

This character of Waring much distinguishes Harald to me; the only Væringer of whom I could ever get the least biography, true or half-true. It seems the Greek History-books but indifferently correspond with these Saga records;

and scholars say there could have been no considerable romance between Zoe and him, Zoe at that date being 60 years of age! Harald's own lays say nothing of any Zoe, but are still full of longing for his Russian Princess far away.

At last, what with Zoes, what with Greek perversities and perfidies, and troubles that could not fail, he determined on quitting Greece; packed up his immensities of wealth in succinct shape, and actually returned to Russia, where new honours and favours awaited him from old friends, and especially, if I mistake not, the hand of that adorable Princess, crown of all his wishes for the time being. Before long, however, he decided farther to look after his Norway Royal heritages; and, for that purpose, sailed in force to the Jarl or quasi-King of Denmark, the often-beaten Svein, who was now in Sweden on his usual winter exile after beating. Svein and he had evidently interests in common. Svein was charmed to see him,—so warlike, glorious and renowned a man, with masses of money about him, too. Svein did by and by become treacherous; and even attempted, one night, to assassinate Harald in his bed on board ship: but Harald, vigilant of Svein, and a man of quick and sure insight, had providently gone to sleep elsewhere, leaving a log instead of himself among the blankets. In which log, next morning, treacherous Svein's battle-axe was found deeply sticking: and could not be removed without difficulty! But this was after Harald and King Magnus himself had begun treating; with the fairest prospects,—which this of the Svein battle-axe naturally tended to forward, as it altogether ended the other copartnery.

Magnus, on first hearing of Væringer Harald and his intentions, made instant equipment, and determination to fight his uttermost against the same. But wise persons of influence round him, as did the like sort round Væringer Harald, earnestly advised compromise and peaceable agreement. Which, soon after that of Svein's nocturnal battle-axe, was

the course adopted; and, to the joy of all parties, did prove a successful solution. Magnus agreed to part his kingdom with Uncle Harald; uncle parting his treasures, or uniting them with Magnus's poverty. Each was to be an independent king, but they were to govern in common; Magnus rather presiding. He, to sit, for example in the High Seat alone; King Harald opposite him in a seat not quite so high, though if a stranger King came on a visit, both the Norse Kings were to sit in the High Seat. With various other punctilious regulations; which the fiery Magnus was extremely strict with; rendering the mutual relation a very dangerous one, had not both the Kings been honest men, and Harald a much more prudent and tolerant one than Magnus. They, on the whole, never had any weighty quarrel, thanks now and then rather to Harald than to Magnus. Magnus too was very noble; and Harald, with his wide experience and greater length of years, carefully held his heat of temper well covered in.

Prior to Uncle Harald's coming, Magnus had distinguished himself as a Lawgiver. His Code of Laws for the Trondhjem Province was considered a pretty piece of legislation; and in subsequent times got the name of *Grey-goose* (Gràgas); one of the wonderfulest names ever given to a wise Book. Some say it came from the grey colour of the parchment, some give other incredible origins; the last guess I have heard is, that the name merely denotes antiquity; the witty name in Norway for a man growing old having been, in those times, that he was now 'becoming a grey-goose.' Very fantastic indeed; certain, however, that Grey-goose is the name of that venerable Law Book; nay, there is another, still more famous, belonging to Iceland, and not far from a century younger, the Iceland *Grey-goose*. The Norway one is perhaps of date about 1037, the other of about 1118; peace be with them both! Or, if anybody is inclined to such matters let him go to Dahlmann, for the amplest information and such minuteness of detail as might almost enable him to be an

Advocate, with Silk Gown, in any Court depending on these Grey-geese.

Magnus did not live long. He had a dream one night of his Father Olaf's coming to him in shining presence, and announcing, That a magnificent fortune and world-great renown was now possible for him; but that perhaps it was his duty to refuse it; in which case his earthly life would be short. "Which way wilt thou do, then?" said the shining presence. "Thou shalt decide for me, Father, thou, not I!" and told his Uncle Harald on the morrow, adding that he thought he should now soon die; which proved to be the fact. The magnificent fortune, so questionable otherwise, has reference, no doubt, to the Conquest of England; to which country Magnus, as rightful and actual King of *Denmark*, as well as undisputed heir to drunken Harda-Knut, by treaty long ago, had now some evident claim. The enterprise itself was reserved to the patient, gay, and prudent Uncle Harald; and to him it did prove fatal,—and merely paved the way for Another, luckier, not likelier!

Svein Estrithson, always beaten during Magnus's life, by and by got an agreement from the prudent Harald to *be* King of Denmark, then; and end these wearisome and ineffectual brabbles; Harald having other work to do. But in the autumn of 1066, Tosti, a younger son of our English Earl Godwin, came to Svein's court with a most important announcement; namely, that King Edward the Confessor, so called, was dead, and that Harold, as the English write it, his eldest brother would give him, Tosti, no sufficient share in the kingship. Which state of matters, if Svein would go ahead with him to rectify it, would be greatly to the advantage of Svein. Svein, taught by many beatings, was too wise for this proposal; refused Tosti, who indignantly stepped over into Norway, and proposed it to King Harald there. Svein really had acquired considerable teaching, I should guess, from his much beating and hard experience in the world; one finds him afterwards the esteemed friend of the famous Historian

Adam of Bremen, who reports various wise humanities, and pleasant discoursings with Svein Estrithson.

As for Harald Hardrade, 'Harald the Hard or Severe,' as he was now called, Tosti's proposal awakened in him all his old Væringer ambitions and cupidities into blazing vehemence. He zealously consented; and at once, with his whole strength, embarked in the adventure. Fitted out two hundred ships, and the biggest army he could carry in them; and sailed with Tosti towards the dangerous Promised Land. Got into the Tyne, and took booty; got into the Humber, thence into the Ouse; easily subdued any opposition the official people or their populations could make; victoriously scattered these, victoriously took the City of York in a day; and even got himself homaged there, 'King of Northumberland,' as per covenant,—Tosti proving honourable,—Tosti and he going with faithful strict copartnery, and all things looking prosperous and glorious. Except only (an important exception!) that they learnt for certain, English Harold was advancing with all his strength; and, in a measurable space of hours, unless care were taken, would be in York himself. Harald and Tosti hastened off to seize the post of Stamford Bridge on Derwent River, six or seven miles east of York City, and there bar this dangerous advent. Their own ships lay not far off in Ouse River, in case of the worst. The battle that ensued the next day, September 20, 1066, is forever memorable in English history.

Snorro gives vividly enough his view of it from the Icelandic side: A ring of stalwart Norsemen, close ranked, with their steel tools in hand; English Harold's Army, mostly cavalry, prancing and pricking all around; trying to find or make some opening in that ring. For a long time trying in vain, till at length, getting them enticed to burst out somewhere in pursuit, they quickly turned round, and quickly made an end of that matter. Snorro represents English Harold, with a first party of these horse coming up, and, with preliminary salutations, asking if Tosti were there, and if Harald were;

making generous proposals to Tosti; but, in regard to Harald and what share of England was to be his, answering Tosti with the words, "Seven feet of English earth, or more if he require it, for a grave." Upon which Tosti, like an honourable man and copartner, said, "No, never; let us fight you rather till we all die." "Who is this that spoke to you?" inquired Harald, when the cavaliers had withdrawn. "My brother Harold," answers Tosti; which looks rather like a Saga, but may be historical after all. Snorro's history of the battle is intelligible only after you have premised to it, what he never hints at, that the scene was on the east side of the bridge and of the Derwent; the great struggle for the bridge, one at last finds, was after the fall of Harald; and to the English Chroniclers, said struggle, which was abundantly severe, is all they know of the battle.

Enraged at that breaking loose of his steel ring of infantry, Norse Harald blazed up into true Norse fury, all the old Væringer and Berserkir rage awakening in him; sprang forth into the front of the fight, and mauled and cut and smashed down, on both hands of him, everything he met, irresistible by any horse or man, till an arrow cut him through the windpipe, and laid him low forever. That was the end of King Harald and of his workings in this world. The circumstance that he was a Waring or Baring, and had smitten to pieces so many Oriental cohorts or crowds, and had made love-verses (kind of *iron* madrigals) to his Russian Princess, and caught the fancy of questionable Greek queens, and had amassed such heaps of money, while poor nephew Magnus had only one gold ring (which had been his father's, and even his father's *mother's*, as Uncle Harald noticed), and nothing more whatever of that precious metal to combine with Harald's treasures:—all this is new to me, naturally no hint of it in any English book; and lends some gleam of romantic splendour to that dim business of Stamford Bridge, now fallen so dull and torpid to most English minds, transcendently important as it once was to all Englishmen. Adam of Bremen

says, the English got as much gold plunder from Harald's people as was a heavy burden for twelve men;[1] a thing evidently impossible, which nobody need try to believe. Young Olaf, Harald's son, age about sixteen, steering down the Ouse at the top of his speed, escaped home to Norway with all his ships, and subsequently reigned there with Magnus, his brother. Harald's body did lie in English earth for about a year; but was then brought to Norway for burial. He needed more than seven feet of grave, say some; Laing, interpreting Snorro's measurements, makes Harald eight feet in stature,—I do hope, with some error in excess!

CHAPTER XII

OLAF THE TRANQUIL, MAGNUS BAREFOOT, AND SIGURD THE CRUSADER

The new King Olaf, his brother Magnus having soon died, bore rule in Norway for some five-and-twenty years. Rule soft and gentle, not like his father's, and inclining rather to improvement in the arts and elegancies than to anything severe or dangerously laborious. A slim-built, witty-talking, popular and pretty man, with uncommonly bright eyes, and hair like floss silk: they called him Olaf *Kyrre* (the Tranquil or Easy-going).

The ceremonials of the palace were much improved by him. Palace still continued to be built of huge logs pyramidally sloping upwards, with fireplace in the middle of the floor, and no egress for smoke or ingress for light except right overhead, which, in bad weather, you could shut, or all but shut, with a lid. Lid originally made of mere opaque board, but changed latterly into a light frame, covered (*glazed*, so to speak) with entrails of animals, clarified into something of pellucidity. All this Olaf, I hope, further perfected, as he did the placing of the court ladies, court officials, and the

[1] Camden, Rapin, etc. quote.

like; but I doubt if the luxury of a glass window were ever known to him, or a cup to drink from that was not made of metal or horn. In fact it is chiefly for his son's sake I mention him here; and with the son, too, I have little real concern, but only a kind of fantastic.

This son bears the name of Magnus *Barfod* (Barefoot, or Bareleg); and if you ask why so, the answer is: He was used to appear in the streets of Nidaros (Trondhjem) now and then in complete Scotch Highland dress. Authentic tartan plaid and philibeg, at that epoch,—to the wonder of Trondhjem and us! The truth is, he had a mighty fancy for those Hebrides and other Scotch possessions of his; and seeing England now quite impossible, eagerly speculated on some conquest in Ireland as next best. He did, in fact, go diligently voyaging and inspecting among those Orkney and Hebridian Isles; putting everything straight there, appointing stringent authorities, jarls,—nay, a king, 'Kingdom of the Suderöer' (Southern Isles, now called *Sodor*),—and, as first king, Sigurd, his pretty little boy of nine years. All which done, and some quarrel with Sweden fought out, he seriously applied himself to visiting in a still more emphatic manner; namely, to invading, with his best skill and strength, the considerable virtual or actual kingdom he had in Ireland, intending fully to enlarge it to the utmost limits of the Island if possible. He got prosperously into Dublin (guess A.D. 1102). Considerable authority he already had, even among those poor Irish Kings, or kinglets, in their glibs and yellow-saffron gowns; still more, I suppose, among the numerous Norse Principalities there. 'King Murdog, King of Ireland,' says the Chronicle of Man, 'had obliged himself, every Yule-day, to take a pair of shoes, hang them over his shoulder, as your servant does on a journey, and walk across his court, at bidding and in presence of Magnus Barefoot's messenger, by way of homage to the said King.' Murdog on this greater occasion did whatever homage could be required

of him; but that, though comfortable, was far from satisfying the great King's ambitious mind. The great King left Murdog; left his own Dublin; marched off westward on a general conquest of Ireland. Marched easily victorious for a time; and got, some say, into the wilds of Connaught, but there saw himself beset by ambuscades and wild Irish countenances intent on mischief; and had, on the sudden, to draw up for battle;—place, I regret to say, altogether undiscoverable to me; known only that it was boggy in the extreme. Certain enough, too certain and evident, Magnus Barefoot, searching eagerly, could find no firm footing there; nor, fighting furiously up to the knees or deeper, any result but honourable depth! Date is confidently marked '24 August 1103,—as if people knew the very day of the month. The natives did humanely give King Magnus Christian burial. The remnants of his force, without further molestation, found their ships on the Coast of Ulster; and sailed home,—without conquest of Ireland; nay, perhaps, leaving royal Murdog disposed to be relieved of his procession with the pair of shoes.

Magnus Barefoot left three sons, all kings at once, reigning peaceably together. But to us, at present, the only noteworthy one of them was Sigurd; who, finding nothing special to do at home, left his brothers to manage for him, and went off on a far Voyage, which has rendered him distinguishable in the crowd. Voyage through the Straits of Gibraltar, on to Jerusalem, thence to Constantinople; and so home through Russia, shining with such renown as filled all Norway for the time being. A King called Sigurd Jorsalafarer (*Jerusalemer*) or Sigurd the Crusader henceforth. His voyage had been only partially of the Viking type; in general it was of the Royal-Progress kind rather; Vikingism only intervening in cases of incivility or the like. His reception in the Courts of Portugal, Spain, Sicily, Italy, had been honourable and sumptuous. The King of Jerusalem broke out into utmost splendour and effusion at sight of such a pilgrim; and

Constantinople did its highest honours to such a Prince of Væringers. And the truth is, Sigurd intrinsically was a wise, able, and prudent man; who, surviving both his brothers, reigned a good while alone in a solid and successful way. He shows features of an original, independent-thinking man; something of ruggedly strong, sincere, and honest, with peculiarities that are amiable and even pathetic in the character and temperament of him; as certainly, the course of life he took was of his own choosing, and peculiar enough. He happens furthermore to be, what he least of all could have chosen or expected, the last of the Haarfagr Genealogy that had any success, or much deserved any, in this world. The last of the Haarfagrs, or as good as the last! So that, singular to say, it is in reality, for one thing only that Sigurd, after all his crusadings and wonderful adventures, is memorable to us here: the advent of an Irish gentleman called 'Gylle Krist' (Gil-christ, Servant of Christ), who,—not over welcome, I should think, but (unconsciously) big with the above result,—appeared in Norway, while King Sigurd was supreme. Let us explain a little.

This Gylle Krist, the unconsciously fatal individual, who 'spoke Norse imperfectly,' declared himself to be the natural son of whilom Magnus Barefoot; born to him there while engaged in that unfortunate 'Conquest of Ireland.' "Here is my mother come with me," said Gilchrist, "who declares my real baptismal name to have been Harald, given me by that great King; and who will carry the red-hot ploughshares or do any reasonable ordeal in testimony of these facts. I am King Sigurd's veritable half-brother: what will King Sigurd think it fair to do with me?" Sigurd clearly seems to have believed the man to be speaking truth; and indeed nobody to have doubted but he was. Sigurd said, "Honourable sustenance shalt thou have from me here. But, under pain of extirpation, swear that, neither in my time, nor in that of my young son Magnus, wilt thou ever claim any share in this Government." Gylle swore; and

punctually kept his promise during Sigurd's reign. But during Magnus's, he conspicuously broke it; and, in result, through many reigns, and during three or four generations afterwards, produced unspeakable contentions, massacrings, confusions in the country he had adopted. There are reckoned, from the time of Sigurd's death (A.D. 1130), about a hundred years of civil war: no king allowed to distinguish himself by a solid reign of well-doing, or by any continuing reign at all,—sometimes as many as four kings simultaneously fighting;—and in Norway, from sire to son, nothing but sanguinary anarchy, disaster and bewilderment; a Country sinking steadily as if towards absolute ruin. Of all which frightful misery and discord Irish Gylle, styled afterwards King Harald Gylle, was, by ill destiny and otherwise, the visible origin: an illegitimate Irish Haarfagr who proved to be his own destruction, and that of the Haarfagr kindred altogether!

Sigurd himself seems always to have rather favoured Gylle, who was a cheerful, shrewd, patient, witty and effective fellow; and had at first much quizzing to endure, from the younger kind, on account of his Irish way of speaking Norse, and for other reasons. One evening, for example, while the drink was going round, Gylle mentioned that the Irish had a wonderful talent of swift running, and that there were among them people who could keep up with the swiftest horse. At which, especially from young Magnus, there were peals of laughter; and a declaration from the latter that Gylle and he would have it tried tomorrow morning! Gylle in vain urged that he had not himself professed to be so swift a runner as to keep up with the Prince's horses; but only that there were men in Ireland who could. Magnus was positive; and, early next morning, Gylle had to be on the ground; and the race, naturally under heavy bet, actually went off. Gylle started parallel to Magnus's stirrup; ran like a very roe, and was clearly ahead at the goal. "Unfair," said Magnus;

"thou must have had hold of my stirrup-leather, and helped thyself along; we must try it again." Gylle ran behind the horse this second time; then at the end, sprang forward; and again was fairly in ahead. "Thou must have held by the tail," said Magnus; "not by fair running was this possible; we must try a third time!" Gylle started ahead of Magnus and his horse, this third time; kept ahead with increasing distance, Magnus galloping his very best; and reached the goal more palpably foremost than ever. So that Magnus had to pay his bet, and other damage and humiliation. And got from his father, who heard of it soon afterwards, scoffing rebuke as a silly fellow, who did not know the worth of men, but only the clothes and rank of them, and well deserved what he had got from Gylle. All the time King Sigurd lived, Gylle seems to have had good recognition and protection from that famous man; and, indeed, to have gained favour all round, by his quiet social demeanour and the qualities he showed.

CHAPTER XIII

MAGNUS THE BLIND, HARALD GYLLE, AND MUTUAL EXTINCTION OF THE HAARFAGRS

On Sigurd the Crusader's death, Magnus naturally came to the throne; Gylle keeping silence and a cheerful face for the time. But it was not long till claim arose on Gylle's part, till war and fight arose between Magnus and him, till the skilful, popular, ever-active and shifty Gylle had entirely beaten Magnus; put out his eyes; mutilated the poor body of him in a horrid and unnameable manner, and shut him up in a convent as out of the game henceforth. There in his dark misery Magnus lived now as a monk; called 'Magnus the Blind' by those Norse populations; King Harold Gylle reigning victoriously in his stead. But this also was only for a time. There arose avenging kinsfolk of Magnus, who had

no Irish accent in their Norse, and were themselves eager enough to bear rule in their native country. By one of these,—a terribly strong-handed, fighting, violent, and regardless fellow, who also was a Bastard of Magnus Barefoot's, and had been made a Priest, but liked it unbearably ill, and had broken loose from it into the wildest courses at home and abroad; so that his current name got to be 'Slembi-diakn,' Slim or Ill Deacon, under which he is much noised of in Snorro and the Sagas: by this Slim-Deacon, Gylle was put an end to (murdered by night, drunk in his sleep); and poor blind Magnus was brought out, and again set to act as King, or King's cloak, in hopes Gylle's posterity would never rise to victory more. But Gylle's posterity did, to victory and also to defeat, and were the death of Magnus and of Slim-Deacon too, in a frightful way; and all got their own death by and by in a ditto. In brief, these two kindreds (reckoned to be authentic enough Haarfagr people, both kinds of them) proved now to have become a veritable crop of dragon's teeth; who mutually fought, plotted, struggled, as if it had been their life's business; never ended fighting, and seldom long intermitted it, till they had exterminated one another, and did at last all rest in death. One of these later Gylle temporary Kings I remember by the name of Harald Herdebred, Harald of the Broad Shoulders. The very last of them I think was Harald Mund (Harald of the *Wry-Mouth*), who gave rise to two Impostors, pretending to be Sons of his, a good while after the poor Wry-Mouth itself and all its troublesome belongings were quietly under ground. What Norway suffered during that sad century may be imagined.

CHAPTER XIV

SVERRIR AND DESCENDANTS, TO HAKON THE OLD

The end of it was, or rather the first abatement, and *beginning* of the end, That, when all this had gone on ever

worsening for some forty years or so, one Sverrir (A.D. 1177), at the head of an armed mob of poor people called *Birkebeins*, came upon the scene. A strange enough figure in History, this Sverrir and his Birkebeins! At first a mere mockery and dismal laughing-stock to the enlightened Norway public. Nevertheless by unheard-of fighting, hungering, exertion, and endurance, Sverrir, after ten years of such a death-wrestle against men and things, got himself accepted as King; and by wonderful expenditure of ingenuity, common cunning, unctuous Parliamentary Eloquence or almost Popular Preaching, and (it must be owned) general human faculty and valour (or value) in the overclouded and distorted state, did victoriously continue such. And founded a new Dynasty in Norway, which ended only with Norway's separate existence, after near three hundred years.

This Sverrir called himself a Son of Harald Wry-Mouth; but was in reality the son of a poor Comb-maker in some little town of Norway; nothing heard of Sonship to Wry-Mouth till after good success otherwise. His Birkebeins (that is to say, *Birchlegs*; the poor rebellious wretches having taken to the woods; and been obliged, besides their intolerable scarcity of food, to thatch their bodies from the cold with whatever covering could be got and their legs especially with birch bark; sad species of fleecy hosiery; whence their nickname),—his Birkebeins I guess always to have been a kind of Norse *Jacquerie*: desperate rising of thralls and indigent people, driven mad by their unendurable sufferings and famishings,—theirs the *deepest* stratum of misery, and the densest and heaviest, in this the general misery of Norway, which had lasted towards the third generation and looked as if it would last forever:—whereupon they had risen proclaiming, in this furious dumb manner, *un*intelligible except to Heaven, that the same could not, nor would not, be endured any longer! And, by their Sverrir, strange to say, they did attain a kind of permanent success; and, from being a dismal laughing-stock in Norway, came to be important, and for a time all-

important there. Their opposition nicknames, '*Baglers* (from Bagall, *baculus*, bishop's staff; Bishop Nicholas being chief Leader),' '*Gold-legs*,' and the like obscure terms (for there was still a considerable course of counter-fighting ahead, and especially of counter-nicknaming), I take to have meant in Norse prefigurement seven centuries ago, 'bloated Aristocracy,' 'tyrannous *Bourgeoisie*,'—till, in the next century, these rents were closed again!—

King Sverrir, not himself bred to comb-making, had, in his fifth year, gone to an uncle, Bishop in the Faröe Islands; and got some considerable education from him, with a view to Priesthood on the part of Sverrir. But, not liking that career, Sverrir had fled and smuggled himself over to the Birkebeins; who, noticing the learned tongue, and other miraculous qualities of the man, proposed to make him Captain of them; and even threatened to kill him if he would not accept,—which thus at the sword's point, as Sverrir says, he was obliged to do. It was after this that he thought of becoming son of Wry-Mouth and other higher things.

His Birkebeins and he had certainly a talent of campaigning which has hardly ever been equalled. They fought like devils against any odds of number; and before battle they have been known to march six days together without food, except, perhaps, the inner barks of trees, and in such clothing and shoeing as mere birch bark:—at one time, somewhere in the Dovrefjeld, there was serious counsel held among them whether they should not all, as one man, leap down into the frozen gulfs and precipices, or at once massacre one another wholly, and so finish. Of their conduct in battle, fiercer than that of *Berserks*, where was there ever seen the parallel? In truth they are a dim strange object to one, in that black time; wondrously bringing light into it withal; and proved to be, under such unexpected circumstances, the beginning of better days!

Of Sverrir's public speeches there still exist authentic specimens; wonderful indeed, and much characteristic of such

a Sverrir. A comb-maker King, evidently meaning several good and solid things; and effecting them too, athwart such an element of Norwegian chaos-come-again. His descendants and successors were a comparatively respectable kin. The last and greatest of them I shall mention is Hakon VII., or Hakon the Old; whose fame is still lively among us, from the Battle of Largs at least.

CHAPTER XV

HAKON THE OLD AT LARGS

In the Norse annals our famous Battle of Largs makes small figure, or almost none at all among Hakon's battles and feats. They do say indeed, these Norse annalists, that the King of Scotland, Alexander III. (who had such a fate among the crags about Kinghorn in time coming), was very anxious to purchase from King Hakon his sovereignty of the Western Isles; but that Hakon pointedly refused; and at length, being again importuned and bothered on the business, decided on giving a refusal that could not be mistaken. Decided, namely, to go with a big expedition, and look thoroughly into that wing of his Dominions; where no doubt much has fallen awry since Magnus Barefoot's grand visit thither, and seems to be inviting the cupidity of bad neighbours! 'All this we will put right again,' thinks Hakon, 'and gird it up into a safe and defensive posture.' Hakon sailed accordingly, with a strong fleet; adjusting and rectifying among his Hebrides as he went along, and landing withal on the Scotch coast to plunder and punish as he thought fit. The Scots say he had claimed of them Arran, Bute, and the Two Cumbraes ("given my ancestors by Donald Bain," said Hakon, to the amazement of the Scots) "as part of the Sudöer" (Southern Isles):—so far from selling that fine kingdom!—and that it was after taking both Arran and Bute that he made his descent at Largs.

Of Largs there is no mention whatever in Norse books. But beyond any doubt, such is the other evidence, Hakon did land there; land and fight, not conquering, probably rather beaten; and very certainly 'retiring to his ships,' as in either case he behoved to do! It is further certain he was dreadfully maltreated by the weather on those wild coasts; and altogether credible, as the Scotch records bear, that he was so at Largs very specially. The Norse Records or Sagas say merely, he lost many of his ships by the tempests, and many of his men by land fighting in various parts,—tacitly including Largs, no doubt, which was the last of these misfortunes to him. 'In the battle here he lost 15,000 men, say the Scots, we 5,000'! Divide these numbers by ten, and the excellently brief and lucid Scottish summary by Buchanan may be taken as the approximately true and exact.[1] Date of the battle is A.D. 1263.

To this day, on a little plain to the south of the village, now town, of Largs, in Ayrshire, there are seen stone cairns and monumental heaps, and, until within a century ago, one huge, solitary, upright stone; still mutely testifying to a battle there, — altogether clearly, to this battle of King Hakon's; who by the Norse records, too, was in these neighbourhoods at that same date, and evidently in an aggressive, high kind of humour. For 'while his ships and army were doubling the Mull of Cantire, he had his own boat set on wheels, and therein, splendidly enough, had himself drawn across the Promontory at a flatter part,' no doubt with horns sounding, banners waving. "All to the left of me is mine and Norway's," exclaimed Hakon in his triumphant boat progress, which such disasters soon followed.

Hakon gathered his wrecks together, and sorrowfully made for Orkney. It is possible enough, as our Guide Books now say, he may have gone by Iona, Mull, and the narrow seas inside of Skye; and that the *Kyle-Akin*, favourably known to sea-bathers in that region, may actually mean the *Kyle* (narrow

[1] *Buchanani Hist.* i. 130.

strait) of Hakon, where Hakon may have dropped anchor, and rested for a little while in smooth water and beautiful environment, safe from equinoctial storms. But poor Hakon's heart was now broken. He went to Orkney; died there in the winter; never beholding Norway more.

He it was who got Iceland, which had been a Republic for four centuries, united to his kingdom of Norway: a long and intricate operation,—much presided over by our Snorro Sturleson, so often quoted here, who indeed lost his life (by assassination from his sons-in-law) and out of great wealth sank at once into poverty of zero,—one midnight in his own cellar, in the course of that bad business. Hakon was a great Politician in his time; and succeeded in many things before he lost Largs. Snorro's death by murder had happened about twenty years before Hakon's by broken heart. He is called Hakon the Old, though one finds his age was but fifty-nine, probably a longish life for a Norway King. Snorro's narrative ceases when Snorro himself was born; that is to say, at the threshold of King Sverrir; of whose exploits and doubtful birth it is guessed by some that Snorro willingly forbore to speak in the hearing of such a Hakon.

CHAPTER XVI

EPILOGUE

Haarfagr's kindred lasted some three centuries in Norway; Sverrir's lasted into its third century there; how long after this, among the neighbouring kinships, I did not inquire. For, by regal affinities, consanguinities, and unexpected chances and changes, the three Scandinavian kingdoms fell all peaceably together under Queen Margaret, of the Calmar Union (A.D. 1397); and Norway, incorporated now with Denmark, needed no more kings.

The History of these Haarfagrs has awakened in me many

thoughts: Of Despotism and Democracy, arbitrary government by one and self-government (which means no government, or anarchy) by all; of Dictatorship with many faults, and Universal Suffrage with little possibility of any virtue. For the contrast between Olaf Tryggveson and a Universal-Suffrage Parliament or an 'Imperial' Copper Captain has, in these nine centuries, grown to be very great. And the eternal Providence that guides all this, and produces alike these entities with their epochs, is not *its* course still through the great deep? Does not it still speak to us, if we have ears? Here, clothed in stormy enough passions and instincts, unconscious of any aim but their own satisfaction, is the blessed beginning of Human Order, Regulation, and real Government; there, clothed in a highly different, but again suitable garniture of passions, instincts, and equally unconscious as to real aim, is the accursed-looking ending (temporary ending) of Order, Regulation, and Government;—very dismal to the sane onlooker for the time being; not dismal to him otherwise, his hope, too, being steadfast! But here, at any rate, in this poor Norse theatre, one looks with interest on the first transformation, so mysterious and abstruse, of human Chaos into something of articulate Cosmos; witnesses the wild and strange birth-pangs of human Society, and reflects that without something similar (little as men expect such now), no Cosmos of human society ever was got into existence, nor can ever again be.

The violences, fightings, crimes—ah yes, these seldom fail, and they are very lamentable. But always, too, among those old populations, there was one saving element; the now want of which, especially the unlamented want, transcends all lamentations. Here is one of those strange, piercing, winged-words of Ruskin, which has in it a terrible truth for us in these epochs now come:

'My friends, the follies of modern Liberalism, many and great though they be, are practically summed in this denial or neglect of the quality and intrinsic value of things. Its

rectangular beatitudes, and spherical benevolences,—theology of universal indulgence, and jurisprudence which will hang no rogues, mean, one and all of them, in the root, incapacity of discerning, or refusal to discern, worth and unworth in anything, and least of all in man; whereas Nature and Heaven command you, at your peril, to discern worth from unworth in everything, and most of all in man. Your main problem is that ancient and trite one, "Who is best man?" and the Fates forgive much,—forgive the wildest, fiercest, cruelest experiments,—if fairly made for the determination of that. Theft and bloodguiltiness are not pleasing in their sight; yet the favouring powers of the spiritual and material world will confirm to you your stolen goods, and their noblest voices applaud the lifting of your spear, and rehearse the sculpture of your shield, if only your robbing and slaying have been in fair arbitrament of that question, "Who is best man?" But if you refuse such inquiry, and maintain every man for his neighbour's match,—if you give vote to the simple and liberty to the vile, the powers of those spiritual and material worlds in due time present you inevitably with the same problem, soluble now only wrong side upwards; and your robbing and slaying must be done then to find out, "Who is *worst* man?" Which, in so wide an order of merit, is, indeed, not easy; but a complete Tammany Ring, and lowest circle in the Inferno of Worst, you are sure to find, and to be governed by.'[1]

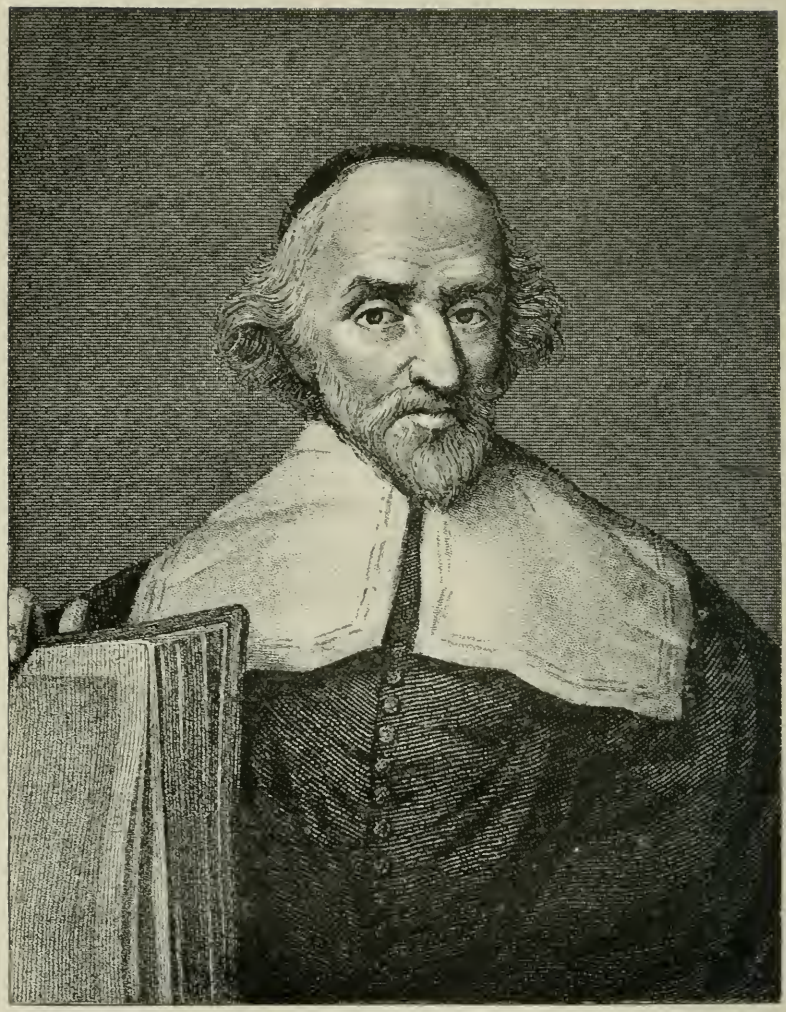
All readers will admit that there was something naturally royal in these Haarfagr Kings. A wildly great kind of kindred; counts in it two Heroes of a high or almost highest type: the first two Olafs, Tryggveson and the Saint. And the view of them, withal, as we chance to have it, I have often thought, how essentially Homeric it was;—indeed what is 'Homer' himself but the *Rhapsody* of five centuries of Greek Skalds and wandering Ballad-singers, done (*i.e.* 'stitched

[1] *Fors Clavigera*, Letter XIV. pp. 8-10.

together') by somebody more musical than Snorro was? Olaf Tryggveson and Olaf Saint please me quite as well in their prosaic form; offering me the truth of them as if seen in their real lineaments by some marvellous opening (through the art of Snorro) across the black strata of the ages. Two high, almost among the highest sons of Nature, seen as they veritably were; fairly comparable or superior to god-like Achilleus, goddess-wounding Diomedes, much more to the two Atreidai, Regulators of the Peoples.

I have also thought often what a Book might be made of Snorro, did there but arise a man furnished with due literary insight, and indefatigable diligence; who, faithfully acquainting himself with the topography, the monumental relics and illustrative actualities of Norway, carefully scanning the best testimonies as to place and time which that country can still give him, carefully the best collateral records and chronologies of other countries, and who, himself possessing the highest faculty of a Poet, could, abridging, arranging, elucidating, reduce Snorro to a polished Cosmic state, unweariedly purging away his much chaotic matter! A modern 'highest kind of Poet,' capable of unlimited slavish labour withal;—who, I fear, is not soon to be expected in this world, or likely to find his task in the *Heimskringla* if he did appear here.

THE PORTRAITS OF JOHN KNOX



JOHN KNOX

THE SOMERVILLE PORTRAIT, ENGRAVED BY HOLL, 1636

THE PORTRAITS OF JOHN KNOX

I

Theodore Beza, in the beginning of the year 1580, published at Geneva a well-printed, clearly expressed, and on the whole considerate and honest little volume, in the Latin tongue, purporting to be '*Icones*, that is to say, true Portraits, of men illustrious in the Reformation of Religion and Restoration of Learning':[1] Volume of perhaps 250 pages, but in fact not numerically paged at all, which is sometimes described as 4to, but is in reality 8vo rather, though expanded by the ample margin into something of a square form. It is dedicated to King James vi. of Scotland; then a small rather watery boy hardly yet fourteen, but the chief Protestant King then extant; the first Icon of all being that of James himself. The Dedication has nothing the least of fulsome or even panegyrical; and is in fact not so much a Dedication as a longish preface, explanatory of Beza's impulse towards publishing such a book, namely, the delight he himself has in contemplating the face of any heroic friend of Letters and of true Religion; and defending himself withal, to us superfluously enough, against any imputation of idolatry or image-worship, which scrupulous critics might cast upon him, since surely painting and engraving are permissible to mankind; and that, for the rest, these Icons are by no means to be

[1] *Icones, id est Veræ Imagines, Virorum doctrinâ simul et pietate illustrium, quorum præcipue ministerio partim bonarum Literarum studia sunt restituta, partim vera Religio in variis Orbis Christiani regionibus, nostrâ patrumque memoriâ fuit instaurata: additis eorundem vitæ & operæ descriptionibus, quibus adiectæ sunt nonnullæ picturæ quas Emblemata vocant. Theodoro Bezâ Auctore. —Genevæ. Apud Joannem Laonium. M.D.LXXX.*

introduced into God's House, but kept as private furniture in your own. The only praise he bestows on James is the indisputable one that he is head of a most Protestant nation; that he is known to have fine and most promising faculties; which may God bring to perfection, to the benefit of his own and many nations; of which there is the better hope, as he is in the mean while under the tuition of two superlative men, Dominus Georgius Buchananus, the *facile princeps* in various literary respects, and Dominus Petrus Junius (or Jonck, as it is elsewhere called, meaning 'Young'), also a man of distinguished merit.

The Royal Icon, which stands on the outside, and precedes the Dedication, is naturally the first of all: fit ornament to the vestibule of the whole work—a half-ridiculous half-pathetic protecting genius, of whom this (opposite) is the exact figure.

Some Four Score other personages follow; of personages four score, but of Icons only Thirty-eight; Beza, who clearly had a proper wish to secure true portraits, not having at his command any further supply; so that in forty-three cases there is a mere frame of a woodcut, with nothing but the name of the individual who should have filled it, given.

A certain French translator of the Book, who made his appearance next year, Simon Goulart, a French friend, fellow preacher, and distinguished co-presbyter of Beza's, of whom there will be much farther mention soon, seems to have been better supplied than Beza with engravings. He has added from his own resources Eleven new Icons; many of them better than the average of Beza's, and of special importance some of them; for example that of Wickliffe, the deep-lying tap-root of the whole tree; to want whose portrait and have nothing but a name to offer was surely a want indeed. Goulart's Wickliffe gratifies one not a little; and to the open-minded reader who has any turn for physiognomic inquiries is very interesting; a most substantial and effective-looking man; easily conceivable as Wickliffe, though, as in my own case, one never saw a portrait of him before; a solid,

broad-browed, massive-headed man; strong nose, slightly aquiline, beard of practical length and opulent growth; evidently a thoughtful, cheerful, faithful and resolute man; to whom indeed a very great work was appointed in this world; that of inaugurating the new Reformation and new

epoch in Europe, with results that have been immense, not yet completed but expanding in our own day with an astonishing, almost alarming swiftness of development. This is among the shortest of all the Icon articles or written commentaries in Beza's Work. We translate it entire, as a specimen of Beza's well-meant, but too often vague, and mostly inane

performance in these enterprises; which to the most zealous reader of his own time could leave so little of distinct information, and to most readers of our own, none at all; the result little more than interjectional, a pious emotion towards Heaven and the individual mentioned; result very vague indeed.

Wickliffe.—'Let this, England, be thy greatest honour forever that thou didst produce John Wickliffe (albeit thou hast since somewhat stained that honour); the first after so many years that dared to declare war against the Roman Harlot, who audaciously mocked the Kings of Europe, intoxicated with her strong drink. This effort was so successful that ever since that Wicked One has been mortally wounded by the blow which Wickliffe by the sword of the Word of God dealt to her. And although for a time the wound appeared to be closed, since then it has always burst open again; and finally, by the grace of God, remains incurable. Nothing was wanting to thee, excellent champion, except the martyr's crown; which not being able to obtain in thy life, thou didst receive forty years after thy death, when thy bones were burnt to powder by Antichrist; who by that single act of wickedness has forever branded himself with the stamp of cruelty, and has acquired for thee a glory so much the more splendid.

'John Wickliffe flourished in the year 1372. He died after diverse combats, in the year 1387. His bones were burnt at Oxford in the year 1410.'

No, not at Oxford, but at Lutterworth in Leicestershire, as old Fuller memorably tells us: 'Such the spleen of the Council of Constance,' says he, 'they not only cursed his memory, as dying an obstinate heretic, but ordered that his bones (with this charitable caution, "if it," the body, "may be discerned from the bodies of other faithful people"), be taken out of the ground and thrown far off from any Christian burial. In obedience hereunto, Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, Diocesan of Lutterworth, sent his officers (vultures with a

quick-sight scent at a dead carcase) to ungrave him accordingly. To Lutterworth they come, Sumner Commissary Official, Chancellor, Proctors, Doctors, and the servants (so that the remnant of the body would not hold out a bone against so many hands), take what was left out of the grave and burnt them to ashes, and cast them into Swift, a neighbouring brook running hard by. Thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, and they into the main Ocean. And thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over.'[1]

Beza's selection of subjects to figure in this book of Icons is by no means of fanatically exclusive, or even straitlaced character. Erasmus, a tolerably good portrait, and a mild, laudatory, gentle, and apologetic account of the man, is one of his figures. The Printers, Etienne, Froben, for their eximious services in the cause of good letters, *bonarum literarum*; nay, King Francis I. is introduced in gallant beaver and plume, with his surely very considerable failings well veiled in shadow, and hardly anything but eulogy, on the score of his beneficences to the Paris University,—and probably withal of the primitive fact that he was Beza's King. 'Sham Bishops, *pseudo-episcopi*,' 'cruel murderers of God's messengers,' 'servants of Satan,' and the like hard terms are indeed never wanting; but on the whole a gentle and quiet frame of mind is traceable in Beza throughout;—and one almost has the suspicion that, especially as his stock both of Icons and of facts is so poor, one considerable subsidiary motive to the publication may have been the Forty Emblems, '*picturæ quas Emblemata vocant*,' pretty little engravings, and sprightly Latin verse, which follow on these poor prose Icons; and testify to all the intelligent world that Beza's fine poetic vein is still flowing, and without the much-censured erotic, or other impure elements, which caused so much scandal in his younger days.

[1] Fuller's *Church History*, Section ii. Book iv.

About the middle of the Book turns up a brief, vague eulogy of the Reformation in Scotland, with only two characters introduced; Patrick Hamilton, the Scottish protomartyr, as second in the list; and, in frank disregard of the chronology, as first and leading figure, 'Johannes Cnoxus

IOANNES CNOXVS.

Giffordiensis Scotus'; and to the surprise of every reader acquainted with the character of Knox, as written indelibly, and in detail, in his words and actions legible to this day, the above strange Icon; very difficult indeed to accept as a bodily physiognomy of the man you have elsewhere got an image of for yourself, by industrious study of these same.

Surely quite a surprising individual to have kindled all Scotland, within few years, almost within few months, into perhaps the noblest flame of sacred human zeal, and brave determination to believe only what it found completely believable, and to defy the whole world and the devil at its back, in unsubduable defence of the same. Here is a gentleman seemingly of a quite eupeptic, not to say stolid and thoughtless frame of mind; much at his ease in Zion, and content to take things as they come, if only they will let him digest his victuals, and sleep in a whole skin. Knox, you can well perceive, in all his writings and in all his way of life, was emphatically of Scottish build; eminently a national specimen; in fact what we might denominate the most Scottish of Scots, and to this day typical of all the qualities which belong nationally to the very choicest Scotsmen we have known, or had clear record of; utmost sharpness of discernment and discrimination, courage enough, and, what is still better, no particular consciousness of courage, but a readiness in all simplicity to do and dare whatsoever is commanded by the inward voice of native manhood; on the whole a beautiful and simple but complete incompatibility with whatever is false in word or conduct; inexorable contempt and detestation of what in modern speech is called *humbug*. Nothing hypocritical, foolish, or untrue can find harbour in this man; a pure, and mainly silent, tenderness of affection is in him, touches of genial humour are not wanting under his severe austerity; an occasional growl of sarcastic indignation against malfeasance, falsity, and stupidity; indeed secretly an extensive fund of that disposition, kept mainly silent, though inwardly in daily exercise; a most clear-cut, hardy, distinct, and effective man; fearing God and without any other fear. Of all this you in vain search for the smallest trace in this poor Icon of Beza's. No feature of a Scottish man traceable there, nor indeed, you would say, of any man at all; an entirely insipid, expressionless individuality, more like the wooden Figurehead of a ship than a living and working man;

highly unacceptable to every physiognomic reader and knower of *Johannes Cnoxus Giffordiensis Scotus.*

Under these circumstances it is not a surprise, and is almost a consolation, to find that Beza has as little knowledge of Knox's biography as of his natural face. Nothing here, or hardly anything but a blotch of ignorant confusion. The year of Knox's birth is unknown to Beza, the place very indistinctly known. Beza reports him to have studied with great distinction under John Major at St. Andrews; the fact being that he was one winter under Major at Glasgow, but never under Major at St. Andrews, nor ever a university student elsewhere at all; that his admired neological prelections at St. Andrews are a creature of the fancy; and in short that Beza's account of that early period is mere haze and ignorant hallucination. Having received the order of priesthood, thinks Beza, he set to lecturing in a so valiantly neological tone in Edinburgh and elsewhere that Cardinal Beaton could no longer stand it; but truculently summoned him to appear in Edinburgh on a given day, and give account of himself; whereupon Knox, evading the claws of this man-eater, secretly took himself away 'to *Hamestonum*,'—a town or city unknown to geographers, ancient or modern, but which, according to Beza, was then and there the one refuge of the pious, *unicum tunc piorum asylum.* Towards this refuge Cardinal Beaton thereupon sent assassins (entirely imaginary), who would for certain have cut off Knox in his early spring, had not God's providence commended him to the care of 'Langudrius, a principal nobleman in Scotland,' by whom his precious life was preserved. This town of Hamestonum, sole refuge of the pious,' and this protective Langudrius, a principal nobleman,' are extremely wonderful to the reader; and only after a little study do you discover that 'Langudrius, a principal nobleman,' is simply the Laird of *Langniddry*, and that 'Hamestonum' the city of refuge is Cockburn the Laird of *Ormiston's*; both of whom had Sons in want of education: three in all, two of Langniddry's and one

of Ormiston's, who, especially the first, had been lucky enough to secure John Knox's services as tutor! The rest of the narrative is almost equally absurd, or only saved from being so by its emptiness and vagueness; and the one certain fact we come upon is that of Knox's taking leave of his congregation, and shortly afterwards ordaining in their presence his successor, chosen by them and him, followed by his death in fifteen days, dates all accurately given; on which latter point, what is curious to consider, Beza must have had exact information, not mere rumour.

From all this we might infer that Beza had never personally had the least acquaintance with Knox, never in all likelihood seen him with eyes; which latter on strict examination of the many accurate particulars to be found in the Lives of Beza, and especially in Bayle's multifarious details about him, comes to seem your legitimate conclusion. Knox's journeys to Geneva, and his two several residences, as preacher to the Church of the English Exiles there, do not coincide with Beza's contemporary likelihoods; nor does Beza seem to have been a person whom Knox would have cared to seek out. Beza was at Lausanne, teaching Greek, and not known otherwise than as a much-censured, fashionable young Frenchman and too erotic poet; nothing of theological had yet come from him,—except, while Knox was far off, the questionable Apology for Calvin's burning of Servetus, which cannot have had much charm for Knox, a man by no means fond of public burning as an argument in matters of human belief, rather the reverse by all symptoms we can trace in him. During Knox's last and most important ministration in Geneva, Beza, still officially Professor of Greek at Lausanne, was on an intricate mission from the French Huguenots to the Protestant Princes of Germany, and did not come to settle in Geneva till Spring 1559, several months after Knox had permanently left it.

Directly after finishing his Book, Beza naturally forwarded a copy to Edinburgh, to the little patron Sovereign there;

probably with no writing in it; there being such a comfortable Dedication and Frontispiece to the Book, but along with it a short letter to Buchanan, the little King's Head-Tutor, of which happily there is a copy still preserved to us, and ready translated, as follows:

'Behold, my dear Buchanan, a notable instance of double extravagance in a single act; affording an illustration of the characteristic phrenzy of poets,—provided you admit me to a participation of that title. I have been guilty of trifling with a serious subject, and have dedicated my trifles to a king. If with your usual politeness, and in consideration of our ancient friendship, you should undertake to excuse both these circumstances to the King, I trust the matter will have a fortunate issue: but if you refuse, I shall be disappointed in my expectations. The scope of this little Work, such as it is, you will learn from the preface; namely that the King, when he shall be aware of the high expectations which he has excited in all the Churches, may at the same time, delighted with those various and excellent examples, become more and more familiar with his duty. Of this Work I likewise send a copy to you, that is, owls to Athens; and request you to accept it as a token of my regard. My late Paraphrase of the Psalms, if it has reached your country, will I hope inspire you with the design of reprinting your own, to the great advantage of the Church: and, believe me, it is not so much myself as the whole Church that entreats you to accelerate this scheme. Farewell, excellent man. May the Lord Jesus bless your hoary hairs more and more, and long preserve you for our sake.—Geneva, March the sixteenth, 1580.'[1]

What Buchanan or the King thought of this Book, especially of the two Icons, Johannes Cnoxus and the little silver pepper-box of a King, we have not anywhere the slightest intimation. But one little fact, due to the indefatigable scrutiny and great knowledge of Mr. David Laing, seems worthy of notice. This

[1] *Buchanani Epistolæ*, p. 28. Translated by Dr. Irving, *Life and Writings of George Buchanan* (Edinburgh 1807), p. 184.

is an excerpt from the Scottish Royal Treasurer's accounts, of date, Junij 1581 (one of the volumes not yet printed):

'*Itim*, To Adrianc Vaensoun, Fleming painter, for twa picturis painted be him, and send' (*sent*) 'to Theodorus Besa, conforme to ane precept as the samin producit upon compt beris 8*l* 10*s*' (14*s*. 2*d*. sterling).

The Itim and Adrianc indicate a clerk of great ignorance. In Painters' Dictionaries there is no such name as Vaensoun; but there is a famous enough Vansomer, or even family or clan of Vansomers, natives of Antwerp; one of whom, Paulus Vansomer, is well known to have painted with great acceptance at King James's Court in England (from 1606 to 1620). He died here in 1621; and is buried in St.-Martin's-in-the-Fields: *Eximius pictor*. It is barely possible this 'Fleming painter' may have been some individual of these Vansomers; but of course the fact can never be ascertained. Much more interesting would it be to know what Theodorus Beza made of the 'twa picturis' when they reached him at Geneva; and where, if at all in *rerum naturâ*, they now are! All we can guess, if there be any possibility of conjecturing so much in the vague is, That these *twa picturis* might be portraits of His Majesty and Johannes Cnoxus by an artist of some real ability, intended as a silent protest against the Beza Pepper-box and Figure-head, in case the *Icones* ever came to a second edition; which it never did.

Unknown to his Scottish Majesty, and before the 'Adrianc Vaensoun' pictures got under way, or at least before they were paid for, Monsieur Simon Goulart had got out his French translation of Beza's Book; and with sufficient emphasis contradicted one of the above two Icons, that of 'Jean Cnoxe de Gifford en Ecosse,' the alone important of the two. Goulart had come to Geneva some eight or nine years before; was at this time Beza's esteemed colleague and co-presbyter, ultimately Beza's successor in the chief clerical position at Geneva; a man already distinguished in the world; 'wrote twenty-one books,' then of lively acceptance in the theological or literary

world, though now fallen dim enough to mankind. Goulart's Book had the same publisher as Beza's last year,—*Apud Joannem Laonium;* and contains a kind of preface or rather *postscript*, for it is introduced at the end of the Icons, and before his translation of the Emblems, which latter, as will be seen, he takes no notice of; nor in regard to the Icons is there a word said of the eleven new woodcuts, for most part of superior quality, which Goulart had furnished to his illustrious friend; but only some apology for the straggle of French verses, which he has been at the pains to introduce in his own zealous person at the end of many of the Icons. As the piece is short, and may slightly illustrate the relations of Author and Translator, we give it here entire:

'*Au Lecteur*

'*Du consentement de M. Theodore de Besze, j'ay traduit ce livre, le plus fidèlement qu'il m'a esté possible. Au reste, après la description des personnes illustres j'ai adjousté quelques vers français à chacun, exprimant comme j'ai peu les épigrammes Latins de l'auteur là où ils se sont rencontrez, et fournissant les autres vers de ma rude invention: ce que j'ay voulu vous faire entendre, afin qu'on n'imputast à l'auteur choses qu'il eust peu agencer trop mieux sans comparaison, si le temps lui eust permis ce faire, et si son esprit eust encliné à y mettre la main.*'

Goulart's treatment of his, Beza's, original is of the most conscientious exactitude; the translation everywhere correct to a comma; true everywhere to Beza's meaning, and wherever possible, giving a touch of new lucidity; he uses the same woodcuts that Beza did, *plus* only his own eleven, of which, as already said, there is no mention or hint. In one instance, and not in any other, has an evident misfortune befallen him, in the person of his printer; the printer had two woodcuts to introduce; one of Jean Diaze,—a tragic Spanish Protestant, fratricidally murdered at Neuburg in the Oberpfalz, 1546,—the other of Melchior Wolmar, an early German friend and

loved intimate of Beza's, from whom Beza, at Orleans, had learned Greek: the two Icons in outline have a certain vague similarity, which had deceived the too hasty printer of Goulart, who, after inserting Beza's Icon of Diaze, again inserts *it*, instead of Wolmar. This is the one mistake or

palpable oversight discoverable in Goulart's accurately conscientious labour, which everywhere else reproduces Beza as in a clear mirror. But there is one other variation, not, as it seems to us, by mere oversight of printer or pressman, but by clear intention on the part of Goulart, which is of the highest interest to our readers: the notable fact, namely, that Goulart has, of his own head, silently altogether withdrawn the Johannes Cnoxus of Beza, and substituted for it this now

adjoined Icon, one of his own eleven, which has no relation or resemblance whatever to the Beza likeness, or to any other ever known of Knox. A portrait recognisably not of Knox at all; but of William Tyndale, translator of the Bible, a fellow-exile of Knox's at Geneva; which is found repeated in all manner of collections, and is now everywhere accepted as Tyndale's likeness!

This surely is a wonderful transaction on the part of conscientious, hero-worshipping Goulart towards his hero Beza; and indeed will seem to most persons to be explicable only on the vague hypothesis that some old or middle-aged inhabitant of Geneva, who had there sometimes transiently seen Knox, twenty-one years ago (Knox had left Geneva in January 1559, and, preaching to a group of poor English exiles, probably was never very conspicuous there), had testified to Beza or to Goulart that the Beza Figure-head was by no means a likeness of Knox; which fatal information, on inquiry, had been confirmed into clear proof in the negative, and that Beza and Goulart had thereupon become convinced, and Goulart, with Beza, taking a fresh, and again unfortunate departure, had agreed that here was the real Dromio, and had silently inserted William Tyndale accordingly. This is only a vague hypothesis, for why did not the old or middle-aged inhabitant of Geneva testify with equal certainty that the Tyndale woodcut was just as little a likeness of Knox, and check Goulart and Beza in their new unfortunate adventure? But to us the conclusion, which is not hypothetical at all, must surely be that neither Beza nor Goulart had any knowledge whatever of the real physiognomy or figure of Johannes Cnoxus, and in all subsequent researches on that subject are to be considered mutually annihilative; and any testimony they could give mere zero, and of no account at all.

This, however, was by no means the result which actually followed. Twenty-two years after this of Beza (1602), a Dutch Theologian, one Verheiden, whose knowledge of theological Icons was probably much more distinct than Beza's,

published at the Hague a folio entitled *Præstantium aliquot Theologorum etc. Effigies*, in which Knox figures in the following new form; done, as the signature bears, by Hondius, an

Engraver of known merit, but cognisant seemingly of Beza's Book only, and quite ignorant of Goulart's translation and its Tyndale Knox; who presents us, to our surprise, on this occasion, with the portrait given above; considerably more alive and credible as a human being than Beza's Figure-head;

and bearing on it the monogram of Hondius; so that at least its authorship is indisputable.

This, as the reader sees, represents to us a much more effective-looking man in matters of reformation or vigorous action; in fact it has a kind of brow-beating or almost bullying aspect; a decidedly self-sufficient man, but with no trace of feature in him that physiognomically can remind us of Knox. The river of beard flowing from it is grander than that in the Figure-head, and the Book there, with its right-hand reminding you of a tied-up bundle of carrots supporting a kind of loose little volume, are both charitably withdrawn. This woodcut, it appears, pleased the late Sir David Wilkie best of all the Portraits he had seen, and was copied or imitated by him in that notable Picture of his, 'Knox preaching before Queen Mary,'—one of the most impossible pictures ever painted by a man of such indubitable genius, including therein piety, enthusiasm, and veracity,—in brief the probably intolerablest figure that exists of Knox; and from one of the noblest of Scottish painters the least expected. Such by accident was the honour done to Hondius's impossible Knox; not to our advantage, but the contrary. All artists agree at once that this of Hondius is nothing other than an improved reproduction of the old Beza Figure-head; the face is turned to the other side, but the features are preserved, so far as adding some air at least of animal life would permit; the costume, carefully including the little patch of ruffles under the jaw, is reproduced; and in brief the conclusion is that Hondius or Verheiden had no doubt but the Beza portrait, though very dead and boiled-looking, had been essentially like; and needed only a little kindling up from its boiled condition to be satisfactory to the reader. Goulart's French Translation of Beza, and the substitution of the Tyndale figure there, as we have said, seems to be unknown to Verheiden and his Hondius; indeed Verheiden's library, once furnished with a Beza, having no use for a poor Interpretation. In fact we should rather guess the success of Goulart in foreign parts,

remote from Geneva and its reading population, to have been inconsiderable; at least in Scotland and England, where no mention of it or allusion to it is made, and where the Book at this day is fallen extremely scarce in comparison with Beza's; no copy to be found in the British Museum, and dealers in old books testifying that it is of extreme rarity; and would now bring, said one experienced-looking old man, perhaps twenty guineas. Beza's boiled Figure-head appears to have been regarded as the one canonical Knox, and the legitimate function of every limner of Knox to be that of Hondius, the reproduction of the Beza Figure-head, with such improvements and invigorations as his own best judgment or happiest fancy might suggest. Of the Goulart substitution of Tyndale for Knox, there seems to have been no notice or remembrance anywhere, or if any, then only a private censure and suppression of the Goulart and his Tyndale. Meanwhile, such is the wild chaos of the history of bad prints, the whirligig of time did bring about its revenge upon poor Beza. In *Les Portraits des Hommes Illustres qui ont le plus contribué au Rétablissement des belles lettres et de la vraye Religion* (*A Genève*, 1673), the woodcut of Knox is contentedly given, as Goulart gave it in his French Translation; and for that of Beza himself the boiled Figure-head, which Beza denominated Knox! The little silver Pepper-box is likewise given again there as portrait of Jacobus VI.,—Jacobus who had, in the mean time, grown to full stature, and died some fifty years ago. For not in Nature, but only in some chaos thrice confounded, with Egyptian darkness superadded, is there to be found any history comparable to that of old bad prints. For example, of that disastrous old Figure-head, produced to view by Beza, who or what did draw it, when or from what authority, if any, except that evidently some human being did, and presumably from some original or other, must remain for ever a mystery. In a large *Granger*, fifty or sixty big folios, and their thousands of prints, I have seen a summary collection, of the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, of some

fourteen or fifteen Heroes of the Reformation, Knox among them; all flung down in the form of big circular blotch, like the opened eggs for an omelet, and among these fourteen or fifteen egg-yolks, hardly two of which you could determine even what they wished to resemble.

For the last century or so, by far the most famed and trusted of Scottish Knox Portraits has been that in the possession of the Torphichen family, at Calder House, some twelve or more miles from Edinburgh. This Picture was public here in the Portrait Exhibition in 1869, and a photograph or attempt at photograph was taken of it, but with little success, the colours having mostly grown so black. By the great kindness of the now Lord Torphichen, the Picture was, with prompt and conspicuous courtesy, which I shall not soon forget, sent up again for inspection here, and examination by artistic judges; and was accordingly so examined and inspected by several persons of eminence in that department; all of whom were, almost at first sight, unanimous in pronouncing it to be a picture of no artistic merit;—impossible to ascribe it to any namable painter, having no style or worth in it, as a painting; guessable to be perhaps under a century old, and very clearly an improved copy from the Beza Figure-head. Of course no photographing was attempted on our part; but along with it there had been most obligingly sent a copy of the late Mr. Penny of Calder's engraving; a most meritorious and exact performance, of which no copy was discoverable in the London shops, though, at Mr. Graves's and elsewhere, were found one or two others of much inferior exactitude to Mr. Penny's engraving:—of this a photograph was taken, which, in the form of woodcut, is on the next page subjoined.

This Torphichen Picture is essentially like the Beza woodcut, though there has been a strenuous attempt on the part of the hopelessly incompetent Painter to improve upon it, successful chiefly in the matter of the bunch of carrots, which

THE TORPHICHEN PORTRAIT

is rendered almost like a human hand; for the rest its original at once declares itself, were it only by the loose book held in said hand; by the form of the nose and the twirl of ruffles under the left cheek; clearly a bad picture, done in oil, some generations ago, for which the Beza Figure-head served as model, accidentally raised to pictorial sovereignty by the *vox populi* of Scotland. On the back of the canvas, in clear, strong hand, by all appearance less than a century old, are written these words: 'Rev. Mr. John Knox. The first sacrament of the Supper given in Scotland after the Reformation, was dispensed by him in this hall.' A statement, it appears, which is clearly erroneous, if that were of much moment. The Picture as a guide to the real likeness of Knox was judged by us to offer no help whatever; but does surely testify to the Protestant zeal of some departed Lord Torphichen; and indeed it is not improbable that the conspicuous fidelity of that noble house in all its branches to Knox and his Reformation, from first to last, through all his and its perils and struggles, has been the chief cause of its singular currency in Scotland, in the later generation or two. Certain the picture is a poor and altogether commonplace reproduction of the Beza Figure-head; and has nevertheless, as I am assured by judgments better than my own, been the progenitor of all, or nearly all, the incredible Knoxes, the name of which is now legion. Nearly all, I said, not quite all, for one or two set up to be originals, not said by whom, and seem to partake more of the Hondius type; having a sullen or sulky expression superadded to the self-sufficiency and copious river of beard, bestowed by Hondius.

The so-called original Knox, still in Glasgow University, is thus described to me by a friendly Scottish artist, Mr. Robert Tait, Queen Anne Street, of good faculties and opportunities in such things, as of doubtful derivation from the Beza Icon, though engraved and recommended as such by Pinkerton, and as being an 'altogether weak and foolish head.' From the same artist I also learn that the bronze

figure in the monument at Glasgow is a visible derivative from Beza, through Torphichen. And in brief this poor Figure-head has produced, and is still producing, through various venters, a quite Protean *pecus* of incredible portraits of Knox;—the latest of note, generally known, is M'Crie's frontispiece to the *Life of Knox*, and probably the most widely spread in our generation that given in Chambers's *Biographical Dictionary*. A current portrait, I suppose, of the last century, although there is no date on it, 'in the possession of Miss Knox of Edinburgh, painted by De Vos,' has some air of generic difference, but is evidently of filiality to Hondius or Torphichen withal; and as to its being painted by De Vos, there is no trace of that left visible, nor of Miss Knox, the once proprietress; not to add, that there is a whole clan of Dutch De Voses, and no Christian name for the Miss Knox one. Another picture not without impressiveness has still its original in Holyrood House; and is thought to be of some merit and of a different clan from the Torphichen; but with a pair of compasses in the hand of it, instead of a Bible; and indeed has been discovered by Mr. Laing to be the portrait of an architect or master-builder, and to be connected merely with the ædilities, not with the theologies of Holyrood House. A much stranger 'original Picture of Knox' is still to be found in Hamilton Palace, but it represents unfortunately, not the Prophet of the Reformation, but to all appearance the professional Merry Andrew of that family.—Another artist friend of great distinction, Mr. J. E. Boehm, sculptor, sums up his first set of experiences, which have since been carried to such lengths and depths, in these words, dated January 28, 1874:

'I called to thank you for the loan of John Knox's portrait' (Engraving of the *Somerville*, of which there will be speech enough by and by), 'and to beg you to do me the favour of looking at the sketches which I have modelled, and to give me your valuable opinion about them.—I have just been to the British Museum, and have seen engravings after four

pictures of John Knox. The only one which looks done from Nature, and a really characteristic portrait, is that of which you have a print. It is I find from a picture "in the possession of Lord Somerville." Two more, which are very like each other in quality, and in quantity of beard and garments, are, one in the possession of a Miss Knox of Edinburgh (painted by De Vos), the other at Calder House (Lord Torphichen's). The fourth, which is very bad, wherein he is represented laughing like a "*Hofnarr*," is from a painting in Hamilton Palace; but cannot possibly have been *the* John Knox, as he has a turned-up nose and looks funny.'

But enough now, and more than enough, of the soul-confusing spectacle of Proteus driving all his monstrous flock, product of chaos, to view the lofty mountains and the sane minds of men.

II

Will the reader consent, at this stage of our little enterprise, to a few notices or excerpts direct from Knox himself; from his own writings and actions? perhaps it may be possible from these, even on the part of outsiders and strangers to Knox, to catch some glimpses of his inward physiognomy, though all credible traces of his outward or bodily lineaments appear hitherto to have fallen impossible. Here is a small touch of mirth on the part of Knox, from whom we are accustomed to expect very opposite things. It is the report of a Sermon by one Arth, a Black or Grey Friar of the St. Andrews neighbourhood, seemingly a jocular person, though not without serious ideas: Sermon, which was a discourse on 'Cursing' (Clerical Excommunication), a thing the priests were wonderfully given to at that time, had been preached first in Dundee, and had got for poor Arth from certain jackmen of the Bishop of Brechin, instead of applause, some hustling and even cuffing, followed by menaces and threatened tribulation from the Bishop himself; till Arth got permission to deliver his sermon again in the kirk of St. Andrews to a distinguished audience;

who voted the purport and substance of it to be essentially true and justifiable. Here, at second hand, is Knox's summary of the discourse, written many years after:

'The theme' (*text*) 'of his sermon was "Veritie is the strongest of all things." His discourse of Cursing was, That if it were rightly used, it was the most fearful thing upon the face of the earth; for it was the very separation of man from God; but that it should not be used rashly and for every light cause, but only against open and incorrigible sinners. But now (said he) the avarice of priests and the ignorance of their office, has caused it altogether to be vilipended; for the priest (said he) whose duty and office is to pray for the people, stands up on Sunday and cries, "Ane has tynt a spurtil" (*lost a porridge-stick*). "There is ane flail stolen from them beyond the burn." "The good-wife of the other side of the gate has tynt a horn spune" (*lost a horn spoon*). "God's maleson and mine I give to them that knows of this gear and restores it not." How the people mocked their cursing, he farther told a merry tale; how, after a sermon he had made at Dunfermling, he came to a house where gossips were drinking their Sunday's penny, and he, being dry, asked drink. "Yes, Father (said one of the gossips), ye shall have drink; but ye maun first resolve ane doubt which is risen among us, to wit, what servant will serve a man best on least expenses." "The good Angel (said I), who is man's keeper, who makes greatest service without expenses." "Tush (said the gossip), we mean no so high matters: we mean, what honest man will do greatest service for least expenses?" And while I was musing (said the Friar) what that should mean, he said, "I see, Father, that the greatest clerks are not the wisest men. Know ye not how the Bishops and their officials serve us husbandmen? Will they not give to us a letter of Cursing for a plack" (*say, farthing English*), "to last for a year, to curse all that look ower our dyke? and that keeps our corn better nor the sleeping boy that will have three shillings of fee, a sark, and a pair of shoon" (*shirt and pair of shoes*) "in the year. And there-

fore if their cursing dow" (*avail*) "anything, we hold the Bishops best-cheap servants in that respect that are within the realm."'[1]

Knox never heard this discourse himself; far away, he, from Arth and St. Andrews at that time. But he has contrived to make out of it and the circumstances surrounding, a little picture of old Scotch life, bright and real-looking, as if by Teniers or Ostade.

Knox's first concern with anything of Public History in Scotland or elsewhere, and this as yet quite private and noted only by himself, is his faithful companionship of the noble martyr Wishart, in the final days of his sore pilgrimage and battle in this world. Wishart had been driven out of Scotland, while still quite young, for his heretical proceedings; and had sought refuge in England; had gained great love for his fine character and qualities, especially during his stay, of a year or more, in Cambridge University, as one of his most ardent friends and disciples there, Emery Tylney, copiously testifies, in what is now the principal record and extant biography of Wishart,—still preserved in *Foxe's Martyrology*.

In consequence of the encouraging prospects that had risen in Scotland, Wishart returned thither in 1546, and began preaching, at last publicly, in the streets of Dundee, with great acceptance from the better part of the population there. Perils and loud menacings from official quarters were not wanting; finally Wishart had moved to other safer places of opportunity; thence back to Dundee, where pestilence was raging; and there, on impulse of his own conscience only, had 'planted himself between the living and the dead,' and been to many a terrestrial help and comfort,—not to speak of a celestial. The pest abating at Dundee, he went to East

[1] *The Works of John Knox*, collected and edited by David Laing (the first complete, and perfectly annotated Edition ever given: a highly meritorious, and, considering all the difficulties, intrinsic and accidental, even a heroic Performance; for which all Scotland, and in a sense all the world, is debtor to Mr. Laing); 6 vols. Edinburgh, 1846-64, i. p. 37 et seq.

Lothian ; and there, with Haddington for head-quarters, and some principal gentry, especially the Lairds of Langniddry and Ormiston, protecting and encouraging, and beyond all others with John Knox, tutor to these gentlemen's sons, attending him, with the liveliest appreciation and most admiring sympathy,—indeed acting, it would seem, as Captain of his Body-guard. For it is marked as a fact that the monstrous Cardinal Beaton had in this case appointed a specific assassin, a devil-serving Priest, to track Wishart diligently in these journeyings about of his, which were often nocturnal and opportune for such a thing, and, the sooner the better, do him to death ; and on the one clear glimpse allowed us of Knox, it was he that carried the 'two-handed sword' provided for Wishart's safety against such chances. This assassin project against Wishart is probably the origin of Beza's notion about Beaton's intention to assassinate Knox ; who was at this time far below the notice of such a high mightiness, and in all probability had never been heard of by him. Knox had been privately a most studious, thoughtful, and intelligent man for long years, but was hitherto, though now in his forty-first year, known only as tutor to the three sons of Langniddry and Ormiston ('*Langudrius* and *Hamestonum*') ; and did evidently carry the two-handed sword, on the last occasion on which it could have availed in poor Wishart's case.

Knox's account of Wishart, written down hastily twenty years after, in his *History of the Reformation*, is full of a noble, heartfelt, we might call it holy sympathy,—pious and pure in a high degree. The noble and zealous Wishart, 'at the end of the Holy dayis of Yule,' 1546, came to Haddington, full of hope that the great tidings he was preaching would find a fervour of acceptance from the people there ; but Wishart's disappointment, during the three days and nights that this visit lasted, was mournfully great. The first day the audience was considerable (what Knox calls 'reasonable'), but nothing like what had been expected, and formerly usual to Wishart in that kirk on such occasions. The second day it

was worse, and the third 'so sclender, that many wondered.' The fact was that the Earl of Bothwell, the afterwards so famous and infamous, at this time High Sheriff of the County of Haddington, and already a stirring questionable gentleman of ambidexterous ways, had been busy, privately intimating from his great Cardinal, that it might be dangerous to hear Wishart and his preachings; and that prudent people would do well to stay away. The second night Wishart had lodged at Lethington, with Maitland, father of the afterwards notable Secretary Lethington (a pleasant little twinkle of interest to secular readers); and the elder Lethington, though not himself a declared Protestant, had been hospitably good and gracious to Wishart.

The third day he was again appointed to preach; but, says Knox, 'before his passing to the sermon there came to him a boy with ane letter from the West land,'—Ayr and the other zealous shires in that quarter, in which he had already been preaching,—'saying that the gentlemen there could not keep diet with him at Edinburgh, as they had formerly agreed' (Hope that there might have been some Bond or engagement for mutual protection on the part of these Western Gentlemen suddenly falling vain for poor Wishart). Wishart's spirits were naturally in deep depression at this news, and at such a silence of the old zeal all round him; all the world seeming to forsake him, and only the Cardinal's assassin tracking him with continual menace of death. He called for Knox, 'who had awaited upon him carefully from the time he came to Lothian; with whom he began to enter in purpose' (*to enter on discourse*), 'that he wearied of the world; for he perceived that men began to weary of God.' Knox, 'wondering that he desired to keep any purpose before Sermon (for that was never his accustomed use before), said, "Sir, the time of Sermon approaches: I will leave you for the present to your meditation"; and so took the letter foresaid, and left him. The said Maister George paced up and down behind the high altar more than half an hour: his very countenance and visage

declared the grief and alteration of his mind. At last he passed to the pulpit, but the auditure was small. He should have begun to have entreated the Second Table of the Law; but thereof in that sermon, he spake very little, but began on this manner: "O Lord, how long shall it be, that thy holy word shall be despised, and men shall not regard their own salvation? I have heard of thee, Haddington, that in thee would have been at ane vain Clerk Play" (*Mystery Play*) "two or three thousand people; and now to hear the messenger of the Eternal God, of all thy town or parish, can not be numbered a hundred persons. Sore and fearful shall the plagues be that shall ensue this thy contempt: with fire and sword thou shalt be plagued; yea, thou Haddington, in special, strangers shall possess thee, and you the present inhabitants shall either in bondage serve your enemies or else ye shall be chased from your own habitation, and that because ye have not known, nor will not know, the time of God's merciful visitation." In such vehemency, and threatenings continued that servant of God near an hour and a half, in the which he declared all the plagues that ensued, as plainly as after' (*afterwards*) 'our eyes saw them performed. In the end he said, "I have forgotten myself and the matter that I should have entreated; but let these my last words as concerning public preaching, remain in your minds, till that God send you new comfort." Thereafter he made a short paraphrase upon the Second Table of the Law, with an exhortation to patience, to the fear of God, and unto the works of mercy; and so put end, as it were, making his last testament.'[1]

The same night on Wishart's departing from Haddington, 'he took his good-night, as it were forever of all his acquaintance,' says Knox, 'especially from Hew Douglas of Langniddry. John Knox pressing to have gone with him, he said, "Nay, return to your bairnes" (*pupils*); "and God bless you. One is sufficient for one sacrifice." And so he caused a twa-handed sword (which commonly was carried with the said Maister

[1] *Works of Knox*, i. pp. 137-8.

George) be taken from the said John Knox, who, albeit unwillingly, obeyed, and returned with Hew Douglas to Langniddry,'—never to see his face more. 'Maister George, having to accompany him, the Laird of Ormeston, John Sandilands of Caldar younger' (*Ancestor of the now Lords Torphichen*) 'the Laird of Brounstoun and others, with their servants, passed upon foot (for it was a vehement frost) to Ormeston.'

In a couple of hours after, Bothwell, with an armed party, surrounded Ormiston; got Wishart delivered to him, upon solemn pledge of his oath and of his honour that no harm should be done him; and that if the Cardinal should threaten any harm against Wishart, he, Bothwell, would with his whole strength, and of his own power, redeliver him safe in this place. Whereupon, without battle or struggle, he was permitted to depart with Wishart; delivered him straightway to the Cardinal,—who was expressly waiting in the neighbourhood, and at once rolled off with him to Edinburgh Castle, soon after to the Castle of St. Andrews (to the grim old *oubliette à la* Louis XI., still visible there); and, in a month more to death by the gallows and by fire. This was one of the first still conspicuous foul deeds of Patrick Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, in this world, who in his time did so many. The memory of all this had naturally in Knox's mind a high and mournful beauty, all the rest of his life. Wishart came to St. Andrews in the end of January 1546, and was mercilessly put to death there on the first of March following.

Connected unexpectedly with the tragic end of Wishart, and in singular contrast to it, here is another excerpt, illustrating another side of Knox's mind. It describes a fight between the Crozier-bearers of Dunbar Archbishop of Glasgow and of Cardinal Beaton.

'The Cardinal was known proud; and Dumbar, Archbishop of Glasgow, was known a glorious fool; and yet because sometimes he was called the King's Maister' (*had been tutor to James V.*), 'he was chancellor of Scotland. The Cardinal comes even this same year, in the end of harvest, to Glasgow;

upon what purpose we omit. But while they remain together, the one in the town, and the other in the Castle, question rises for bearing of their croces' (*croziers*). 'The Cardinal alledged, by reason of his Cardinalship, and that he was *Legatus Natus* and Primate within Scotland in the Kingdom of Antichrist, that he should have the pre-eminence, and that his croce should not only go before, but that also, it should only be borne wheresoever he was. Good Gukstoun Glaikstour' (*Gowkston Madster*) 'the foresaid Archbishop, lacked no reasons, as he thought, for maintenance of his glorie: He was ane Archbishop in his own diocese, and in his awn Cathedral seat and Church, and therefore aught to give place to no man: the power of the Cardinal was but begged from Rome, and appertained but to his own person, and not to his bishoprick; for it might be that his successor should not be Cardinal. But *his* dignity was annexed with his office, and did appertain to all that ever should be Bishops of Glasgow. Howsoever these doubts were resolved by the doctors of divinity of both the Prelates, yet the decision was as ye shall hear. Coming forth (or going in, all is one), at the queir-door' (*choir-door*) 'of Glasgow Kirk begins a striving for state betwixt the two croce-bearers, so that from glooming they come to shouldering; from shouldering they go to buffets, and from dry blaws by neffis and neffelling' (*fists and fisticuffing*); 'and then for charity's sake, they cry *Dispersit dedit pauperibus*; and assay which of the croces was finest metal, which staff was strongest, and which bearer could best defend his maister's pre-eminence, and that there should be no superiority in that behalf, to the ground goes both the croces. And then began no little fray, but yet a merry game; for rockets' (*rochets*) 'were rent, tippets were torn, crowns were knapped' (*cracked*), 'and side' (*long*) 'gowns micht have been seen wantonly wag from the one wall to the other.—Many of them lacked beards and that was the more pity; and therefore could not buckle other' (*each other*) 'by the byrse' (*bristles, —hair or beard*), 'as bold men would have done. But fy on

the jackmen that did not their duty; for had the one part of them rencountered the other, then had all gone richt. But the sanctuary, we suppose, saved the lives of many. How merilie soever this be written, it was bitter bourding' (*mirth*) 'to the Cardinal and his court. It was more than irregularity; yea it micht weel have been judged lease-majesty to the son of perdition, the Pape's awn person; and yet the other in his folly, as proud as a pacock, would let the Cardinal know that he was Bishop when the other was but Beaton before he gat Abirbrothok' (*Abbacy of Arbroath in* 1523, *twenty-two years ago, from his uncle,—uncle retaining half of the revenues*).[1]

This happened on the 4th June 1545; and seemed to have planted perpetual enmity between these two Church dignitaries; and yet, before the end of February following, —Pope's Legate Beaton being in immediate need of Right Revd. Gowkston's signature for the burning of martyr Wishart at St. Andrews,—these two servants of His Infernal Majesty were brought to a cordial reconcilement, and brotherhood in doing their father's will; no less a miracle, says Knox, than 'took place at the accusation and death of Jesus Christ, when Pilate and Herod, who before were enemies, were made friends by consenting of them both to Christ's condemnation; sole distinction being that Pilate and Herod were brethren in the estate called Temporal, and these two, of whom we now speak, were brethren (sons of the same father, the Devil) in the Estate Ecclesiastical.'

It was on the 1st March 1546 that the noble and gentle Wishart met his death; in the last days of February that Archbishop Gowkston reconciled himself to co-operate with Pilate Beaton *Legatus Natus*:—three months hence that the said Pilate Beaton, amazing Hinge of the Church, was stolen in upon in his now well-nigh impregnable castle of St. Andrews, and met his stern *quietus*. "I am a priest, I am a priest: fy, fy: all is gone!" were the last words he spoke. Knox's narrative of all this is of a most perfect historical perspicuity

[1] *Works of Knox*, i. pp. 145-7.

and business-like brevity; and omitting no particular, neither that of buxom 'Marion Ogilvy' and *her* peculiar services, nor that of Melvin, the final swordsman, who 'stroke him twyse or thrise through with a stog-sweard,' after his notable rebuke to Lesley and him for their unseemly choler.[1] He carefully abstains from any hint of criticism pro or contra on the grim transaction; though one sees evidently that the inward feeling was that of deliverance from a hideous nightmare, pressing on the soul of Knox and the eternal interests of Scotland.

Knox individually had not the least concern with this affair of Beaton, nor for eight or ten months more did he personally come in contact with it at all. But ever since the capture of Wishart, the position of Knox at Langniddry had become insecure; and on rumour after rumour of peril approaching, he had been forced to wander about from one covert to another, with his three pupils; till at length their two fathers had agreed that he should go with them to the castle of St. Andrews, literally at that time the one sure refuge; siege of it by poor Arran, or the Duke of Chatelherault as he afterwards became, evidently languishing away into utter futility; and the place itself being, what the late Cardinal fancied he had made it, impregnable to any Scottish force. He arrived there with his pupils 10 April 1547; and was before long, against his will or expectation, drawn into a height of notability in public affairs, from which he never rested more while his life lasted,—two-and-twenty years of such labours and perils as no other Scottish man went through in that epoch, till death set him free.

Beaton's body was already for the last nine or ten months lying salted in the sea-tower *oubliette*, waiting some kind of Christian burial. The 'Siege' had dwindled into plain impotency of loose blockade, and even to pretence of treaty on the Regent's part. Knox and his pupils were in safety in castle and town; and Knox tells us that 'he began to exercise them' (his pupils) 'after his accustomed manner. Besides

[1] *Works of Knox*, i. pp. 174-7.

grammar, and other humane authors, he read unto them a catechism, account whereof he caused them give publicly in the parish Kirk of St. Andrews. He read moreover unto them the Evangel of John, proceeding where he left at his departing from Langniddry, where before his residence was; and that Lecture he read in the chapel, within the castle at a certain hour. They of the place, but especially Maister Henry Balnaves and John Rough, preacher, perceiving the manner of his doctrine, began earnestly to travail with him, that he would take the preaching place upon him. But he utterly refused, alleging "That he would not ryne where God had not called him;" meaning that he would do nothing without a lawful vocation.

'Whereupon they privily among themselves advising, having with them in council Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, they concluded that they would give a charge to the said John, and that publicly by the mouth of their preacher.' Which accordingly with all solemnity was done by the said Rough, after an express sermon on the Election of Ministers, and what power lay in the call of the congregation, how small soever, upon any man discerned by them to have in him the gifts of God. John Rough 'directed his words to the said John, charging him to refuse not the holy vocation of preaching, even as he hoped to avoid God's heavy displeasure; and turning to the congregation, asked them, "Was not this your charge to me? and do ye not approve this vocation?" They answered "It was; and we approve it." Whereat the said John, abashed, burst forth in most abundant tears, and withdrew himself to his chamber. His countenance and behaviour, from that day till the day that he was compelled to present himself to the public place of preaching, did sufficiently declare the grief and trouble of his heart; for no man saw any sign of mirth in him, neither yet had he pleasure to accompany any man, many days together.'

In its rude simplicity this surely is a notable passage in the history of such a man, and has a high and noble meaning in it.

About two months after Knox's being called to the ministry in this manner, a French fleet 'with an army the like whereof was never seen in that firth before, came within sight of St. Andrews,'—likely to make short work of the Castle there! To the, no doubt, great relief of Arran and the Queen Dowager, who all this while had been much troubled by cries and complaints from the Priests and Bishops. After some days of siege,—'the pest within the castle,' says Knox, 'alarming some more than the French force without,' and none of the expected help from England arriving, the besieged, on the 31st July 1547, surrendered St. Andrews Castle: prisoners to France, high and low, but with shining promises of freedom and good treatment there, which promises, however, were not kept by the French; for on reaching Rouen, 'the principal gentlemen, who looked for freedom, were dispersed and put in sundry prisons. The rest' (Knox among them) 'were left in the gallies, and there miserable entreated.'

There are two luminous little incidents connected with this grim time, memorable to all. Knox describes, and, also, it is not doubted, is the hero of the scene which follows:

'These that were in the gallies were threatened with torments, if they would not give reverence to the Mass, for at certain times the Mass was said in the galley, or else heard upon the shore, in presence of the forsaris' (*forçats*); 'but they could never make the poorest of that company to give reverence to that idol. Yea, when upon the Saturday at night, they sang their *Salve Regina*, the whole Scottishmen put on their caps, their hoods or such thing as they had to cover their heads; and when, that others were compelled to kiss a paynted brod' (*board, bit of wood*) 'which they call Nostre Dame they were not pressed after once; for this was the chance. Soon after the arrival at Nances' (*Nantes*) 'their great *Salve* was sung, and a glorious painted Lady was brought in to be kissed, and among others, was presented to one of the Scottishmen then chained. He gently said, "Trouble me not, such ane idole is accursed; and therefore I will not touch

it." The Patron and the Arguesyn' (*Argousin, Serjeant who commands the forçats*) 'with two officers, having the chief charge of all such matters, said, "Thou shalt handle it"; and so they violently thrust it to his face, and put it betwixt his hands; who seeing the extremity, took the idol and advisedly looking about, cast it in the river, and said, "Let our Lady now saif herself; she is licht aneuch; let her learn to swim." After that was no Scottish man urged with that idolatry.'[1]

Within year and day the French galleys,—Knox still chained in them,—reappeared in St. Andrews Bay, part of a mighty French fleet with 6000 hardy, experienced French soldiers, and their necessary stores and furnitures,—come with full purpose to repair the damages Protector Somerset had done by Pinkie Battle, and to pack the English well home; and, indeed, privately, to secure Scotland for themselves and their Guises, and keep it as an open French road into England thenceforth. They first tried Broughty Castle with a few shots, where the English had left a garrison, which gave them due return; but without farther result there. Knox's galley seems to have been lying not far from Broughty; Knox himself, with a notable 'Maister James Balfour' close by him; utterly foredone in body, and thought by his comrades to be dying, when the following small, but noteworthy passage occurred.

'The said Maister James and John Knox being intil one galley and being wondrous familiar with him' (*Knox*) 'would often times ask his judgment, "If he thought that ever they should be delivered?" Whose answer was ever, fra the day that they entered in the gallayis, "That God wald deliver them from that bondage, to his glorie, even in this lyef." And lying betwixt Dundee and St. Andrews, the second time that the gallayis returned to Scotland, the said John being so extremely seak' (*sick*) 'that few hoped his life, the said Maister James willed him to look to the land, and asked if he knew it? Who answered, "Yes: I knaw it weel; for I see the

[1] *Works of Knox*, i. p. 227.

stepill" (*steeple*) "of that place, where God first in public opened my mouth to his glorie, and I am fully persuaded, how weak that ever I now appear, that I shall not depart this lyeff, till that my tongue shall glorifie his godlie name in the same place." This reported the said Maister James, in presence of many famous witness, many years before that ever the said John set futt in Scotland, this last time to preache.'

Knox sat nineteen months, chained, as a galley slave in this manner; or else, as at last for some months, locked up in the prison of Rouen; and of all his woes, dispiritments, and intolerabilities, says no word except the above 'miserable entreated.' But it seems hope shone in him in the thickest darkness, refusing to go out at all. The remembrance of which private fact was naturally precious and priceless all the rest of his life.

The actual successes of these 6000 veteran French were small compared with their expectations; the weary siege of Haddington, where Somerset had left a garrison, not very wisely thought military critics, they had endless difficulties with, and, but for the pest among the townsfolk and garrison, were never like to have succeeded in. The fleet, however, stood gloriously out to sea; and carried home a prize, they themselves might reckon next to inestimable,—the royal little Mary, age six, crowned five years ago Queen of Scots, and now covenanted to wed the Dauphin of France, and be brought up in that country, with immense advantage to the same. They steered northward by the Pentland Firth, then round by the Hebrides and West coast of Ireland, prosperously through the summer seas; and by about the end of July 1548, their jewel of a child was safe in St. Germain-en-Laye: the brightest and bonniest little Maid in all the world,—setting out, alas, towards the blackest destiny!—

Most of this winter Knox sat in the prison of Rouen, busy commentating, prefacing, and trimming out a Book on Protestant Theology, by his friend Balnaves; and anxiously

expecting his release from this French slavery, which hope, by help of English Ambassadors, and otherwise, did at length, after manifold difficulties, find fulfilment.

In the spring of the next year, Knox, Balnaves of Hallhill, Kirkcaldy of Grange, and the other exiles of St. Andrews, found themselves safe in England, under the gracious protection of King Edward VI.; Knox especially under that of Archbishop Cranmer, who naturally at once discerned in him a valuable missionary of the new Evangelical Doctrine; and immediately employed him to that end.

Knox remained in England some five years; he was first appointed, doubtless at Cranmer's instigation, by the English Council, Preacher in Berwick and neighbourhood; thence, about a year after, in Newcastle. In 1551 he was made one of the Six Chaplains to Edward, who were appointed to go about all over England spreading abroad the reformed faith, which the people were then so eager to hear news of. His preaching was, by the serious part of the community, received with thankful approbation; and he had made warm friends among that class; and naturally, also, given offence to the lukewarm or half-and-half Protestants; especially to Tonstall, Bishop of Durham, for his too great detestation of the Mass. To the Council, on the other hand, it is clear that he rose in value; giving always to them, when summoned on such complaints, so clear and candid an account of himself. In the third year of his abode in England, 1552, he was offered by them the Bishopric of Rochester; but declined it, and, soon after, the living of Allhallows, Bread Street, London, which also he declined. On each of these occasions he was again summoned by the King's Council to give his reasons; and again gave them,—Church in England not yet sufficiently reformed; too much of *vestments* and of other Popish fooleries remaining; bishops or pastors without the due power to correct their flock which every pastor ought to have;—was again dismissed by the Council, without censure, to continue in his former employment, where, he said, his persuasion was

that he could be more useful than preaching in London or presiding at Rochester.

Knox many times lovingly celebrates the young Protestant King, and almost venerates him, as one clearly sent of God for the benefit of these realms, and of all good men there; regarding his early death as a heavy punishment for the sins of the people. It was on the 6th July 1553 that Edward died; and in the course of that same year Knox with many other Protestants, clergy and laity, had to leave England, to avoid the too evident intentions of Bloody Mary, so soon culminating in her fires of Smithfield and marriage with Philip II. Knox seems to have lingered to the very last; his friends, he says, had to beseech him with tears, almost to force him away. He was leaving many that were dear to him, and to whom he was dear; amongst others Marjory Bowes, who (by the earnest resolution of her mother) was now betrothed to him; and his ulterior course was as dark and desolate as it could well be. From Dieppe, where he first landed on crossing the Channel, he writes much of his heartfelt grief at the dismal condition of affairs in England, truly more afflicting than that of native Scotland itself; and adds on one occasion, with a kind of sparkle of disdain, in reference to his own poor wants and troubles:

'I will not mak you privy how rich I am, but off' (*from*) 'London I departit with less money than ten groats; but God has since provided, and will provide, I doubt not, hereafter abundantly for this life. Either the Queen's Majesty' (*of England*) 'or some Treasurer will be XL pounds richer by me, for so meikle lack I of duty of my patents' (*year's salary as Royal Chaplain*). 'But that little troubles me.'

From Dieppe, in about a month, poor Knox wandered forth, to look into the churches of Switzerland,—French Huguenots, Good Samaritans, it is like, lodging and furthering him through France. He was, for about five months, Preacher at Frankfort-on-Mayn, to a Church of English exiles there; from which, by the violence of certain intrusive High-

Church parties, as we may style them, met by a great and unexpected patience on the part of Knox, he felt constrained to depart,—followed by the less ritual portion of his auditory. He reached Geneva (April 1555); and, by aid of Calvin and the general willing mind of the city magistrates, there was a spacious (quondam Papist) Church conceded him; where for about three years, not continuous, but twice or oftener interrupted by journeys to Dieppe, and, almost one whole year, by a visit to Scotland, he, loyally aided by one Goodman, an English colleague or assistant, preached and administered to his pious and otherwise forlorn Exiles, greatly to their comfort, as is still evident. In Scotland (November 1555—July 1556) he laboured incessantly, kindling the general Protestant mind into new zeal and new clearness of resolve for action, when the time should come. He had many private conferences in Edinburgh; much preaching, publicly in various towns, oftener privately, in well-affected mansions of the aristocracy; and saw plainly the incipient filaments of what by and by became so famous and so all-important, as the National 'Covenant' and its 'Lords of the Congregation.' His Marjory Bowes, in the meanwhile, he had wedded. Marjory's pious mother and self were to be with him henceforth,—over seas at Geneva, first of all. For summons, in an earnest and even solemn tone, coming to him from his congregation there, he at once prepared to return; quitted Scotland, he and his; leaving promise with his future Lords of the Congregation, that on the instant of signal from them he would reappear there.

In 1557, the Scotch Protestant Lords did give sign; upon which Knox, with sorrowing but hopeful heart, took leave of his congregation at Geneva; but was met, at Dieppe, by contrary message from Scotland, to his sore grief and disappointment. As Mr. Laing calculates, he occupied his forced leisure there by writing his widely offensive *First Blast against the monstrous Regiment of Women*,—of which strange book a word farther presently. Having blown this wild First

Blast, and still getting negatory answers out of Scotland, he returned to Geneva and his own poor church there; and did not till January 1559, on brighter Scotch tidings coming, quit that city,—straight for Scotland this time, the tug of war now actually come. For the quarrel only a few days after Knox's arrival blazed out into open conflagration, at St. Johnston's (*hodie* Perth), with the open fall of Dagon and his temples there; and no peace was possible henceforth till either Mary of Guise and her Papist soldieries left Scotland or Christ's Congregation and their cause did. In about two years or less, after manifold vicissitudes, it turned out that it was not Knox and his cause, but Queen Regent Mary and hers that had to go. After this Knox had at least no more wanderings and journeyings abroad 'in sore trouble of heart, whither God knoweth'; though for the twelve years that remained there was at home abundant labour and trouble, till death in 1572 delivered him.

With regard to his *First Blast against the monstrous Regiment of Women* (to which there never was any Second, though that and even a Third were confidently purposed by its author), it may certainly be called the least 'successful' of all Knox's writings. Offence, and that only, was what it gave to his silent friends, much more to his loudly condemnatory enemies, on its first appearance; and often enough afterwards it re-emerged upon him as a serious obstacle in his affairs,—witness Queen Elizabeth, mainstay of the Scottish Reformation itself, who never could forgive him for that *Blast*. And now, beyond all other writings of Knox, it is fallen obsolete both in manner and in purport, to every modern mind. Unfortunately, too, for any literary reputation Knox may have in this end of the Island, it is written not in the Scottish, but in the common English dialect; completely intelligible therefore to everybody: read by many in that time; and still likeliest to be the book any English critic of Knox will have looked into, as his chief original document about the man. It is written with very great vehemency; the excuse for which,

so far as it may really need excuse, is to be found in the fact that it was written while the fires of Smithfield were still blazing, on hest of Bloody Mary, and not long after Mary of Guise had been raised to the Regency of Scotland: maleficent Crowned Women these two, covering poor England and poor Scotland with mere ruin and horror, in Knox's judgment,—and may we not still say to a considerable extent in that of all candid persons since? The Book is by no means without merit; has in it various little traits, unconsciously autobiographic and other, which are illuminative and interesting. One ought to add withal that Knox was no despiser of women; far the reverse in fact; his behaviour to good and pious women is full of respect, and his tenderness, his patient helpfulness in their sufferings and infirmities (see the Letters to his mother-in-law and others) are beautifully conspicuous. For the rest, his poor Book testifies to many high intellectual qualities in Knox, and especially to far more of learning than has ever been ascribed to him, or is anywhere traceable in his other writings. He proves his doctrine by extensive and various reference,—to Aristotle, Justin, the Pandects, the Digest, Tertullian, Ambrose, Augustin, Chrysostom, Basil: there, and nowhere else in his books, have we direct proof how studiously and profitably his early years, up to the age of forty, must have been spent. A man of much varied, diligent, and solid reading and inquiry, as we find him here; a man of serious and continual meditation we might already have known him to be. By his sterling veracity, not of word only, but of mind and of character, by his sharpness of intellectual discernment, his power of expression, and above all by his depth of conviction and honest burning zeal, one first clearly judges what a preacher to the then earnest populations in Scotland and England, thirsting for right knowledge, this Knox must have been.

It may surprise many a reader, if we designate John Knox as a 'Man of Genius': and truly it was not with what we call 'Literature,' and its harmonies and symmetries, addressed

to man's Imagination, that Knox was ever for an hour concerned; but with practical truths alone, addressed to man's inmost Belief, with immutable Facts, accepted by him, if he is of loyal heart, as the daily voices of the Eternal,—even such in all degrees of them. It is, therefore, a still higher title than 'Man of Genius' that will belong to Knox; that of a heaven-inspired seer and heroic leader of men. But by whatever name we call it, Knox's spiritual endowment is of the most distinguished class; intrinsically capable of whatever is noblest in literature and in far higher things. His Books, especially his *History of the Reformation*, if well read, which unfortunately is not possible for every one, and has grave preliminary difficulties for even a Scottish reader, still more for an English one, testify in parts of them to the finest qualities that belong to a human intellect; still more evidently to those of the moral, emotional, or sympathetic sort, or that concern the religious side of man's soul. It is really a loss to English and even to universal literature that Knox's hasty and strangely interesting, impressive, and peculiar Book, called the *History of the Reformation in Scotland*, has not been rendered far more extensively legible to serious mankind at large than is hitherto the case.

There is in it, when you do get mastery of the chaotic details and adherences, perpetually distracting your attention from the main current of the Work, and are able to read that, and leave the mountains of annotation victoriously cut off, a really singular degree of clearness, sharp just insight and perspicacity now and then of picturesqueness and visuality, as if the thing were set before your eyes; and everywhere a feeling of the most perfect credibility and veracity: that is to say altogether, of Knox's high qualities as an observer and narrator. His account of every event he was present in is that of a well-discerning eye-witness. Things he did not himself see, but had reasonable cause and abundant means to inquire into,—battles even and sieges are described with something of a Homeric vigour and simplicity. This man, you

can discern, has seized the essential elements of the phenomenon, and done a right portrait of it; a man with an actually seeing eye. The battle of Pinkie, for instance, nowhere do you gain, in few words or in many, a clearer view of it: the battle of Carberry Hill, not properly a fight, but a whole day's waiting under mutual menace to fight, which winds up the controversy of poor Mary with her Scottish subjects, and cuts off her ruffian monster of a Bothwell, and all the monstrosities cleaving to him, forever from her eyes, is given with a like impressive perspicuity.

The affair of Cupar Muir, which also is not a battle, but a more or less unexpected meeting on the ground for mortal duel,—especially unexpected on the Queen Regent and her Frenchmen's part,—remains memorable, as a thing one had seen, to every reader of Knox. Not itself a fight, but the prologue or foreshadow of all the fighting that followed. The Queen Regent and her Frenchmen had marched in triumphant humour out of Falkland, with their artillery ahead, soon after midnight, trusting to find at St. Andrews the two chief Lords of the Congregation, the Earl of Argyle and Lord James (afterwards Regent Murray), with scarcely a hundred men about them,—found suddenly that the hundred men, by good industry over-night, had risen to an army; and that the Congregation itself, under these two Lords, was here, as if by *tryst*, at mid-distance; skilfully posted, and ready for battle either in the way of cannon or of spear. Sudden halt of the triumphant Falklanders in consequence; and after that, a multifarious manœuvring, circling, and wheeling, now in clear light, now hidden in clouds of mist; Scots standing steadfast on their ground, and answering message-trumpets in an inflexible manner, till, after many hours, the thing had to end in an 'appointment,' truce, or offer of peace, and a retreat to Falkland of the Queen Regent and her Frenchmen, as from an enterprise unexpectedly impossible. All this is, with luminous distinctness and business-like simplicity and brevity, set forth by Knox; who hardly names himself at

all; and whose personal conduct in the affair far excels in merit all possible merit of description of it; this being probably to Knox the most agitating and perilous of all the days of his life. The day was Monday, 11 June 1559; yesterday, Sunday 10th, at St. Andrews, whither Knox had hastened on summons, he preached publicly in the Kirk there, mindful of his prophecy from the French galleys, fifteen years ago, and regardless of the truculent Hamilton, Archbishop and still official ruler of the place; who had informed him the night before that if he should presume to try such a thing, he (the truculent Archbishop) would have him saluted with 'twelve culverings, the most part of which would land upon his nose.' The fruit of which sermon had been the sudden flight to Falkland over-night of Right Reverend Hamilton (who is here again, much astonished, on Cupar Muir this day), and the open declaration and arming of St. Andrews town in favour of Knox and his cause.

The Queen Regent, as was her wont, only half kept her pacific treaty. Herself and her Frenchmen did, indeed, retire wholly to the south side of the Forth; quitting Fife altogether; but of all other points there was a perfect neglect. Her garrison refused to quit Perth, as per bargain, and needed a blast or two of siege-artillery, and danger of speedy death, before they would withdraw; and a shrewd suspicion had risen that she would seize Stirling again, and keep the way open to return. This last concern was of prime importance; and all the more pressing as the forces of the Congregation had nearly all returned home. On this Stirling affair there is a small anecdote, not yet entirely forgotten: which rudely symbolises the spirit of the population at that epoch, and is worth giving. *The Ribbands of St. Johnston* is or was its popular title, Knox makes no mention of it; but we quote from *The Muse's Threnodie*, or rather from the Annotations to that poor doggrel; which are by James Cant, and of known authenticity.

The Earl of Argyle and the Lord James, who had private

intelligence on this matter, and were deeply interested in it, but without force of their own, contrived to engage three hundred staunch townsmen of Perth to march with them to Stirling on a given night, and do the affair by stroke of hand. The three hundred ranked themselves accordingly on the appointed night (one of the last of June 1559); and so fierce was their humour, they had each, instead of the scarf or ribband which soldiers then wore round their neck, tied an effective measure of rope, mutely intimating, "If I flinch or falter, let me straightway die the death of a dog." They were three hundred these staunch Townsmen when they marched out of Perth; but the country gathered to them from right and from left, all through the meek twilight of the summer night; and on reaching Stirling they were five thousand strong. The gates of Stirling were flung wide open, then strictly barricaded; and the French marching thitherward out of Edinburgh, had to wheel right about, faster than they came; and in fact retreat swiftly to Dunbar; and there wait reinforcement from beyond seas. This of the three hundred Perth townsmen and their ropes was noised of with due plaudits; and, in calmer times, a rather heavy-footed joke arose upon it, and became current; and men would say of such and such a scoundrel worthy of the gallows, that he deserved a St. Johnston's ribband. About a hundred years ago, James Cant used to see, in the Town-clerk's office at Perth, an old Picture of the March of these three hundred with the ropes about their necks; whether there still I have no account; but rather guess the negative.[1]

The siege of Leith, which followed hereupon, in all its details,—especially the preface to it, that sudden invasion of the Queen Regent and her Frenchmen from Dunbar, forcing Knox and his Covenanted Lords to take refuge in the 'Quarrel Holes' (*quarry holes*), on the Eastern flank of the Calton Hill, with Salisbury Crags overhanging it, what he elsewhere calls

[1] *The Muse's Threnodie*, by Mr. H. Adamson (first printed in 1638), edited, with annotations, by James Cant (Perth, 1774), pp. 126-7.

'the Craigs of Edinburgh,' as their one defensible post against their French enemies: this scene, which lasted two nights and two days, till once the French struck into Leith, and began fortifying, dwells deeply impressed on Knox's memory and feelings.

Besides this perfect clearness, naïveté, and almost unintentional picturesqueness, there are to be found in Knox's swift-flowing History many other kinds of 'geniality,' and indeed of far higher excellences than are wont to be included under that designation. The grand Italian Dante is not more in earnest about this inscrutable Immensity than Knox is. There is in Knox throughout the spirit of an old Hebrew Prophet, such as may have been in Moses in the Desert at sight of the Burning Bush; spirit almost altogether unique among modern men, and along with all this, in singular neighbourhood to it, a sympathy, a veiled tenderness of heart, veiled, but deep and of piercing vehemence, and withal even an inward gaiety of soul, alive to the ridicule that dwells in whatever is ridiculous, in fact a fine vein of humour, which is wanting in Dante.

The interviews of Knox with the Queen are what one would most like to produce to readers; but unfortunately they are of a tone which, explain as we might, not one reader in a thousand could be made to sympathise with or do justice to in behalf of Knox. The treatment which that young, beautiful, and high Chief Personage in Scotland receives from the rigorous Knox would, to most modern men, seem irreverent, cruel, almost barbarous. Here more than elsewhere Knox proves himself,—here more than anywhere bound to do it,—the Hebrew Prophet in complete perfection; refuses to soften any expression or to call anything by its milder name, or in short for one moment to forget that the Eternal God and His Word are great, and that all else is little, or is nothing; nay, if it set itself against the Most High and His Word, is the one frightful thing that this world exhibits.

He is never in the least ill-tempered with Her Majesty; but she cannot move him from that fixed centre of all his thoughts and actions: Do the will of God, and tremble at nothing; do against the will of God, and know that, in the Immensity and the Eternity around you, there is nothing but matter of terror. Nothing can move Knox here or elsewhere from that standing-ground; no consideration of Queen's sceptres and armies and authorities of men is of any efficacy or dignity whatever in comparison; and becomes not beautiful but horrible, when it sets itself against the Most High.

One Mass in Scotland, he more than once intimates, is more terrible to him than all the military power of France, or, as he expresses it, the landing of ten thousand armed men in any part of this realm, would be. The Mass is a daring and unspeakably frightful pretence to worship God by methods not of God's appointing; open idolatry it is, in Knox's judgment; a mere invitation and invocation to the wrath of God to fall upon and crush you. To a common, or even to the most gifted and tolerant reader, in these modern careless days, it is almost altogether impossible to sympathise with Knox's horror, terror, and detestation of the poor old Hocuspocus (*Hoc est Corpus*) of a Mass; but to every candid reader it is evident that Knox was under no mistake about it, on his own ground, and that this is verily his authentic and continual feeling on the matter.

There are four or five dialogues of Knox with the Queen,—sometimes in her own Palace at her own request; sometimes by summons of her Council; but in all these she is sure to come off not with victory, but the reverse: and Knox to retire unmoved from any point of interest to him. She will not come to public sermon, under any Protestant (that is, for her, Heretical) Preacher. Knox, whom she invites once or oftener to come privately to where she is, and remonstrate with her, if he find her offend in anything, cannot consent to run into back-stairs of Courts, cannot find that he is at liberty to pay visits in that direction, or to consort with Princes at

all. Mary often enough bursts into tears, oftener than once into passionate long-continued fits of weeping,—Knox standing with mild and pitying visage, but without the least hairsbreadth of recanting or recoiling; waiting till the fit pass, and then with all softness, but with all inexorability, taking up his theme again. The high and graceful young Queen, we can well see, had not met, nor did meet, in this world with such a man.

The hardest-hearted reader cannot but be affected with some pity, or think with other than softened feelings of this ill-starred, young, beautiful, graceful, and highly gifted human creature, planted down into so unmanageable an environment. So beautiful a being, so full of youth, of native grace and gift; meaning of herself no harm to Scotland or to anybody; joyfully going her Progresses through her dominions; fond of hawking, hunting, music, literary study;[1] cheerfully accepting every gift that out-door life, even in Scotland, can offer to its right joyous-minded and ethereal young Queen. With irresistible sympathy one is tempted to pity this poor Sister-soul, involved in such a chaos of contradictions; and hurried down to tragical destruction by them. No Clytemnestra or Medea, when one thinks of that last scene in Fotheringay, is more essentially a theme of tragedy. The tendency of all is to ask, "What peculiar harm did she ever mean to Scotland, or to any Scottish man not already her enemy?" The answer to which is, "Alas, she meant no harm to Scotland; was perhaps loyally wishing the reverse; but was she not with her whole industry doing, or endeavouring to do, the sum-total of all harm whatsoever that was possible for Scotland, namely the covering it up in Papist darkness, as in an accursed winding-sheet of spiritual death eternal?"—That, alas, is the dismally true account of what she tended to, during her whole life in Scotland or in England; and there, with as deep a

[1] 'The Queen readeth daily after her dinner, instructed by a learned man, Mr. George Bowhanan, somewhat of Livy.'—Randolph to Cecil, April 7, 1562 (cited in Irving's *Life of Buchanan*, p. 114).

tragic feeling as belongs to Clytemnestra, Medea, or any other, we must leave her condemned.

The story of this great epoch is nowhere to be found so impressively narrated as in this Book of Knox's; a hasty loose production, but grounded on the completest knowledge, and with visible intention of setting down faithfully both the imperfections of poor fallible men, and the unspeakable mercies of God to this poor realm of Scotland. And truly the struggle in itself was great, nearly unique in that section of European History; and at this day stands much in need of being far better known than it has much chance of being to the present generation. I suppose there is not now in the whole world a nobility and population that would rise, for any imaginable reason, into such a simple nobleness of resolution to do battle for the highest cause against the powers that be, as those Scottish nobles and their followers at that time did. Robertson's account, in spite of its clearness, smooth regularity, and complete intelligibility down to the bottom of its own shallow depths, is totally dark as to the deeper and interior meaning of this great movement; cold as ice to all that is highest in the meaning of this phenomenon; which has proved the parent of endless blessing to Scotland and to all Scotsmen. Robertson's fine gifts have proved of no avail; his sympathy with his subject being almost *null*, and his aim mainly to be what is called impartial, that is, to give no pain to any prejudice, and to be intelligible on a first perusal.

Scottish Puritanism, well considered, seems to me distinctly the noblest and completest form that the grand Sixteenth Century Reformation anywhere assumed. We may say also that it has been by far the most widely fruitful form; for in the next century it had produced English Cromwellian Puritanism, with open Bible in one hand, drawn Sword in the other, and victorious foot trampling on Romish Babylon, that is to say irrevocably refusing to believe what is not a Fact in God's Universe, but a mingled mass of self-delusions and

mendacities in the region of Chimera. So that now we look for the effects of it not in Scotland only, or in our small British Islands only, but over wide seas, huge American continents and growing British Nations in every zone of the earth. And, in brief, shall have to admit that John Knox, the authentic Prometheus of all that, has been a most distinguished Son of Adam, and had probably a physiognomy worth looking at. We have still one Portrait of him to produce, the *Somerville Portrait* so-named, widely different from the Beza Icon and its progeny; and will therewith close.

III

In 1836 the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, or the late Charles Knight in the name of that, published an engraving of a Portrait which had not before been heard of among the readers of Knox, and which gave a new and greatly more credible account of Knox's face and outward appearance This is what has since been called the Somerville Portrait of Knox; of which Engraving a facsimile is here laid before the reader. In 1849 the same Engraving was a second time published, in Knight's Pictorial History of England. It was out of this latter that I first obtained sight of it; and as soon as possible, had another copy of the Engraving framed and hung up beside me; believing that Mr. Knight, or the Society he published for, had made the due inquiries from the Somerville family, and found the answer satisfactory; I myself nothing doubting to accept it as the veritable Portrait of Knox. Copies of this Engraving are often found in portfolios, but seldom hung upon the walls of a study; and I doubt if it has ever had much circulation, especially among the more serious readers of Knox. For my own share, I had unhesitatingly believed in it; and knew not that anybody called it in question, till two or three years ago, in the immense uproar which arose in Scotland on the subject of a monument to Knox, and the utter collapse it ended in,—evidently enough

not for want of money, to the unlimited amount of millions, but of any plan that could be agreed on with the slightest chance of feasibility. This raised an inquiry as to the outward appearance of Knox, and especially as to this Somerville Likeness, which I believed, and cannot but still believe, to be the only probable likeness of him, anywhere known to exist. Its history, what can be recovered of it, is as follows.

On the death of the last Baron Somerville, some three or four years ago, the Somerville Peerage, after four centuries of duration, became extinct; and this Picture then passed into the possession of one of the representatives of the family, the Hon. Mrs. Ralph Smyth of Gaybrook, near Mullingar, Ireland. This lady was a stranger to me; but on being applied to, kindly had a list of questions with reference to the Knox Portrait, which were drawn up by an artist friend, and sent to her, minutely answered; and afterwards, with a courtesy and graceful kindness, even since pleasant to think of, offered on her coming to London to bring the Picture itself hither. All which accordingly took effect; and in sum, the Picture was intrusted altogether to the keeping of these inquirers, and stood for above three months patent to every kind of examination,—until it was, by direction of its lady owner, removed to the Loan Gallery of the South Kensington Museum, where it remained for above a year. And in effect it was inspected, in some cases with the greatest minuteness, by the most distinguished Artists and judges of art that could be found in London. On certain points they were all agreed; as, for instance, that it was a portrait in all probability like the man intended to be represented; that it was a roughly executed work; probably a copy; certainly not of earlier, most likely of later date, than Godfrey Kneller's time; that the head represented must have belonged to a person of distinguished talent, character, and qualities. For the rest, several of these gentlemen objected to the costume as belonging to the Puritan rather than to Knox's time; concerning which preliminary objection more anon, and again more.

Mr. Robert Tait, a well-known Artist, of whom we have already spoken, and who has taken great pains in this matter, says:

'The Engraving from the Somerville Portrait is an unusually correct and successful representation of it, yet it conveys a higher impression than the picture itself does; the features, especially the eyes and nose, are finer in form, and more firmly defined in the engraving than in the picture, while the bricky colour in the face of the latter and a somewhat glistening appearance in the skin give rather a sensual character to the head. These defects or peculiarities in the colour and surface are, however, probably due to repainting; the Picture must have been a good deal retouched, when it was lined, some thirty or forty years ago; and signs are not wanting of even earlier manipulation. . . . . Some persons have said that the dress, especially the falling band, belongs to a later age than that of Knox, and is sufficient to invalidate the Portrait; but such is not the case, for white collars or bands, of various shapes and sizes, were in use in Knox's time, and are found in the portraits, and frequently referred to, in the literature of Elizabeth's reign.'

The remark of Mr. Tait in reference to the somewhat unpleasant 'surface' of the Somerville Picture is clearly illustrated by looking at an excellent copy of it, painted a few months ago by Mr. Samuel Laurence, in which, although the likeness is accurately preserved, the head has on account of the less oily 'surface' of the picture a much more refined appearance.[1]

[1] Since this was first printed, Mr. Laurence himself favours me with the following remarks, which seem too good to be lost: . . . 'I wish the reason for my copying the Somerville Picture had been given, viz. its being in a state of dilapidation and probable decay. Entirely agreeing with your own impressions as to its representing the individuality and character of the man, I undertook to make a copy that should, beside keeping the character, represent the condition of this Picture in its undamaged state. It is now not only "much cracked," but the *half-tints* are taken off, by some bad cleaner; the gradations between the highest lights and the deepest shades wanting: hence the unpleasant look. I

At the top of the folio Book, which Knox holds with his right-hand fingers, there are in the Picture, though omitted in the Engraving, certain letters, two or three of them distinct, the others broken, scratchy, and altogether illegible. Out of these, various attempts were made by several of us to decipher some precise inscription; but in all the languages we had, nothing could be done in that way, till at length, what might have happened earlier, the natural idea suggested itself that in all likelihood the folio volume was the Geneva Bible; and that the half-obliterated letters were probably the heading of the page. Examination at the British Museum was at once made; of which, from a faithful inspector, this is the report: 'There are three folio editions, printed in Roman type, of the Geneva Bible, 1560, '62, '70. The volume represented in the Picture, which also is in Roman, not in Black Letter, fairly resembles in a rough way the folio of 1562. Each page has two columns for the text, and a narrow stripe of commentary, or what is now called margin, in very small type along the edges, which is more copious and continuous than in the original, but otherwise sufficiently indicates itself. Headings at the top of the pages in larger type than that of the text. Each verse is separate, and the gaps at the ends of many of them are very like those seen in the Picture.'

I was informed by Mrs. Ralph Smyth that she knew nothing more of the Picture than that it had, as long as she could remember, always hung on the walls of the Somerville town-house in Hill Street, Mayfair,—but this Lady being still young in years, her recollection does not carry us far back. One other light point in her memory was, a tradition in the family that it was brought into their possession by James, the thirteenth Baron Somerville; but all the Papers connected with the family having been destroyed some years

think more than a matter of "surface." The very ground, a "bricky" red one, exposed, here and there; the effect of which upon the colours may be likened to a tune played upon a pianoforte that has missing keys . . .—SAMUEL LAURENCE (6 Wells Street, Oxford Street, March 30, 1875).'

ago by fire, in a solicitor's office in London, there was no means either of verifying or contradicting that tradition.

Of this James, thirteenth Lord Somerville, there is the following pleasant and suggestive notice by Boswell, in his *Life of Johnson:*

'The late Lord Somerville, who saw much both of great and brilliant life, told me, that he had dined in company with Pope, and that after dinner the "little man," as he called him, drank his bottle of Burgundy, and was exceedingly gay and entertaining.'

And as a footnote Boswell adds:

'Let me here express my grateful remembrance of Lord Somerville's kindness to me, at a very early period. He was the first person of high rank that took particular notice of me in the way most flattering to a young man, fondly ambitious of being distinguished for his literary talents; and by the honour of his encouragement made me think well of myself, and aspire to deserve it better. He had a happy art of communicating his varied knowledge of the world, in short remarks and anecdotes, with a quiet pleasant gravity, that was exceedingly engaging. Never shall I forget the hours which I enjoyed with him at his apartments in the Royal Palace of Holyrood House, and at his seat near Edinburgh, which he himself had formed with an elegant taste.'[1]

The vague guess is that this James, thirteenth Baron Somerville, had somewhere fallen in with an excellent Portrait of Knox, seemingly by some distinguished Artist of Knox's time; and had had a copy of it painted,—presumably for his mansion of Drum, near Edinburgh, long years perhaps before it came to Mayfair.

Among scrutinisers here, it was early recollected that there hung in the Royal Society's rooms an excellent Portrait of Buchanan, undisputedly painted by Francis Porbus; that Knox and Buchanan were children of the same year (1505), and that both the Portrait of Buchanan and that of Knox

[1] Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Fitzgerald's edit. (Lond. 1874), ii. p. 434.

indicated for the sitter an age of about sixty or more. So that one preliminary doubt, Was there in Scotland, about 1565, an artist capable of such a Portrait as this of Knox? was completely abolished; and the natural inquiry arose, Can any traces of affinity between these two be discovered?

The eminent Sculptor, Mr. J. E. Boehm, whose judgment of painting and knowledge of the history, styles and epochs of it, seemed to my poor laic mind far beyond that of any other I had communed with, directly visited, along with me, the Royal Society's collection; found in this Buchanan perceptible traces of kinship with the Knox Portrait; and visited thereupon, and examined, with great minuteness, whatever Porbuses we could hear of in London, or neighbourhood. And always, as was evident to me, with growing clearness of conviction that this Portrait of Knox was a coarse and rapid, but effective, probably somewhat enlarged, copy after Porbus, done to all appearance in the above-named Baron Somerville's time; that is, before 1766. Mr. Boehm, with every new Porbus, became more interested in this research; and regretted with me that so few Porbuses were attainable here, and of these, several not by our Buchanan Porbus, François Porbus, or Pourbus, called in our dictionaries, *le vieux*, but by his son and by his father. Last Autumn Mr. Boehm was rusticating in the Netherlands. There he saw and examined many Porbuses, and the following is the account which he gives of his researches there:

'I will try, as best I can, to enumerate the reasons why I think that the Somerville Picture is a copy, and why a copy after Francis Porbus.

'That it is a copy done in the latter half of the last century can be easily seen by the manner of painting, and by the mediums used, which produced a certain circular cracking throughout the picture, peculiar only to the paintings of that period. Its being a *little* over the size of nature suggests that it was done after a smaller picture, as it is not probable that, had it been done from life, or from a life-sized head, the

artist would have got into those proportions; and most of the portraits by Porbus (as also by Holbein, Albrecht Dürer, the contemporary and previous masters) are a little under life-size, as the sitter would appear to the painter at a certain distance.

'The Somerville Picture at first reminded me more of Porbus than of any other painter of that time, although I did not then know whether Porbus had ever been in England, as, judging by the fact that he painted Knox's contemporary George Buchanan, we may now fairly suppose was the case. Last Autumn at Brüges, Ghent, Brussels, and Antwerp, I carefully examined no less than forty portraits by Francis Porbus, *le vieux*. There are two pictures at Brüges in each of which are sixteen portrait heads, carefully painted and well preserved, somewhat smaller than that of Buchanan; and I can most vividly figure to myself that the original after which the said copy was painted must have been like that and not otherwise; indeed if I had found the original in a corner of one of the galleries, my astonishment would have been as small as my pleasure in apprising you of the find would have been great. In some of these forty portraits the costumes, including the large white collar, which has been objected to, are very similar to John Knox's; and in the whole of them there are traces in drawing, arrangement of light and shadow, conception of character, and all those qualities which can never quite be drowned in a reproduction, and which are, it seems to me, clearly discerned in this copy, done by a free and swift hand, careful only to reproduce the likeness and general effect, and heedless of the delicate and refined touch of the great master.—J. E. Boehm.'

From the well-known and highly estimated Mr. Merritt of the National Gallery,—who had not heard of the Picture at all, nor of these multifarious researches, but who on being applied to by a common friend (for I have never had the pleasure of personally knowing Mr. Merritt) kindly consented to go to the South Kensington Museum, and examine the

Picture,—I receive, naturally with pleasure and surprise, the following report:

'54 Devonshire Street, Portland Place, W.
'9 *January* 1875.

'After a careful inspection of the Portrait, I am bound to say that the signs of age are absent from the surface, and I should therefore conjecture that it is a copy of a portrait of the time of Francis Pourbus, to whom we are indebted for the portrait of George Buchanan, which I believe is in the possession of the Royal Society.

'My opinion is in favour of the Somerville Portrait being of Knox. Strongly marked features like those were not likely to be confounded with any other man's. The world has a way of handing down the lineaments of great men. Records and tradition, as experience has shown me, do their work in this respect very effectively.—Henry Merritt.'

This is all the evidence we have to offer on the Somerville Portrait. The preliminary objection in respect to costume, as we have seen, is without validity, and may be classed, in House-of-Commons language, as 'frivolous and vexatious.' The Picture is not an ideal, but that of an actual man, or still more precisely, an actual Scottish ecclesiastical man. In point of external evidence, unless the original turn up, which is not impossible, though much improbable, there can be none complete or final in regard to such a matter; but with internal evidence to some of us it is replete, and beams brightly with it through every pore. For my own share if it is not John Knox the Scottish hero and evangelist of the sixteenth century, I cannot conjecture who or what it is.

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